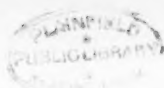


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THE PROBLEMS OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

A REMOTE VILLAGE.

THE most conspicuous object in the village is the tavern, a long, low building, once painted red, but now colored by the weather rather than by the art of man. It stands back a little from the street, with a grass-plot, partly shaded by a tall maple, intervening. In the front of the house there is a piazza, upon which is placed a long settee, and in summer a tub with an oleander bush. It is a cool spot, and I love to sit there when the cows are coming home to the slow music of their tinkling bells, and the blue smoke which foretells the supper-hour soars lazily aloft from the neighboring chimneys. The wide front door, never closed in warm weather, opens directly from the piazza into the office, — the pleasantest room in the whole village. It has a low ceiling, a big fireplace, and various heavy mahogany chairs and cabinets which have come down from colonial times. A broad sofa almost fills one side of the room, and upon the walls hang a map of the county, a picture of General Knox (the horse of that name, not the man), and an oil-painting of a deer lifting its head in alarm from the spring in the beech wood where it had stooped to drink. This picture, by the hand of a local artist, is executed with great skill; and in fact it is the wonder of many travelers, who do not expect to find in our remote village the artistic talent which we undoubtedly possess.

If, on leaving the tavern, you should

turn to the right, — that is, to the south, — you would arrive presently at a beautiful lake, fifteen miles long, and the first of a series of lakes. The road runs past this lake, now through the woods, now through rich meadows, and occasionally comes so close to the water's edge that in times of flood the road is submerged. Across the lake, on the further side from the village, there rise lofty and irregular hills, wooded at the base and up their sides, but bald and jagged near the top. Should you pursue the highway far enough to the south, it would bring you to the White Mountains, the topmost peaks of which are plainly visible, in clear weather, from all the hills around. Between the tavern and the lake lies the straggling village. There are two or three stores, a church, a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, and an old factory building now falling into decay. But above the tavern and close to it the road abruptly sweeps around to the left and ascends the hill; then, turning northward again, it leads to the unbroken and primeval forest which lies between northern New England and Canada. Two big bears were caught in a trap last fall near an abandoned farmhouse on this road, about five miles from the village. Another bear was shot just over the edge of Checkerberry Knoll, which rises not three quarters of a mile from the tavern; and the teacher of the district school, which is just beyond the knoll, reports that while

she sat under a tree near the school-house, one Sunday afternoon, — in what company, if any, she failed to state, — a tiny fawn came out of the woods, ventured to the very edge of the road, within a few yards of the schoolmistress, and then fled back to its mother in the forest. There is a little shivering mongrel terrier in the village which has enjoyed so much experience in hunting bears, and has such a reputation for courage in worrying them, that he is looked upon almost with awe by the small boys of the neighborhood. In my childhood wolves were often seen in the forest, but they disappeared thirty or forty years ago. Deer, however, have increased in number, and a wildcat was shot last winter near Beaver Brook.

I have said that the office in the tavern is the pleasantest place in the village, but some people might prefer the store kept by Asher Dill. The main part of the store is an oblong room, with a ceiling so low that a tall man could easily touch it with his hand, and so black with smoke that it has ceased to look spotted or dirty. On one side of the room and near the door there are shelves and drawers, with a small counter in front of them, for drugs; on the other side of the room there is a long counter for the display of dry-goods, hats, boots and shoes, and other articles. In the rear is the grocery department, and in corners here and there are stacked farm implements, such as rakes, forks, scythes, and spades. In the centre of the room is a big stove, around which, almost every evening throughout the year, are gathered the more sociable men of the village. Some are seated on a low bench placed near the stove for their accommodation, — a bench so whittled by generations of pocket-knives as to have lost all semblance of its original form; others sit on the counters or on barrels; and there are always a few restless spirits who lean against whatever is convenient for that purpose, with their hands in their pockets. If anybody becomes

hungry, he rambles over to the back part of the store, where, upon a big table, and indescribably surrounded by nails, seeds, door-knobs, balls of twine, axe-heads, rubber boots, currycombs, and other articles, is sure to be found a huge round of cheese protected by a fly-screen. Then there are crackers handy in barrels or boxes, and of course dried apples in plenty, so that a fair meal can be had at a moment's notice. Payment is made or not made, or offered, or pretended to be offered, according to the relations subsisting between the consumer and Asher at the time.

But even upon this cheerful scene, when, on a winter's night, the birch wood crackles gayly in the stove, when the lamplight is reflected by the highly polished old red counters, when jests and quips go round, there comes now and then a touch of tragedy. At one side and in the front of the store there is, as I have said, a drug department. The door opens softly, and Jake Herring enters. He has driven down from his poverty-stricken home on the mountain side to get medicine for his wife, who, as we all know, is dying at last, after years of privation and sickness. Jake shuffles up to the counter with that apologetic air which is natural to a man who has made a failure of life. The frost hangs from his ragged beard, and his hollow eyes are bloodshot with the cold. There is not much sympathy outwardly expressed for him, — we are not effusive people in our corner of New England, — but still a civil inquiry is made as to the health of his "woman." Asher compounds the medicine which the doctor knows, which Jake knows, which the dying woman herself knows, will be of none effect, but which nevertheless must in decency be administered, since it is all that human skill can provide as a defense against the great enemy. As the medicine is handed to him, poor Jake mutters something about not having the cash in his pocket *just then* to pay for it;

but Asher cheerfully replies, "That's all right."

Asher is a shrewd man at a bargain, but he has a heart in his bosom. He furnishes the medicine, and in a day or two he will furnish the coffin, knowing that Jake will never be able to pay for it, and that he may or may not get the money out of the selectmen. Jake, taking the bottle, leaves the store, and presently the sound of his sleigh-bells is borne on the frosty air as he urges forward his old lame horse. Asher goes back to his books, — which he always posts at night, for he takes little part in the conversation around him, — but he makes no charge for the medicine. Perhaps that small account, with some others, will be balanced in those celestial books which, we hope or fear, are kept for the final reckoning with mankind.

This incident gives the conversation a new turn, and strange stories are told about Jake Herring's housekeeping and general shiftlessness. It is recalled how, before he built the lean-to which now serves for a barn, his old black mare was kept, in cold weather, in the same house with the family, and how on one occasion Jake complained that their dinner had been spoiled because "old Raven whisked her tail through the gravy." "They say," narrates Foss Jones, "that when the doctor went, last week, to see Almiry [Jake's wife], he found a bushel of potatoes in the bed with her. It was the only place they had to keep them from freezing."

Nobody starves to death in our village, but some of the mountain folk, who live far away on by-roads, in places which are often inaccessible in winter, are very poor, ill nourished and ill clothed. However, the prevailing tone in Asher Dill's store and in the village generally is a humorous one, — a tone of irony and of good-natured sarcasm. Almost everybody cultivates a fine sense of humor; in fact, to be humorous, and especially to be good at repartee, is the one intellectual ambition of the community. We do

not care much for learning of any sort. Our letters — which we put off writing till about six months after they are due — do not excel in grammar or in penmanship. And it is really astonishing, even to ourselves, how little we care for what goes on in the outside world. We read the papers with only a languid interest, being more concerned about the trivial events in the next town, duly chronicled in the county paper, than we are about what is said or done in Washington, in London, or in Paris. But the sense of humor is developed among us in childhood, and is never lost, even in moments of difficulty or of danger. Last Fourth of July, a desperate character who lives on a mountain road in the outskirts of the town drove into the village in a little rickety cart, waving over his head a woman's broken and battered sunshade, which he had picked up somewhere. He was very drunk, and before long the cart was upset. His horse, a half-broken colt, kicked and plunged, and tried to run away. The fellow pluckily clung to the reins, and was dragged about on the ground hither and thither, being finally extricated from the ruins of his cart. But through it all he kept the sunshade in his hand. "I don't care anything about myself," he said, as he was assisted to his feet, the blood streaming from his face, "nor about the hoss, nor about the cart, but I *wuz* determined to save this beautiful parasol."

To discuss why this humorous spirit should be the prevailing spirit in an Anglo-Saxon community of Puritan descent would be a difficult though pleasant task; but I must content myself here with the obvious remark that it could not exist except in connection with an ample background of leisure. Our village — and perhaps this cardinal fact ought to have been stated at the outset — enjoys a blessed immunity from railroads. The nearest station is ten miles off; and the mails come by a stage which arrives anywhere between seven P. M. and

midnight, — except on some nights in winter when it does not arrive at all, being prevented by snowstorms. This isolation helps to keep out the feverish spirit which troubles most American communities. There is very little ambition of any sort among us; and the modern principle that every man ought to labor every day, and through the whole of every day, finds no acceptance whatever in our corner of New England. There is no man in the community so poor that he cannot afford to take a day off for partridge-shooting, for visiting, or even for resting. If a farmer feels inclined to suspend haying in the middle of a week in order that he may go trout-fishing, he does so without loss of self-respect or of credit; he can get trusted at the store just the same. If one goes to the mill or to the blacksmith shop, he does not feel bound, when his errand has been done, to hurry home; he is at liberty to sit down in the sun and whittle a stick in whatever company may be at hand. In short, we prefer to take such amusement as we can get, day by day, rather than to expend all our efforts in merely striving to better our material condition.

It would be easy to quarrel with this kind of philosophy; and yet the result is that, although poor, we enjoy what is accounted the best gift of wealth, namely, leisure. A few men in the village do make a pretense of industry, but it is only a pretense. There is old Jerry Horne, for instance; one often sees him, on a nice cloudy day in summer, starting off early, with a scythe ostentatiously sticking out of the back of his wagon. Jerry wishes to create the impression that he is going to cut the grass on some mountain field, but we all know that he is off for a day's fishing. So, at the ball-games between our nine and the clubs of neighboring towns, Jerry is always a spectator; but he comes in his shirt-sleeves, with an axe in his hand, as if he had set out with a different intention,

and, quite casually, had turned aside to spend a few minutes in the ball-field. Jerry has a grave kind of humor, which loses in the telling, but it is very effective from his lips. One wet morning, he was asked by a neighbor who had just come into the store, where Jerry sat with his cronies, whether he "thought it likely to rain all day." "Why," said Jerry, going to the door and looking out dubiously, as if he suspected that the heavenly powers might have made some mistake, "we had n't *spoke* for it to rain beyond noon." I remember another occasion, a dark chilly day in November, when Jerry came into the store — almost everything happens there — while I chanced to be present. He was limping a little, for in damp weather he suffers somewhat from rheumatism. "Say!" he inquired, after the customary salutations, "do any of you fellows know what became of old Squire Tatlock's wooden leg?" Now, Squire Tatlock has been dead for many years, and the general opinion in the store was that the wooden leg had been buried with him, though one or two persons thought that it would probably be found in the attic of his late residence. "But what do you want to know for?" somebody asked. "Oh," said Jerry, nursing his right knee, "I was only thinking that if that leg was around handy anywhere, I would have one of mine taken off, and use that instead; I believe that I should travel a good deal sounder." Jerry, by the way, was a brave soldier in the Civil War, and he has a deep-rooted love of excitement. A brass band sets him on edge, and coming home from a horse-trot he takes what is known in country parlance as "the middle of the road."

Jerry Horne's humor has the characteristic American trait of exaggeration; but his exaggeration fades and shrinks to nothing when compared with that of Pete Lamb. Pete is a choleric man of middle age, with a red face and an intense, emphatic way of speaking, accom-

panied by a fierce look which is apt to impose upon strangers. Pete is not so much a humorist as a romancer; in fact, some persons might call him a liar, but that would be a crude way of describing a man whose imagination runs away with him. I cannot now recall — one never can — the best of his stories, but I do remember the main points of his adventure with the bull. Pete, while crossing a field, met a bull of immense size and extreme ferocity. The bull pawed the earth, lowered his head, and exhibited every sign of anger and hostility. An ordinary man would have fled toward the fence, but Pete scorned flight. He calmly stood his ground till the bull charged upon him. At the critical moment he nimbly leaped aside, and as the bull shot past him grabbed the animal by his tail. Then began a tremendous conflict, which lasted, as I remember, about four hours. Round and round went the bull, and round and round went Pete at the end of his tail. At times Pete held on with one hand, and at times he used both hands. Very fortunately, he happened to be wearing a pair of heavy, hobnailed boots; and thus, by well-directed kicks, he was able to goad the bull to further madness whenever he showed symptoms of flagging. At last the bull dropped exhausted, and in a few moments expired. But the climax of the story was not yet reached. "That bull," Pete used to say, gazing fiercely at the person addressed, as if any signs of unbelief would arouse instant retaliation on Pete's part, "that bull was worth a t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d dollars!"

However, it would be unfair to give the impression that we cherish no arts except those of conversation and repartee. Music and dancing are cultivated almost with enthusiasm. There are at least a dozen violin players in the village, of whom several have made their own instruments; and very good instruments they are. If you should drop in of an evening at the tavern already described,

the conversation which you heard would most likely, indeed, relate to horses, but quite possibly it would relate to violins. There are men in the village, remote as it is from any musical centre, who will discourse to you about instruments of Amati and Straduaris as learnedly as if they were residents of Florence or of Vienna. We have a small band of stringed instruments, assisted by a cornet and a flute, which is capable of music that would be heard with pleasure by connoisseurs in New York or Boston, — at least, so we are informed by persons who have seen the world. This band plays on great occasions, such as the Fourth of July, and also for the dances which are given frequently throughout the year. Commonly, these dances take place in a rough, unpainted one-story building, erected for the purpose, in a grove near the village; and perhaps a stranger would consider them to be the most characteristic occurrences in our remote community. The dance-hall stands amid tall, sombre pines, and on a dark night in summer one finds the path to it with some difficulty, stumbling over the roots of trees, and feeling his way among the buckboards and buggies which occupy the vacant spaces of the wood. The sides of the hall are removable, for the sake of coolness in warm weather. It is somewhat dimly lit with kerosene lamps, and scantily furnished with rough benches and chairs; but all things are done decently and in order. In fact, neatly painted signs are hung on the walls of the room, inscribed with this request: "Please do not spit on the floor." These signs and a few small American flags constitute the decorations of the hall.

All ages and occupations are represented, and the costumes are various. There may be a "boiled shirt" here and there in the hall, but most of the men and boys wear "sweaters" or flannel shirts; and they all keep their hats on, for, since the sides are open, or partly so, the fiction is maintained that we are

out of doors. The women pay more attention to dress. The girls are bare-headed, or else have on jaunty caps, and white gowns or others of a festal description are worn by most of them. Nobody is prohibited from coming, and there are some men and some women here who would be excluded if a rigorous moral test were applied. There is Jim Hurst, for instance, a rural Lothario who has ruined more than one girl; and that tall, black-haired young man, whose face is flushed with something besides dancing, is Hen Giddings. He is supposed to have played a part in the "Road House tragedy," as the newspapers called it, which occurred near Grandon last winter. The grand jury failed to indict him, but public opinion rendered a verdict of guilty. Our dances are not unlike those given on "the Fork," and recalled by Bret Harte's heroine, who, in her letter from New York, reminded her lover

"Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee."

There are likely to be some strangers present, — a drummer or two, a traveling dentist, and perhaps a few young men from one of the neighboring towns. These last will probably be more or less drunk, as is the custom of young men who seek their amusement away from home. But if they become uproarious or offensive, they will promptly be cast out. Kola King attends to that part of the business. He is that handsome young fellow with dark hair and complexion, who is indolently making love to the blonde girl in the corner. The other day, Kola took a barrel of flour in his arms and carried it up two flights of steep stairs without stopping. He can lift five sacks of bran with his teeth.

The proceedings always begin with a march, but not such a march as, we understand, opens the more conventional balls of city people. Our march is more like a dance. It is led, usually, by the beauty of the village, — a tall, well-

made girl, with black hair, big blue eyes, brilliant complexion, and a certain classic repose of manner. There is perhaps a suggestion of coarseness in her full but beautifully curved lips and rounded chin. She walks gracefully, with the slightest possible swaying motion of the hips. In short, this village beauty of ours is a Greek goddess come to life in rural New England. She and her partner in the march — who may be this or that favored young man, for the girl is capricious — first make the tour of the room three or four times, followed by the other couples. Then they separate, one going to the right, the other to the left, all the female dancers following the girl, and the male dancers following her partner; thus they thread the hall in single file, and then reunite, only to separate again. The march, in fact, has its mazes as well as the dance. Those who engage in it move with a quick, short step; there is a rhythmical shuffling of feet on the bare floor; the music is seductive, and a faint odor of pine-trees floats in on the summer air. As the visitor looks on, he will be impressed now and then by a typical figure. Here, for example, with shoulders thrown back and with a slight and becoming swagger, comes a young man such as a recruiting officer or a romancer would pick out, — a fellow ready, with equal zest, to fight any man or make love to any woman. Close behind him is a true mountain-bred girl. As one glances at her flushed face, large wild eyes, and slightly disheveled hair, one is tempted to believe that some wood-nymph has strayed into the hall from the neighboring forest, or even that Aphrodite herself has taken a partner for the evening.

The truth is, we are a primeval people, close to nature; and we have the virtues and the vices of such a people. The number of illegitimate births among us is large. In fact, it is so large that a definite amount has been fixed by common consent as the proper one to be

paid by the putative father to the parents of the unmarried mother. Four hundred dollars, I understand, is the prevailing sum in our own and in the adjoining county. Divorce is so common that I have heard of marriage certificates which carried on the back a blank form to be used as a libel for divorce in case of necessity. But probably this report was only a joke, — and a very bad one. Not infrequently, men and women take new wives and husbands without the formality of a divorce or of a re-marriage. A remark thrown off by Coleridge is illustrated, I have often thought, in our own community. He said: "A curious and more than curious fact that when the country does not benefit, it depraves. Hence the violent, vindictive passions and the outrageous and dark and wild cruelties of very many country folk." Such men as Coleridge had in mind are found with us now and then in the village, but more often on remote and lonely farms. Sometimes these fellows are illegal sellers of liquor, and their houses are the resort of scapegraces for miles around and the scene of degrading orgies. There are whole families sunk in a slough of vice and poverty, from which, occasionally, some enterprising son or daughter will emerge, — perhaps only to fall back again in a moment of temptation or despair. It must be confessed that much cruelty is practiced upon women and dumb beasts. There are men, brutalized by liquor, who inflict torture upon their wives and horses every day of their lives.

On the other hand, there is among us a great deal of benevolence and of natural refinement. We come of good stock. Indeed, it is our boast that Americans of pure English descent are found only in remote New England towns like ours. There is not an Irishman, nor a German, nor an Italian, nor a negro in the village; until lately there was not a foreigner of any description, but during the past few years several families from

Nova Scotia and from Canada have taken up farms within the town limits. Nowhere in this country, at least, I venture to say, can there be found better examples of the two English types, the blond and the brunette. The blond type is the prevailing one. We have many well-made, long-limbed men and women, with light hair, regular features, and eyes of the peculiar northern blue; and others, though fewer, with dark hair and eyes and olive skin, like Kola King, whom I have mentioned already. Our manners, though a little brusque, are good, as manners always are in a community which has no "social superiors." Every man in the village, who is not specially marked out by vice or poverty, feels himself to be the equal, in all essential matters, of every other man in the world; and this feeling goes a long way toward producing that equality which it assumes. There is absolutely no stealing among us; it would be perfectly safe to leave all your valuables on the front piazza at night: and perhaps this immunity is one result of equality. To steal is a confession of inferiority, intolerable among equals. (Cheating in a horse-trade stands, of course, on a different footing, and may be practiced without entire loss of self-respect.) Mr. Howells has expressed this truth. "I believe," he says, "that if ever we have the equality in this world which so many good men have hoped for, theft will be unknown."

The absolute equality which prevails among us has its good and its bad side. It makes vulgarity and snobbishness impossible. We are coarse, but never vulgar. Vulgarity implies a consciousness, or semi-consciousness, of inferiority, and among us, as I have said, there is no such consciousness. On the contrary, there is a want of reverence in the village. There is no person or group of persons to set a standard of manners or of morals for the rest of the community. Nobody looks up to anybody else, — not even to the minister. Age itself scarcely

invites respect; and this want of reverence gives a certain hard and flippant tone to our lives. The physician stands as high as anybody in town; and yet it was only the other day that I heard him addressed by a little dirty-faced boy, not twelve years old, as "doc." "Say, doc, when does the next school term begin?" was the inquiry made by this urchin, in all sincerity; and the "doc" gave him a civil answer, taking no offense at his want of respect.

We certainly do without the fripperies of life, as is natural to a primitive people. Nobody takes a bath, for the sake of cleanliness, much oftener than once a month in winter; and a daily bath, even in summer (unless taken in the lake, for amusement), would be looked upon as an excessive and a fantastic thing. There is a general carelessness about wearing neckties or collars, except on occasions of solemnity or festivity; and there is an equal carelessness in the use of language. I suppose that more negatives are wasted here in a day than would last us, if properly used, for a month. But all these things are not essential, although they are the fashion of the hour in effete communities. We, in our corner of New England, bathe as much and spell as well as did the ladies and gentlemen of Shakespeare's time, — or indeed of a time considerably later than that. And so as to the coarse language which is common, but by no means universal, among us; it is, to say the least, not more gross than that which dropped from the mouths of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines. Moreover, bad as it is, it is not so corrupt or so corrupting as the deliberate indecency of allusion, which, we are told, now marks the conversation of fashionable people in the great cities of the United States.

There are, I presume, ultra-sophisticated persons living in New York and Boston who would find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to believe that a man might

be careless in his dress, neglectful of his tub, ungrammatical and inelegant in his language, — nay, even accustomed to eat with his knife, — and yet be in all essential respects a gentleman; a person pleasant to live with, considerate, dignified, sensitive and generous in feeling, sincere to the core, and a lover of art and nature. But such men are to be found in our corner of New England. It is a proof of our innate gentility that we always consider the best as none too good for us. When we go away, for example, we invariably put up at the leading hotels, whether we can afford to do so or not. The drummers, who, after all is said, have great opportunities for forming an opinion, think highly of us. They say that we are a "catchy" people, — meaning that we are quick to appreciate and to buy new or improved articles.

Thus far have I written with a single eye to stating the fact as it is; and yet I have not found space to mention what must, I suppose, be regarded as the master-passion of the community, namely, the passion for horses. Ours is a grazing country. The pastures are extensive, well watered, well sheltered; and hay is considered dear when it sells at ten dollars per ton. But in raising sheep the profit is doubtful; and as to fattening cattle, that industry, once a leading one in this part of New England, was long since abandoned owing to Western competition. Even the rearing of colts has been unprofitable during the past few years, though in the past our fields were dotted with mares and foals; but we look for better things in the immediate future. Horses, moreover, are largely the amusement as well as the business of the town; and it must be remembered that in the absence of the stir of a city, of crowds, clubs, theatres, and books, we are at times hard put to it for entertainment. Some men seek it in watches. There is a most astonishing knowledge of watches in this community. You will find numerous persons who are familiar

with all the chief brands of watches made in this country and in Europe, and who are continually swapping watches for colts, guns, wagons, cows, etc., or even for other watches. I know one man who devoted a whole year exclusively to trading in timepieces; but not finding the business sufficiently profitable, he took to the ministry. It happened that a friend and contemporary of his became a preacher at the same time, so that it was natural to compare the pulpit performances of the two men. The one who was knowing in watches used to admit, very frankly, that his friend was the superior at preaching; "but," he never failed to add, "when it comes to praying, I can knock spots out of him." Strangely enough, however, this man did not find the ministry any more remunerative than watches, and, with a facility not uncommon among us, he passed from that employment to politics, and then (with a brief interlude of shopkeeping) to the law, which he still pursues, though he "farms it" between-times.

The bartering of watches is an occupation more suitable for filling little chinks of time than for a steady employment. On a rainy afternoon in summer, for instance, when people are sitting about in the barn, one naturally takes out his watch and invites an offer of exchange. But horses are an amusement at all times and seasons. There is a rough half-mile track just beyond the village, where trotting-races are held in summer and in fall. In winter the colts are broken, and in early spring, when sleighing is good on the lake, a great deal of impromptu racing is done there. As to talk about horses, it is always going on. I have even known the minister to spend the whole of Saturday afternoon talking horse in the blacksmith shop. We not only talk about horses, — we gossip about them; and this is possible because we know the ancestors, the relatives, and the personal history of every

nag in the village. We are familiar with all his faults and defects, inherited or otherwise, and thus a solid basis for gossip is laid. There is much partisanship for different equine families or breeds, and this gives rise to continual discussions which have been known to end in blows. It is understood, for example, that whoever disparages Libby's Knox in the presence of Thurston Tibbets does so at his peril. Thurston is a good-tempered man, but he is very loyal, and a firm believer in the excellence of that well-known horse. When, therefore, in the course of conversation at the mill, Ike Fletcher stigmatized Libby's Knox as a "rank quitter," Thurston took the remark as a personal insult, and after a few hot words had passed between them he knocked Ike down. They made it up afterward.

In every community there ought to be some sport or occupation in which the courage and superfluous energy of adventurous youths can be exercised. The whale fisheries, in former days, supplied this need for the lads of Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bay; football and boxing, I presume, do the same for city-bred youth; and in our neighborhood the breaking of colts, especially vicious colts, is the delight of those who love danger and difficulty. It is related of Hank Toothaker that, in his young days, he would take a skeleton wagon ("skellington" we call it, after the old English fashion) into a field, harness a perfectly wild colt to it, and proceed to drive him then and there. He was a man of great strength and activity as well as courage, and he never met with a serious accident. Among our present horse-breakers young Abner Nye is perhaps the best. Abner lacks the beauty, but he has the *aplomb*, the cool daring, the indifference, the style, of the heroes in the Guy Livingstone class of novels; and he is a master of equine slang. Some one asked him, the other day, if his brown colt was turning out well. "Oh yes," said Abner, with his

professional drawl; "he's a shapey hoss, and he really gets up a very fair knee." It was not the brown colt, but a black one (a son of Temper, out of Vixen, and she by the Wilkes horse, Treachery) which very nearly proved — which may yet prove to have been — the death of Abner. He was driving toward the village one day, when this colt shied, upset the "skellington," and ran away. Abner clung to the reins, and was dragged along the ground, over stones and gravel, for half a mile, when he finally "anchored" the colt, as he expressed it, near the post-office. His clothes were torn off, he was severely cut and bruised, and we fear that he was injured internally. He has coughed ever since.

Still more heroic was the act performed by the tavern-keeper's son. One dark night in autumn, he started, with a friend, to drive home from a neighboring town, — two other persons, a man and his wife, having just preceded them. His horse was an extremely high-strung animal, of the Volunteer family. By some accident the hostler handed him only one rein, the other trailing on the ground. Before it could be secured the horse started, and in another moment he was off for home on a dead run. Knowing that if he was not stopped he would surely run into and perhaps kill the persons in front, the driver determined to climb out over the dashboard, and so to the animal's back, — no easy task, with the horse at full speed on a rough road. If he had kicked up, as he was likely to do, the young man would have received a violent fall; but fortunately he did not kick, and with great difficulty and danger the driver got astride of him, and finally succeeded in pulling him up. But the brave fellow never recovered from the tension to which he had been subjected. Before that time it had been his delight to ride and drive all the vicious horses of the neighborhood, but after that night's adventure he never cared to ride or drive again.

There must be something in the air of this mountain region which braces the nerves and makes people insensible to danger. Last September I happened to be standing in front of the tavern, when Seth Williams (a horsy farmer) drove by with his son-in-law, Church Cutts, on the way to camp-meeting. It was fine weather, and they were out for a day's pleasure; but how were they taking it? Well, Seth was driving a half-broken, headstrong, vicious colt, — what we call a "ty-rannical crittur." Just before they reached the tavern the colt stopped, put back his ears, and humped his back two or three times, being evidently inclined to kick everything and everybody to pieces. It was a toss-up whether he did so or not, but Seth seemed indifferent, and Church wore a pleased smile upon his face, as if that were the kind of thing which he really enjoyed. Presently the colt went on a few yards, till he met a baby-carriage. Then, with a pretense of being scared almost to death, he started to turn around. If he had succeeded, the wagon would have been upset with a crash, and the colt would have run away. But Seth now took vigorous measures: he lashed the colt over the head with his whip, and jerked the rein on the opposite side. For a moment, however, it appeared as if the horse would prevail, and in that moment I glanced again at Church Cutts. There he sat, perfectly at ease, and with the same smile of pleasure beaming on his round face. At last the colt swung back into the road, and off they went for camp-meeting at a gait of twelve miles an hour. I expected that they would all come back separately, — the colt on his own hook, and Seth and Church laid out in wagons or in hearses. But, on the contrary, they drove home in good style, without accident.

I have spoken of the camp-meeting to which these men were bound, as if it were an affair of pleasure rather than of religion; and such, alas, is the case. Religion, in fact, has almost died out

of this community. We still maintain a church, but it is a feeble church, and our pastors, being poorly paid, are seldom men of ability; nor do they stay with us long. If the reader should attend the meeting-house on a Sabbath, as we call it, I fear that he would find the occasion a melancholy one, and that he would go away, if he were a reflective person, with dismal forebodings as to the future of New England. The congregation is small, and composed mainly of old people and children. Many of us, indeed, have one foot already in the grave. The young girls of the village usually attend, — chiefly, I fear, because of the opportunity to wear their best clothes; and in part, perhaps, they are actuated by that conservative instinct which is so strong in womankind. There are a few young men in the congregation, but they are not the pick of the village. The truth is, that while we, the old, the very young, the ineffective, are singing the effeminate tunes of Moody and Sankey, or listening, somewhat restlessly, to the incoherent exhortations of our latest preacher, the strength of the community is occupied elsewhere and in other ways. It is hunting, or fishing, or swapping horses, or laying plans for the future, or sleeping, or perhaps reading the Sunday papers — a week old. More than half the men in the village know Sunday simply as the day on which they put on a clean shirt. Even if the strong men could be induced to attend our meetings, they would hear little which would attract or stimulate them. Our theology has decayed into a vague, sentimental adherence to the doctrine of justification by faith, and a belief in instantaneous conversion. But the men of this community, and especially the young men, require a stronger diet than that. If only some modern prophet would arise to bring them to their knees in an agony of remorse and repentance!

If one examines the history of New

England character, he will find it hard to exaggerate the part which religion has played in its development. In former days, even the irreligious had, in the background of their lives, a severe and self-denying standard of living which it was impossible for them to ignore. Sin itself was invested with a fearful dignity; and surely no dream of human perfection ever so exalted the nature of man as did that stern theology which taught him that the stars and planets were only lights to light him at night; that for his benefit or for his punishment God might at any moment interrupt the course of the universe; and finally, that he had within himself the momentous power of choosing eternal punishment or eternal happiness. Under that religious belief there grew up men and women — some of them are still living — who constituted little reservoirs of moral strength upon which the community, or even the nation itself, could draw in times of necessity. What influence will take the place of that old belief? What moral force will curb the passions, chasten the lives, stimulate the energy of the rude people who are born in these remote towns? Whence shall they derive the discipline and the self-control without which their primeval strength will be as useless as the undammed waters of a mountain torrent? I confess that these thoughts fill me with apprehension for the future; and sometimes I am even led to think that New England character reached its culmination in the heroic sacrifices of the Civil War, and entered thereafter upon a long and gradual course of sure decay. All this, however, may be — and I trust that it is — simply the pessimism of an old man. Let it suffice for him that the glory has not yet departed; that the moon shines as brightly now upon the lake as it did when he was a boy; that he is still permitted to see the sun rise and set in the most beautiful and — as it seems to him — the most interesting corner of New England.

Philip Morgan.

A FARMING COMMUNITY.

LAST autumn found me installed at Indian Ridge, in the Lincoln House, a rambling white hotel, verandaed, green-blinded, and dormer-windowed. In the office, besides the usual country hotel office furnishings, were numerous potted plants and two venerable oil-paintings (copies, without much doubt) of Daniel Webster and George Washington. The parlor had real gilding on the panel-mouldings of its doors and a fantastic display of curious marine shells, and bore signs of frequent use; otherwise it was precisely the conventional farmhouse parlor. The chambers were simple in their furnishings, but unspeakably neat and sweet.

The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham West, are far past middle life. Having long been free from the necessity of any kind of labor, they are keeping up their house partly from force of habit, partly as a public convenience, and partly (and it would appear primarily) for the sake of the society it brings them. The proprietors reserve to themselves the precious privilege of refusing undesirable guests, particularly itinerant companies of the more objectionable order, with one or two of which, in the past, they have had disagreeable experiences. The absence of a tap-room debars that atmosphere of jovial good cheer one likes to associate with the country tavern; but Mr. and Mrs. West devote so much of their time to agreeable converse with their guests, — they invariably preside at the table, — and business, spite of the necessary formality of the bill, enters so little into the account, that stopping with them amounts to visiting at the house of a substantial farmer.

Besides the hotel, Indian Ridge — that is, the village proper — contains half a dozen grocery and general supply stores, a pump, hardware, and farming-tool es-

tablishment, a blacksmith's forge, a harness shop, a cobbler's shop, a tin shop, — in which a watch-repairer and a milliner have counters, — a church, a schoolhouse from which the national flag always floats, a Masonic hall, a town hall flanked by town sheds, a hillside cemetery, and about a score of dwellings. The dwellings, — which are tenanted for the most part by the business men, — as well as the places of business, are nearly all on a single elm and maple bordered street running along the summit of a ridge, in full view of one of the finest mountain ranges of New England. They belong to four pretty well defined architectural types. There are the ancient nearly square hip-roofed houses, with a chimney on each of the two end-slants of the roof, tiny-paned windows, pretentious front doors bordered by fluted side-pillars in relief and surmounted by semicircular "fans;" the equally ancient and almost equally square, but severely plain tent-roofed houses, with a single enormous square chimney in the exact centre of the roof; the pronouncedly oblong houses with the lofty pillared portico fronts, of a later period; and modern houses as they were before the advent of the Queen Anne furor, which has not yet struck Indian Ridge. It may be noted here in passing, as an item of some interest, that the post-office, instead of being incorporated with a store, as in most country villages, is kept by a soldier's widow in one of the front rooms of her own house.

Below the western end of the ridge and just beyond the village flows Indian Ridge Creek, a small but fairly energetic stream, spanned by a covered bridge, on whose banks a sawmill, a gristmill, and a corn-canning factory are situated. The land immediately around the village is a rolling tract, myriad-breasted like the statues of the Ephesian Diana. Such

land is never quite as beautiful as during the spring months, when its hillocks are soft silk pompons, whose shades and sheens of green under the sunlight rival those of a peacock's plumes. Still, it is always beautiful. In October, when first I saw them, most of the hillocks had become dun and brown, — only a few, from which the second crop of grass had not been cut, retaining a shop-worn green; but then, by way of partial compensation, the forests outlying them were matchless. These forests have as many evergreen as deciduous trees, and this combination of the sombre and the gaudy is far more effective than deciduous trees alone can possibly make, no matter how fiery their audacity.

All the roads out of the village pass thrifty farms. The farmhouses are modest, — much more so than the barns and the other outbuildings to which they are prudently subordinated. Some of them are sentinelled by pairs or rows of soldierly poplars, which lend the scene a finish almost European. In the autumn, the dooryards are piled with ruddy apples, yellow pumpkins, and Hubbard, marrow-fat, and crook-neck squashes, and the back porches of the houses and the sunny sides of the barns are festooned with strings of corn and dried apple. Cider-presses, at rather frequent intervals, perfume the air divinely, inviting to copious draughts of the delicious brown *vin du pays* without money and without price. Open wells with sweeps or windlasses alternate with pumps. Both are always provided with drinking-cups of some kind — tin dippers, cocoanut shells, or gourds — for the convenience of the thirsty passer. People meeting on the road stop "to pass the time of day" (to adopt the phraseology of the district), and no driver would think of going by a foot-traveler without offering to give him a lift. Happy contrast to the regions some of us have been forced to foot it through, where a pedestrian is eyed askance as if he were a tramp, and padlocked pump-handles

supplement with beautiful but pitiless logic ubiquitous signs against trespass!

Broadly speaking, Indian Ridge is a farming town. The employees of the sawmill and the gristmill are few in number, and these few, as well as most of the business men, do a little at farming. The corn-canning factory being run only in the fall, there are plenty of the farmers' sons and daughters glad to work therein for the sake of the ready money which even the prosperous in the country often lack. There is a sleigh and wagon shop a couple of miles out of the village, but the owner of this is also a farmer, and his only employee is also his hired farm man. Work goes on in the shop only in bad weather and off seasons. The farmers, who are all native Americans, — with the exception of three French Canadian and perhaps twice as many Irish families, — are for the most part the direct descendants of the original settlers, who were a sturdy, honest, plucky, intelligent, God-fearing stock. The lean, sharp, laconic New Englander of popular tradition is the prevailing type. There is little wealth and as little real poverty among them. Their food, dress, and home furnishings are of the simplest. To illustrate: with a view to showing them proper respect, I put myself to great preliminary inconvenience to appear in a "boiled shirt," the first Sunday of my stay, only to be chagrined, when the hour for the service arrived, by finding that I was rather overdressed than otherwise.

The women are true helpmeets. Not only do they do their own work, but they are able and willing to milk the cows, assist in the hay-getting, and in other ways lend a hand out of doors in emergencies. Some of them even eke out the family income by little ventures of their own, such as raising hens and bees, and gathering and marketing spruce gum, beechnuts, and blueberries. There is no servant-girl problem, because there are no servants. When sickness or some

other real disability necessitates female help in the household, a neighbor's daughter is called in. She is of course regarded, and in every minutest particular treated, as a member of the family; it could not be otherwise. The children are trained to bear their share of the family burden, so far as it can be done without interfering with their schooling, and the very school terms are arranged with a view to conflicting as little as possible with farm work. When the children grow up, many of them go out into the world to seek their fortunes (that, within reasonable limits, is a law of nature), but there is nothing like an exodus of the rising generation, no approach to a depletion. Plenty of ambitious, vigorous young men stay behind to arrange themselves in life as their fathers did before them, chopping in the woods during the winter, and in the summer tilling the few acres they have been able to purchase with their winters' savings. Furthermore, there are plenty of desirable young women happy and proud to cast in their lots with the young men, and do their share of the drudgery necessary in establishing a home. Thus new farms are cleared out of the woodland and the old farms are kept up.

One morning, a few days after my installment at the Lincoln House, the first glance from my chamber window showed me that something out of the ordinary was on foot. The road was fringed for some distance with all kinds of pole vehicles, from which the horses had been detached. Other two-horse rigs were arriving. The reason for the sudden influx came out at the breakfast-table. A young man, recently married, had purchased an unoccupied house, located about a mile to the northward, over the ridge, which he wished to transfer to land of his own on the western bank of the creek. There being no contractor in the vicinity who made a business of moving buildings, the people had decided to do the job for him, and they were assembling with their

two-horse teams from all over the township.

It was ten o'clock before the house was properly shod (that is, fitted like a sled with a pair of enormous logs as runners), and eleven o'clock before the horses were attached. By that time the men on the spot numbered more than a hundred. Of these, thirty were drivers of the horses, of which there were thirty pairs in all; as many more manipulated levers and pulleys; as many more stood ready with skids; and an advance skirmish line of about a score were armed with axes, crowbars, shovels, and pickaxes, with which to clear away obstructions to the route. Caleb Whitney, who had undertaken to engineer the affair, was a fierce-looking man, with a flowing black beard more than a foot long, a coonskin cap, a red flannel shirt, trousers rolled to his knees, leaving his legs bare above his shoe-tops, and a tremendous voice. As he stood in the front door of the house shouting and gesticulating his orders, he was a startling figure, at once forceful and grotesque.

Foremost with the pulleys and levers, commander, as it were, of the lever and pulley brigade, was Nathanael Seabrook, the village doctor, a lean, tall, alert, stubble-bearded man, a sort of Yankee Weelum MacLure. It was a unique and inspiring sight to see a professional man in flannel shirt, slouch hat, and rubber boots, "working like a house afire" in the performance of a purely neighborly service; and it is easy enough to imagine a man who would thus recklessly divest himself of all but his native dignity before the eyes of his patrons, and who could swing an axe and drive a peg as he did, making just such a fight for a life as the noble Drumtochty physician made for the life of the man Saunders; and what sort of a fight that was the world knows.

There was so much ado to get all the horses to pulling at the same time, all the levers and pulleys and men so placed as to secure the most power, that it was high

noon before the building was got fairly over the few rods between its site and the road. Then it was time, as the vigorous clanging of a bell proclaimed, for the dinner which the "women-folks" had prepared in a barn near by.

Dinner over, the horses laid to their work so well that the building started almost immediately, without any assistance from the levers and pulleys; and though it was an up-grade pull, and the shoes ploughed deep furrows, and the front corners crashed into the wayside saplings and dug into the banks of the narrow roadway, so that the gravel flew in at the windows, it kept on for a full quarter of a mile without stopping. Then, a quick and tremendous sideward lunge imbedded one corner so deep in a gravel-bank that the horses were thrown back on their haunches and brought to a standstill. There were prying, pulling, twisting, and veering, under the doctor's supervision, for nearly an hour before another start could be effected. By that time it had been decided to exchange the narrow road for the open fields, — a decision which gave the skirmish line a deal of exertion of the most active kind in getting rid of obstructing stone walls and fences, twenty or thirty feet of the latter being in one case lifted bodily by them. From the moment of taking to the open fields till the arrival at the summit of the ridge, the excitement was intense. There were spurts and set-backs, sudden halts and false starts; breakings of ropes, levers, and chains; lashings, kickings, yellings, swearings — even old Deacon Goodhue swore and never knew it — on the part of the men; rearings, snortings, strikings, and plungings on the part of the horses; and narrow escapes for both men and horses.

An intentional halt of several minutes for breath was made upon the summit of the ridge. On the descent, the horses entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and went so nearly as if they believed the object in tow was just about

to topple over them, that the drivers had all they could do to keep up with their pace over the uneven ground, and the skid men were forced to abandon their work entirely. The building swept downward of its own momentum, carrying everything before it like an avalanche. A fence, which had not been reached by the skirmishers in time, was turned under it, and a woodpile was made short work of, without causing any visible slackening of the speed; over both it slipped as smoothly as if they were skids placed beneath on purpose to reduce the friction. Not until the leaders were well into the creek could the horses be brought to a stop. "More fun for your money than the All-bright Fair," was Jabez Lyman's comment, and those hard by who had breath enough left to say anything said a forcible Amen. Though not quite five o'clock, it was decided at this point to quit work for that day; crossing a stream was too difficult an undertaking to be begun in the gathering dusk.

The scene of the second day's activity being so near the village as to be practically in it, the schools were given a holiday, — a wise proceeding, surely, if for no other reason than this: that a lesson was to be learned out of doors, that day, of far greater moment than the lessons many days of school confinement could inculcate. The sawmill, gristmill, canning factory, and all the stores were deserted as by common consent. The postmistress, reasonably sure she would receive no call, and yet too conscientious a servant of the government to close her office without permission, took up her station at a point of vantage equidistant from the building and her place of business, and scrupulously kept an eye on each. The lawyer forsook his office and the minister his study for the scene of action; and though these worthies did not take hold just as the doctor did, they were nearly as eager as he, and were profuse of shrewd and sympathetic advice and exhortation. Even the halt, the maimed,

and the blind were on hand, trying to do their part with such members and faculties as they actually did possess.

The first task was to line the bed of the creek with enormous logs lengthwise of the current, and just far enough apart to admit of the horses stepping between them. That done, the shoes were pried out of the soft soil bordering the creek, into which they had sunk during the night, the leading horses were driven several times from bank to bank to get them accustomed to the water, and the thirty teams were attached and whipped into the stream. There was an exciting moment when a horse slipped and nearly fell in mid-current, and another when the hindmost team escaped being drawn under the building only by the sudden breaking of the drag-chain. But in spite of these and other trifling mishaps the stream was crossed without serious accident, and the building was landed on its appointed site a little before noon.

Then how the men cheered! There were cheers for red-shirted Caleb Whitney, the stentorian boss, cheers for the doctor, cheers for the young owner of the house and his wife, cheers for the horses, — cheers for everybody and everything relevant to the occasion, and, so great was the excess of spirits, for several persons and several things that were not.

Another public dinner brought the fête to a close.

As a purely physical spectacle, an exhibition of physique and energy and nerve, this building-moving was as well worth viewing every way as any match of football or of polo ever played. Much more was it worth viewing as a moral spectacle; as an exhibition of community spirit it was superb. It is because so much has been said of late regarding the decay of community spirit in New England that the affair has seemed entitled to a record in detail. True, it was the most signal illustration of *esprit de corps* that occurred during my Indian Ridge sojourn, but I was assured it was

by no means an exceptional one. Hardly a fall passes that some buildings are not dealt with after this fashion. It is only three years since the moving of a ponderous structure that occupied the citizens a whole week. The year before that a schoolhouse was transplanted, at a saving of much expense to the public treasury; and there is a tradition of a remarkable feat of engineering, which half the town had pronounced impossible, achieved by the redoubtable Caleb Whitney in driving a barn across a deep gully. If many of the other forms of neighborly coöperation which once prevailed here have disappeared, it is because the introduction of improved farm machinery and agricultural methods has taken away the reason for them. Wherever the reason survives, wherever real help can be rendered, the coöperative practice survives also, and ploughing-bees, huskings, and barn-raising still occur with a good degree of frequency.

During the time when all the families of Indian Ridge used to meet together on Sundays in one of the houses, to study a Bible lesson in the forenoon and teach the children the common school branches in the afternoon, and for many years thereafter, Indian Ridgers were forced by stress of circumstances, as well as led by inclination, to pull together, and the habit of pulling together has never left them. The feeling that incites to helpfulness is as hale and hearty with them as ever it was. Whether this manifests itself in a purely personal way in "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" between neighbors, in building-movings and ploughing-bees, or in self-sacrificing loyalty to town, State, or nation, it is the same spirit, the spirit of solidarity, that has persisted from the beginning.

In further illustration of the activity of this spirit, particularly where the town is concerned, it should be said that Indian Ridge has forty miles of roads (superior for the section, fair in themselves)

upon which the citizens have expended much gratuitous labor over and above what it has been permitted them to turn in for taxes; a handsome and substantial drinking-fountain, erected by public subscription as a memorial to the first minister of the town; a small but well-chosen free library, in connection with the post-office, to which the postmistress gives her services; a soldiers' monument which cost one thousand dollars, — a simple and tasteful marble column with the conventional inscription, "Sacred to the memory of our citizen soldiers who died in defence of their country in the war of 1861 to 1865;" a town house worth four thousand dollars, containing, besides the town offices, a banquet-room, a large hall with a 22 by 40 stage, equipped with a drop-curtain and five scenes¹ — kitchen, parlor, street, forest, and prison — painted by the people themselves, and creditable dressing-rooms. Its hillside cemetery is scrupulously kept. Its primary and intermediate schools are taught by well-paid normal graduates selected with much care, and are generally acknowledged to be the best in that part of the country. Its high school is almost invariably under an earnest college man, and attracts pupils from a large area beyond the limits of the township. High schools, it is true, are now made obligatory by the state law, but the high school at Indian Ridge was started and regularly maintained years before there was any law upon the subject. Nothing has come to the town by gift or bequest. These and many lesser benefits it has secured for itself, on its own initiative, by unity of aim and effort; and it takes a colossal pride in them, as it has a right to do.

In the same way, it feels an honest corporate pride in the fortunes of its ab-

sent sons; and though none of these have chanced to attain national eminence, it follows their careers as lawyers, doctors, merchants, preachers, inventors, and college professors (to mention the vocations in which some reputation has been gained) with as keen an interest for detail as if they were the greatest of the land. It is proud, too, of the moral aspect of the village; how proud may be guessed from the curious fact that the only check on the intense enthusiasm felt for a much-talked-of railroad project, which, if consummated, will put it into close touch with the rest of the world, is a vague fear that somehow the railroad may lower the high moral tone that now prevails.

To be thus *solidaire* — who will question it? — is to practice a kind of decentralized communal socialism that is essentially noble, and hardly to be taken exception to by the most American of Americans.

The church plays a large part in the life of Indian Ridge. "W'en a town's got jest one parson, one lawyer, one doctor, an' one s'loon, an' no more," observed old Ezra Slack, the village patriarch, "it allus rubs along fust-rate. But w'en you get more 'n one of any one on 'em, it raises more row nor two tail-tied cats a-fightin' each other over a clothes-line. Now, we here hain't got no s'loon, an' p'raps for the matter o' that we're jest as well off ef we hain't. I would n't be the man to try to bring in no s'loon s' long's we've got our cider to hum, an' can git whatever else we feel the need on over to the Corners. But I'm mighty darned glad we've got one doctor an' one lawyer an' one parson, an' no more nor one."

It is at Indian Ridge as Ezra Slack says, and it surely is not the least inter-

¹ It is amusing to note that the drop-curtain, which is a copy of a New England landscape painting containing a great deal of detail, was made by dividing the original canvas into small squares and the canvas for the drop into an equal number of large squares, and copying square

for square; also that the street scene, which is supposed to depict Washington Street, Boston, as it was a century ago, has a flaring Y. M. C. A. sign on the front of one of its most prominent buildings.

esting feature of the town that it has had but one church, — never mind the denomination, — and that this church, in spite of the presence of people of various sects, has always proved an adequate embodiment of its religious sentiment, and has never ceased to be a unifying rather than a disintegrating force in the community. Perhaps it is this circumstance more than any other that has helped to give the town a social symmetry almost equal to that of the French village or the retired English village which has not yet been disorganized and disquieted by the entry of dissent.

However figures may be juggled with, ever and anon, to prove the contrary, there can be no reasonable doubt that church-going and respect for the church have materially decreased in New England in the course of the last half-century, at least among the Protestant population. This does not necessarily mean that religious sentiment has decreased in anything like the same degree, or even at all. It may only mean that a change has come over the modes by which religious sentiment manifests itself. The fact is that, owing to an enormous enlargement of the scope of living, religion finds a hundred means of cultivation and expression to-day where formerly it found one, the church. This will be seen to be equally true whether religion be defined as "morality touched with emotion" at one extreme, or as emotion embodied in morality at the other, or as something midway between. High aspiration must halt at cross-roads nowadays, while formerly it had only to follow a narrow but well-beaten path.

It is as much because Mr. Woodsum very early recognized and approved the change that was going on in the world around him, as because he has been faithful and diligent, that he has held the allegiance not only of his parishioners, but of the whole community, during more than thirty years of work. He has often been heard to express the wish that he

were a young man just beginning his career, because of the opportunity the rising generation has for discovering and applying truth. His own life-endavor has unquestionably been to find truth and declare it, to the end of building men up and making their lives of honest value to themselves and to the world. A reading, observing, and open-minded man, his thought has necessarily changed with the changing thought of his time. Like the vanguard of his generation, he has gradually become imbued with the belief (whether right or wrong is immaterial here) that salvation comes, not by creed and church attendance, but by character; that good religion and good citizenship are, in the last analysis, one and the same thing; that civic improvement and social betterment are to be agitated and toiled for rather than periodic revivals; and that the church (like the Sabbath) was made for man, and not man for the church. From week to week and year to year, he has made, as it were, a report of progress to his people; cautiously, however, and with so proper a reverence for the convictions of those who were not ready to follow him that they could not in reason take offense.

Thus, gently, tactfully, almost imperceptibly to themselves, he has led his people along the paths of his own thought to himself and his own way of thinking; has grown himself, and helped them to grow with him. Now he preaches to them with general, though of course not universal acceptance, what would have aroused a storm of almost unanimous protest had he preached it as a young man, in the beginning of his work. So directed, the Indian Ridge church, besides performing the function expected of a church, has been a sort of rural college settlement, organizing or helping to organize, directly or indirectly, divers phases of the life about it for the community good.

Personally, as professionally, Mr. Woodsum is a remarkable man to be located in a remote country parish. He

has a fine mastery of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music and a fair talent for painting. His execution and ideals in art, owing to his enforced absence from the centres, have been taken from the Hudson River school. The paintings with which his home is hung are copies by his own hand of the favorites of that period. But the art sense and the art enthusiasm are his, just the same. He usually has as pupils a few boys and girls with a taste for the expression of color and form, and one would love to believe that a real art feeling has been aroused among the people in consequence. It is hardly so, I am sorry to say; the New England nature is too resistant to æsthetic suggestion for that. A considerable feeling for landscape, however, if not much for art, has been developed in those who have come directly under the minister's art tuition, and this is of more real worth to them, perhaps, in the long run; it is so much more easily satisfied at Indian Ridge. Along with the rest, Mr. Woodsum is a skillful cabinet-maker. The pulpit he preaches from is his own handiwork, and he recently presented a church of a different denomination, in the nearest town, with another like it, — a most graceful act. These his varied tastes and accomplishments have enabled him to introduce an element of beauty into his church interior and his service, though how far this is appreciated by his congregation it is difficult to say.

Some years ago, Mr. Woodsum conceived the notion that a certain road out of the village needed a double row of elms. He accordingly visited the farmer whose property was adjacent (a non-church-goer, by the way), and told him that if he would set out plenty of young elms the next fall, he would paint him a handsome sign with the legend "Elm Avenue" in fancy lettering upon it. The bargain was laughingly arranged. The result is an avenue of magnificent trees that will gladden and beautify Indian

Ridge long after farmer and parson have passed away. It is a simple, almost trivial incident, but it illustrates so perfectly the attitude and the tact of the man that I have not been able to hold it back.

The life of Indian Ridge is by no means the monotonous, resourceless, utterly empty affair the life of a farming village is popularly supposed to be. The events that stand out are three in number: Memorial Day, the Allbright Fair, and the County Conference.

When it becomes known that, in the appointed order of things, it is the turn of Indian Ridge to have the County Conference, there is great bustle of preparation, especially among the women, who devote themselves assiduously to house-cleaning, dressmaking, and bonnet-trimming, as well as to mammoth cookings. When the time arrives, homes are thrown wide open for the entertainment of the delegates by all the citizens, whether church-goers or not. Hospitality of the most lavish sort is everywhere the order of the day.

The Allbright Fair — Allbright adjoins Indian Ridge on the west — differs in no important respect from country fairs everywhere. There are the same horse-trots, ball-games, bicycle-races, livestock exhibits, and trials of draught horses and oxen; the same side-shows, fakirs, freaks, and uproarious fun that always go with these occasions. For days before and days after nothing else is talked of in Indian Ridge and the other towns within the Allbright radius.

On Memorial Day the ceremonial is the traditional one. But the exercises have so much more significance at Indian Ridge than elsewhere that they seem to belong to an entirely different order. There is a ring to the patriotism, a poignant reality to the grief, and a lilt to the pride that lift them to the plane of high emotions. America cannot easily furnish a more impressive sight than Memorial Day at Indian Ridge. I know of a man — not an old soldier, either, and not

too much of a patriot — who drove forty miles to witness the ceremonial, and felt more than repaid for his pains. As a small boy in a New England town, I always set apart Memorial Day for fishing with my chums. No Indian Ridge lad would dare think, much less commit, such sacrilege.

An ancient and honorable chapter of the order of Freemasons has a nicely fitted hall of its own for its assemblings. The Town Hall is the regular meeting-place of five organizations: three societies growing out of the war (the Grand Army of the Republic, Woman's Relief Corps, and Sons of Veterans), the Good Templars, and the Grange. The Indian Ridge Dramatic Club gives, and for many years has given, frequent winter performances to a small circuit of towns wherein the cast is personally known, as well as at home. The town has a number of good singers, enough for concerts and a choral society. It has its own orchestra, a circumstance which makes dancing a cheap as well as an easily attained amusement; in a small way at the houses, in a large way at the Town Hall, where occasional union balls are held in which three or four other towns participate. Farmers' institutes and lectures of one sort or another occur at intervals through the winter. Thus it is that, between regular and irregular functions, the Town Hall is occupied, on an average, four nights a week the year round; not a bad showing, by any means, for a town of not quite one thousand inhabitants.

Of the manly sports, hunting and fishing are constant and easily available resources, though most of the men are so conscientious about their farm work that they indulge little in them until after crops are harvested in the fall, when a good many go into the woods for a week or more on a stretch. Boys have the use of rifles, horses, and dogs, and are taught to shoot and to manage horses almost as soon as they are taught to do anything. They go on hunting and fishing expedi-

tions with the fathers and older brothers, and by the time they are fifteen or sixteen are expert woodsmen, almost invariably. The ordinary boy-plays, while fairly familiar to them, are decidedly overshadowed by this sharing of the sports of the elders.

The one reliable, never failing resource — evenings, rainy days, and all the time — is the village store. What the café is to the Frenchman the store is to the inhabitant of Indian Ridge. Newspapers and letters of common interest are there read aloud. Checkers, chess, backgammon, and, to a less degree, dominoes are in high favor. Championship series are played which sometimes consume a whole winter, in the course of which there is an infinite amount of probability casting, invidious comparison, and good-natured chaffing. Once in a way a wager is laid which sets the whole town agog.

Talking, however, is the primary pastime of the store-groups. Politics, in their season, they talk, of course, and theology, though to a far less extent than the grocery tradition demands. The planting, cultivation, harvesting, and marketing of crops, the treatment of stock, the processes and prospects of lumbering, are subjects far more in vogue. These come easily first, and next the weather in its relations to them. And it must be admitted that the weather-signs are reduced to an inductive science quite as reliable for the immediate locality as the more dignified predictions of the government weather bureau, while they are as far removed from the platitudes of "society" on the same subject as beefsteak is from broth. Reminiscences are rife: of hunting, fishing, trapping, horse-racing, lumbering, most of all of the war, as is natural where many veterans still live, and where practically every family has its military tradition.

In a word, the talk is as varied as are the interests and accomplishments of the talkers, and those are varied indeed. It

is customary to speak contemptuously, I know, of the intelligence and *morale* of the talk of the country grocery. The store-groups at Indian Ridge deserve no such contempt. There are intelligent men among the talkers, and some most interesting and suggestive things are said by them. The atmosphere is not as desperately provincial as might at first be supposed. If there were no other alleviating circumstance, the fact that all the old soldiers in the town have been south of Mason and Dixon's line at least once in their lives, while several of them have visited the great centres for the reunions of veterans, makes it possible to take for granted a certain if not quite up to date knowledge of the big world outside and the ways of it.

Jabez Lyman, a veteran, who enlisted as a boy of seventeen, and had his constitution undermined by ten months in Andersonville, has passed a large part of his winters since in Washington, or south of it, for his health's sake. His talk abounds in sage estimates and witty observations on Southern life and character, more especially concerning the colored people.

Elbridge Copeland, sixty-three years old, who recently returned from the Far West despoiled of the fifteen thousand dollars he had amassed by a quarter of a century of storekeeping in his native town, though so poor in pocket as to be forced to begin life over again by clerking on the very spot where he was once the master, is rich indeed in lore of mine and prairie, and recklessly prodigal of it.

Job Preston is a capital mimic. He imitates with equal ease the Irishman, Dutchman, Scandinavian, French Canadian, and negro. His impersonations are so perfect that they never grow stale, and he is never at a loss for tales, more or less spicy, calling his faculty into play. "Job Preston can talk the leg off an iron kettle," was Jabez Lyman's verdict, when I inquired for particulars about him, "and he can do that slick enough,

I'll admit; but that's just about all he can do, and just about all he's ever done, so far as I know." True genius impractical here as everywhere!

Solomon Whiting devotes his leisure to collecting curios. He has a sugar-planting brother in the Sandwich Islands, who began sending him Hawaiian specimens more than thirty years ago. This was enough to give Solomon the collecting fever; since that time, his house has been gradually transformed into a museum, and he himself into a close approach to a virtuoso. In Indian and early American antiquities his collection is peculiarly rich.

Duncan McAinsh, a native American, but of Scotch extraction, as his name implies, possesses a wide and accurate knowledge of English and Scottish history, partly inherited from his father, partly acquired by his own hard study. He is reluctant to ventilate his knowledge, unlike most of his neighbors; but when he does really let himself go, it is a unique treat. He was somehow prevailed on once, more than ten years back, to give a lecture in the Town Hall. The event is still much talked about, and always with whispered and staring reverence and amaze.

Samuel Wiggin is the versatile phenomenon of the village. Samuel Wiggin's trade and nominal occupation is watch-repairing, but he supplements the rather slender income the watch-repairing of Indian Ridge provides by tuning and repairing organs and pianos; conducting singing and dancing classes; giving private lessons in vocal and instrumental music, water-color painting, the decoration of china, and four languages. Samuel is immoderately fond of small children, and they of him. They troop after him — much as the children of a more imaginative race trooped after the Pied Piper of Hamelin — for the wonder-stories he loves to tell them. Surely this talent for loving and dreaming should not be reckoned least among the

many he possesses. Small wonder that Sam Wiggin has the reputation of being able to talk well upon any subject whatsoever!

As if the variety were not already sufficient, an old sea-captain and a Boston policeman retired on half pay also live at Indian Ridge. Both are proud of their past and garrulous to a degree about it. Now, he is a lucky man, to my way of thinking, wherever he may be located, who has within his hand's reach a group of people who can deal intimately with a larger range of worthy and picturesque themes.

Every one is more or less aware, I suppose, through books, if not through direct observation, of the occurrence of quaint types in the New England farming town; hardly, I fancy, of the extent to which these types are a diversion to one another and the remainder of the community, or of how large a part this particular kind of diversion plays in relieving their social life from tedium. This is where the proverbial Yankee sense of humor comes in. In this respect, the stores of Indian Ridge would be to most, as they were to me, a positive revelation.

Thus, Amos Cummings, keeper of the harness shop, and Levi Wilson, keeper of the grocery next door, have for years had an agreement that whenever one of them should succeed in corraling Joshua Puttengill and getting him to talk, he should summon the other. And this summons has invariably resulted in the other's shutting up shop and devoting an hour or more to pumping old Puttengill.

Josh Puttengill, you see, is *the* character of Indian Ridge. You would know that to look at him. No commonplace epistle was ever folded in such an envelope. In being tall, lank, and angular he is like the prevailing type around him, but his head has none of the stern characteristics of that type. Josh is a practical farmer, and, for all his fantastic appear-

ance, a man of good common sense, — except when he is yarning; for yarning is Josh's specialty, — besetting sin or supreme accomplishment according to the point of view.

If I have refrained from exhibiting in detail the shortcomings of the life, it is not, for that reason, to be taken for granted that there are none, or even that they are few in number. Indian Ridge has all the defects of all its qualities, and possibly some others besides. It is narrowly partisan in its politics; gossiping and meddling in its temper towards matters of purely private concern; religion, here as elsewhere, in spite of a general wholesomeness, is not entirely free from hypocrisy, morality from inhumanity and self-complacency, integrity from cruel hardness, nor thrift and foresight from parsimoniousness and worry. It is very little alive to the finer issues of country living; most of them are not so much as suspected by it. For all the mutual helpfulness and abounding sense of humor, the life lacks flexibility, mellowness, warmth, emotion, and emotional expression. It is indisputably *triste*.

Nevertheless, Indian Ridge exemplifies the best tendencies of the New England country. These tendencies, owing to its comparative isolation, have been manifested in unique and homely ways in some instances, but the tendencies are none the less sound and healthy on that account. They are present to a considerable if not an equal degree, not in all, not in the majority, perhaps, but in many of the rural communities in every one of the New England States. If all instead of a small part of these communities were even thus liberally endowed, there could be no complaint over the decadence of rural New England, for they have in them the germs of permanent progress; rather, they are themselves the very essence of corporate life.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

REAL UTOPIAS IN THE ARID WEST.

THE unknown settler who built his cabin on the last free homestead in "the rainbelt" was a character of some historical importance. He closed one act in the continental drama of colonization. He was the prophet of another act to be played in the strange setting of a region of complete aridity. Beyond the place where he had paused lay half a continent, requiring new methods and promising new institutions. Differing widely from the old land in soil and climate, in scenery and resources, the new land presented its deep and fundamental contrast in demanding irrigation as the sole condition on which an enduring civilization might flourish. The character of this civilization is revealed in communities already created by the pioneers.

I.

THE GREELEY COLONY.

The Greeley Colony of Colorado sprang belated from the seed of Fourierism sown broadcast in the forties. The failure of Brook Farm and of the numerous Phalanx communities — embalmed in the public memory as half pathetic, half ridiculous — had not effaced from men's minds the high social ideal. Horace Greeley had espoused the French philosophy in the morning of his fame. He had stood stoutly by it in the hour of its humiliation, when actual experience had left it a defeated cause. In the minds of the devoted constituency of his *Tribune*, the idea of colony-planting as a means of improving the lot of average humanity had taken deep root, so that twenty-five years after Fourier's dream had ceased to flourish as a social experiment, a colony representing its hopes, if not its methods, could gain supporters.

The new venture was initiated by Nathan Cook Meeker, who had succeeded Solon Robinson as agricultural editor of the *New York Tribune* at the close of the war. In 1844 Mr. Meeker had been an active participant in the Trumbull Phalanx at Warren, Ohio. This had expired of ague, poverty, and dissension, after a fitful career of about three years. "If the place had been healthy," Mr. Meeker said afterwards, "we should have held out longer, and the idle and improvident would have got more out of the industrious and patient; but I have no reason to suppose that we should not have finally exploded, either in some fight, or at least in disgust." From this experience he emerged disappointed and destitute, but with valuable lessons for the future and unshaken faith in the utility of colonization effort. The knowledge thus dearly bought he was destined to apply, many years later, in a useful career as one of the founders of a State.

In the fall of 1869 Mr. Meeker had returned from a trip to the Far West, the object of which was to describe the Mormon industrial system in a series of letters to the *Tribune*. Encountering a snow blockade at Cheyenne, which compelled him to postpone his visit to Utah, he had gone to Colorado instead. It was at the time when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was pushing across the plains to the budding village of Denver, transforming the wagon-trail into a highway of civilization. Everywhere Mr. Meeker beheld the dawn of a new industrial life in the midst of a wilderness. He was charmed with the climate and scenery, and impressed with the material wealth of the country's undeveloped resources. The old enthusiasm for colony-making filled his imagination. Wearied with a life struggle to remodel old social structures, he longed to avail himself of this opportunity to

build on new foundations. These hopes he communicated to his friend, John Russell Young, who agreed to bring the matter to the attention of Horace Greeley. This he did at a dinner held at Delmonico's in December, 1869. Mr. Greeley was instantly interested, and beckoned Mr. Meeker to join him at the table. "I understand you have a notion to start a colony to go to Colorado," said the editor. "Well," he continued, "I wish you would take hold of it, for I think it will be a great success, and if I could, I would go myself." Thus assured of powerful backing, Mr. Meeker at once proceeded to form his plans.

The prospectus of the new colony was drawn up by Mr. Meeker, but carefully weighed and revised by Mr. Greeley. A quarter of a century had elapsed since these men had been engaged—the one as active participant, the other as the most conspicuous American champion—in the Fourier scheme of association. It is interesting to observe just how much of the old plan survived in the new colony prospectus, when the thought of these leaders had been mellowed and broadened by many more years of life and experience.

In the Fourier communities the people had lived together under one roof, in the hope of effecting large household economies. There had been common ownership of land, and an attempt at equal division of labor. The unit of the community was the whole; the only individual, the public. Fourier had predicted that this plan would "reduce by two thirds the expense of living," and "quadruple the products of civilization." But one of the historians of Brook Farm relates that in that case it developed a community with "a surplus of philosophers and a dearth of men who could hoe potatoes," while Meeker has recorded that at Trumbull the system permitted the idle and improvident to live at the expense of the industrious and patient.

In forming the plan of the new colony

the lessons of experience were not forgotten. There was but a single suggestion of the "phalanstery," or common household of Fourier days, and that was advanced in timid terms. "It seems to me," Mr. Meeker wrote, "that a laundry and bakery might be established, and the washing and baking done for all the community; but other household work should be done by the families." It was provided that the unit of society should be the family, living under its own roof; that farms and homes should be owned independently; that individuals should plan their own labor, and rise or fall by their industry and thrift, or lack of them. The new ideal was that of an organized community which should give the people the benefit of association without hampering individual enterprise and ability. It furnished a means of settlement essentially different from that under which the Middle West had been developed.

Land was to be purchased on a large scale with a common fund. This cheapened its cost, and gave the colonists an important measure of control in its subdivision and development. The settlement was to be made almost wholly in a village, the land being divided into blocks of ten acres, and the blocks into eight lots for building purposes. It was proposed to apportion each family "from forty to eighty, even one hundred and sixty acres," adjoining the village. Northampton, in Massachusetts, and several other New England towns and villages, had been settled in this manner. A feature of much interest was the proposal to have the residence and business lots sold for the benefit of the colony's treasury, the capital so obtained to be appropriated for public improvements, such as building a church, a town hall, and a school-house, and establishing a public library. This plan marked an important departure in town-making. Town sites, as a rule, especially where the community promises a rapid growth, are treated as opportunities for private speculation. The boom

comes, and everybody prospers; the boom goes, and a few schemers have managed to acquire nearly all the cash capital. Under the new plan, as the prospectus pointed out, "the increased value of real estate will be for the benefit of all the people." They would receive these benefits, too, in the best form, as in the shape of permanent improvements essential to their social and intellectual well-being, and of capital available for industrial purposes.

Other advantages of settling in a village were presented as follows: "Easy access to schools and public places, meetings, lectures, and the like. In planting, in fruit-growing, and improving homes generally, the skill and experience of a few will be common to all, and much greater progress can be made than where each lives isolated. Refined society and all the advantages of an old country will be secured in a few years; while on the contrary, where settlements are made by old methods people are obliged to wait twenty, forty, or more years."

This prospectus was published in the New York Tribune of December 14, 1869, with a hearty editorial indorsement. Spite of radical departures in the matter of private landholding and individual industry, the vital spirit of Fourierism lived and breathed through the cautious lines of the announcement. There was still the high ideal of social and civic life, of industrial independence, of a scheme of labor which should give to the laborer an equitable share of what he produced. There was still the plan of coöperation in achieving things for the common benefit. There was still the craving for a society composed of sober, temperate, industrious people. The common household had been discarded for the family home and hearthstone, but for the barbarism and isolation of life on great farms there had been substituted the association of homes in the village centre, with the best social and intellectual opportunities. Behind the

new plan, as behind the old, stood the patient energy and faith of Meeker and the glorious optimism of Greeley.

The announcement had met with a prompt and enthusiastic response at the hands of several hundred people, who had organized the Union Colony of Colorado at a meeting held at the Cooper Institute in New York, where Horace Greeley had presided. A committee had selected twelve thousand acres of railroad and government land in the valley of the Cache la Poudre, twenty miles northwest of Denver, on the line of railway then building to Cheyenne. The pioneers of the colony were thus able to begin settlement in the spring of 1870, and to bring to the test of actual experience the social and industrial plans set forth in the prospectus. A party of Eastern people, most of whom came from cities, they entered cheerfully upon the task of adjusting a high ideal to the untried conditions of a country which had previously known only the Indian, the hunter, and the cowboy. Their experience for the next twenty years has a larger significance than merely local history, since the community is one of the landmarks in Western life.

Mr. Meeker having refused the use of his own name, the new town was christened "Greeley," and this name was popularly applied to the colony also, in spite of its incorporated title. The first severe test of the coöperative principle, which had been relied upon for the larger enterprises, arose in connection with the building of canals. There had been no misconception as to the need of irrigation, but it was supposed that the works could be quickly constructed and the new methods of agriculture readily learned. The original estimate of cost was twenty thousand dollars. The actual outlay before the works were completed reached four hundred and twelve thousand, or more than twenty times the estimate. For resources to meet this unexpected demand, the colony had only receipts from the

sales of property and the subscriptions and labor of its members. The result was not reached without serious dissensions and some desertions, but the works were built, and the community survived with its coöperative principle intact. It is not to be believed that a private enterprise could have lived through a similar experience with the same slender financial resources, for it was the public spirit and pride which saved the day at this critical juncture. These increased as difficulties multiplied, and rose with the tide of outside criticism and abuse. The process welded the people together, and made them strong enough to meet successfully the obstacles which yet remained.

Having provided water for their lands, the settlers proceeded to create the irrigation industry of Colorado; for nothing worthy of the name existed on the scattered ranches of the sparsely settled Territory. The new-comers brought their intelligence to bear upon the problem of perfecting skillful methods of irrigation and cultivation, and of discovering the classes of crops best adapted to the soil and climate. This work quickly led them to realize another disappointment of serious import. They had dreamed of orchards and vineyards, and of homes set in the midst of beautiful flowers and delicate shrubbery. Experiment soon taught them that they had been deceived about the character of the country. The hopes which had been built upon the fruit industry failed utterly, and the colonists were compelled to fall back upon general farming. This involved somewhat larger farms, and rendered more difficult the realization of their social plans. Very likely it saved them from the evils of the single crop which has marred the prosperity of many agricultural districts. The diversified products of the soil yielded them a comfortable living. Since there was no hope of obtaining cash income from fruit, they sought another surplus crop, and found it in the potato,

to which their soil proved to be peculiarly adapted. They made an exhaustive study of this culture, and at last produced in the "Greeley potato" one of the famous crops of the West. Its superiority readily commands the best place in the market, and there have been years when the crop has returned a million dollars to the potato districts of which the colony is the centre. The farmers invented a pool system which frequently enabled them to control the output, and so influence prices in their favor.

Events proved that the colonists were gainers by reason of the trials and disappointments which attended the establishment of their industrial life. Though the cost of their canals had so far outrun their expectations, they obtained their water supply much cheaper than did subsequent communities who patronized private companies. At Greeley the cost of a water-right for eighty acres was three hundred and fifty dollars. This made the user a proportionate owner of the works. Where canals were private, settlers paid twelve hundred dollars for precisely the same amount of water, while the works remained the property of a foreign corporation. The difference in the price of water under the two systems represented a very handsome dividend for those who had persisted in their allegiance to the coöperative principle. In the same way, the colonists profited from their struggle to realize the best agricultural methods. They won a reputation for their products which possessed actual commercial value, and they became the teachers of irrigation; furnishing practical examples to students of the subject, and contributing largely to its literature. These results must be credited to the fact that the community was organized, and that the people acted with a common impulse.

Passing now from the industrial to the civic side of the colony life, we find that the high public spirit in which the community was conceived left its marks not less indelibly. In the original prospectus

Mr. Meeker had plainly stated, "The persons with whom I would be willing to associate must be temperance men and ambitious to establish good society." This was no sounding phrase, for the founder and his fellow-colonists wrote their principles into the title deeds which transferred farm and village property from the company to individuals. These provided that if intoxicating liquor were ever manufactured or sold on the land, title should immediately revert to the colony. The provision was enforced with splendid intolerance. Those who were not in accord with its spirit had not been invited to come, nor were they made comfortable while they stayed. Their unbending attitude on this subject gave the men of Greeley the title of "Puritans," which was a unique distinction in the Far West, in that day of cowboys and border ruffians. The prohibition clause in the deeds was stoutly resisted by a small minority, and went from court to court, until it was finally vindicated by the supreme tribunal at Washington. The Greeley local sentiment has always upheld the principle, and insisted that it was responsible for the admittedly high character of the community. Like several of the colony's plans, it has been extensively imitated.

The government of the community was vested in executive officers, but was actually ruled by public opinion. This found expression in numerous town meetings held in Colony Hall, which was one of the earliest buildings erected. Here all the public affairs were discussed with perfect frankness to the last detail, and no public officer ventured to stray far from the conclusions there pronounced.

Not even the early hardships and disappointments were permitted to mar the social life of the colony. The people made the most of the opportunities offered by the association of homes in the village, and organized a variety of social and intellectual diversions. At an early period an irreverent newspaper writer remarked, "The town of Greeley is a de-

lectable arena, for of the entire population three fourths are members of clubs that are eternally in session. Day may sink into night, flowers may bloom and fade, and the seasons roll round with the year, but Greeley clubs are unchangeable." In one of the letters by which Mr. Meeker kept the readers of the New York Tribune informed of the progress of the community, he spoke of these "overflowing meetings," and said, "In all our experience we have never seen such institutions so well sustained; and if we wanted to show strangers the best that is to be seen of Greeley we would have them visit the Lyceum."

David Boyd, who was both a prominent actor in these scenes and the historian of the colony, writes of the same subject, and throws a suggestive side-light on a notable trait of Western life when he says, "In coming to a country which offered so many new questions for solution and presented so many new aspects of life, the minds even of those past their prime experienced a sort of rejuvenation. Being nearly all strangers to one another, each was ambitious to begin his new record as well as possible, and so put the best foot foremost." Here is the explanation of much of the superior energy which marks the life of new communities, and here lies the hope of social progress through colonization. The individuality all but obliterated in the great city springs anew and develops into blossom and fruitage in the fresh soil of colonial life. Institutions which would be quite impracticable in old and crowded centres get a footing in new countries, where men may exert untrammelled energies, and move freely in that atmosphere of social equality which is certain to characterize new communities and likely to endure while they continue small.

In considering the net results of Greeley Colony, it is important to note first that it has been thoroughly successful. In this respect it presents a striking contrast to the Fourier experiment from

which it may be said to have descended. Each man prospered according to his merit, and what the community undertook to do by means of cooperation it accomplished. It cannot be said that the latter principle was applied extensively. The capital realized from the sale of property was so largely absorbed in the construction of canals as to leave little surplus for other industrial and commercial enterprises. If one half of this capital had been available for stores, banks, and small industries, it is likely that much which was necessarily left to private initiative would have been undertaken by the colony. In that case we should find broader lessons in cooperative effort than we do now. It is also important to note that the community owed its prosperity to its high ideal and uncompromising public spirit. There was here no common religious tie as in the early New England colonies; no shadow of persecution such as that which bound the Mormon pioneers together in an indissoluble brotherhood. The nearest approach to this influence was the prohibition sentiment, and this formed but a small part of the original plan. These colonists were earnest men and women who had gone forth to make homes where they could combine industrial independence with social equality and intellectual opportunity. They were grimly determined to accomplish what they had undertaken. This spirit, and this alone, kept them from going to pieces during the first five years, and laid the foundation for their permanent prosperity.

Both Colorado and the arid West owe much to the example of Greeley. It lent an impulse to the development of their civic character, and made a deep and lasting impression upon their agricultural industry. The influence of the community on its immediate surroundings is yet more plainly visible. Its success resulted in large irrigation developments and numerous settlements in Colorado, Wyoming, and western Nebraska. A com-

munity without a pauper or a millionaire, Greeley has yet had a surplus both of men and of capital to contribute to the making of new districts. The colony of to-day is a well-built town of comfortable homes and substantial business blocks, surrounded by well-cultivated farms connected by a comprehensive canal system, which is the property of the landowners. Although it feels the heavy hand of hard times, few communities in the world possess a better assurance of a comfortable living in the future, while none has better educational and social advantages.

Horace Greeley followed the colony's development with the closest interest, writing frequent letters of advice, and even finding time to pay a hurried visit. His last letter to Mr. Meeker, written six days before his death, was as follows:

"FRIEND MEEKER, — I presume you have already drawn on me for the one thousand dollars to buy land. If you have not, please do so at once. I have not much money, and probably never shall have, but I believe in Union Colony and you, and consider this a good investment for my children."

II.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS.

The most valuable lessons in all the romantic history of California may be found in a trivial corner of the great commonwealth. Upon a clear day the eye may readily scan its entire length from the San Timoteo Hills to the shining sea. Between its parallel mountain ranges the width of the district seems but two or three miles, though in reality it is from ten to twenty miles. This is the San Bernardino Valley. It is upon this narrow territory that to a great degree the fame of California climate and productions rests. Here institutions have been created in the last thirty years which are destined to exert a powerful

influence upon the future life of the Pacific coast.

In the stormy and heroic days of the gold epoch, of the Bear Flag, of the American conquest, and of the Vigilance Committees southern California played a small part. Its past is the dreamy memory of old mission days, of peaceful shepherds, of great haciendas, of a land dominated by Spanish folk and speech. The land was a desert of sage-brush and cactus, in which a few scattered mission gardens made charming oases. Along moist river-bottoms there were sometimes fields and gardens, though not of the highest type. On the uplands light crops of wheat and barley were occasionally harvested, if spring rains happened to be fairly generous. But it was, apparently, a country which offered nothing to the stranger save climate and scenery. To this barren place came irrigation and the Anglo-Saxon, bringing a new era in their train.

The evolution of southern California may be studied in the experience of two representative colonies. These are Anaheim and Riverside. Both were undertaken by comparatively poor men, and made important contributions to the permanent prosperity of the district in which they settled. The success which they achieved and the methods by which they accomplished it colored and shaped the larger institutions which grew from these pioneer plantings. Anaheim owes its historical importance to the fact that it was the mother colony, but it gains added interest as an example of the way in which a number of petty capitalists may combine their means in large enterprises. It is useful, too, as showing the outcome of the settlement of city workmen on agricultural lands. Riverside represents a higher degree of social conditions, and is especially important and interesting as an example of the influence exerted by an entirely new element of population upon a country which had been neither developed nor appreciated by its natives and early settlers.

A brief glance at the beginnings of these two communities is essential to any just comprehension of the condition and tendencies of the southern California of to-day.

Anaheim was projected nearly forty years ago by a party of Germans in San Francisco. They were all mechanics and small tradesmen, and each was possessed of a modest amount of savings. It was proposed that this capital should be united in a common fund and used for the purchase and improvement of a large tract of land. For this purpose a colony association was formed, the members paying one hundred dollars each, and agreeing to make further contributions in monthly installments. A committee was sent out to discover a good location and contract for its purchase. A body of land near the Santa Ana River, twenty-five miles southeast of Los Angeles, was chosen. A part of the colony was then detailed to build an irrigation canal, divide the land into twenty-acre farms with a central village, and plant the whole tract in orchards and vineyards. In the mean time, the main body of the association remained in San Francisco, earning money and sustaining the work in the field. When the colony had thus been completely prepared for occupancy, the settlers came with their families, building their houses in the village and assigning the farms to individuals by drawing lots. In order to make this division equitable, those who obtained the choicest property paid a premium, which was divided among those to whom the poorer places had fallen. Most of the colonists devoted themselves exclusively to agriculture, but enough opened small shops, and worked at their trades as blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, shoemakers, and tailors, to meet the needs of the community. With the division of the land the association settled its accounts, and only the irrigation canal remained public property. Coöperation had served an excellent purpose, however, in enabling the people to obtain

their land at first cost, and to have it improved skillfully and economically in advance of their coming.

Beyond the hope of dwelling beneath their own roofs and working for themselves, the founders of Anaheim had brought no special ideal to the southern valley. They were people of common tastes, well content with simple prosperity and comfort. The community was thoroughly successful. It is also possible to record an almost uniform story of individual ease of life for the settlers. While a few became discouraged and sold out to their neighbors, much the greater number remained and became comfortably well off, while a few rose to wealth. They had come to the colony from the employments of city life, yet readily adapted themselves to the work of tilling the soil of their small farms. But the true importance of Anaheim was seen in the impulse which it gave to a new form of development in southern California. It had been a region of great ranches, where livestock and grain held almost complete sway. Anaheim pointed the way to the subdivision of large estates and the intensive cultivation of the soil with the aid of irrigation. This demonstration was destined to work a revolution in the character of the people and country.

The founding of Riverside followed that of Anaheim by a dozen years. The new colony was the conception of Eastern men, who issued their prospectus from Knoxville, Tennessee. They readily obtained a following, and proceeded without delay to select a location for the enterprise. Curiously enough, they had the faith to select a location which the natives and residents regarded as quite worthless, and the genius to create upon it the most ideal development which had been undertaken up to that time. They saw possibilities in the desert which flanked the bottom-lands of the Santa Ana River, and entered boldly upon the task of making them realities. This involved the

construction of more elaborate irrigation facilities than had previously been attempted. Even more important was the faith of the new-comers that oranges could be produced in that climate upon a commercial scale. They staked the fate of their enterprise largely upon this idea. The fame of the Riverside orange, now known to the markets of the world, is the evidence of their success. The founding of the orange industry was, however, not their only achievement in an industrial way. Equally important were the improvements which they wrought out in the irrigation industry, both in the character of canal systems and in the art of applying water to the soil. The methods which had been employed by the Mexican irrigators for centuries were anything but scientific. They not only failed to get the best results of which the soil and climate were capable, but injured the land and dissipated the water supply. The Riverside colonists applied superior intelligence to the study of this subject, just as they had done in the selection of their land and in the development of orange culture. It is no exaggeration to say that this policy has produced, along with scientific horticulture, the best irrigation methods known to the world. It is a fact both interesting and suggestive that these achievements were made by men who had settled in a new environment and boldly defied local traditions and advice.

It is the social side of Riverside, however, which makes the strongest appeal to popular interest. The homes and avenues of this colony, which have been evolved from an inferior sheep pasture in less than a generation, are among the most beautiful in the world. In considering their widely celebrated charms, it should never be forgotten that these are the homes and surroundings of average people, and that they earn their living by tilling the soil. Making due allowance for climatic differences, there are equally beautiful residence districts in the sub-

urbs of great Eastern cities; but these belong to people who enjoy a degree of prosperity much above the average, — to the small minority who are rich, or at least unusually well-to-do. They are not farmers, but business or professional men who have risen above the general level of society. At Riverside, on the other hand, at least ninety per cent of the total population live in homes which front on beautiful boulevards, presenting to the passer an almost unbroken view of well-kept lawns, opulent flower-beds, and delicate shrubbery. Newspaper carriers canter through these streets, delivering the local morning and evening dailies. Though this is a farming population, the homes are so close together that the people enjoy the convenience of free postal delivery. They fill their bath-tubs with water piped through the streets. They light their homes with electricity. In the centre of the colony they have fine stores, churches, hotels, and public halls. Their schools are of the highest standard, and are housed in buildings the beauty and convenience of which bespeak the good public taste. A well-patronized institution is the club-house and its reading-room. There is but a single saloon, and it is considered decidedly disreputable to frequent it.

The first result of the early colonies was to give a tremendous impetus to the settlement and development of southern California. The fruits of this new impulse are seen in the scores of charming communities which stretch eastward to the margin of the Colorado desert, and southward to the border of Mexico. The impressive city of Los Angeles, which grows alike in good times and in bad, is another product of the movement which traces back to the humble beginnings of these pioneer settlements established by a superior class of Eastern immigrants. High land values and costly irrigation works have naturally resulted. But these are only the superficial evidences of economic forces which lie deeper, and which

should be noted as the peculiar product of the colonial life of southern California.

The germ of Riverside, and of the civilization which it inaugurated in the San Bernardino Valley, is the small farm made possible by irrigation. This is alone responsible for the character of industrial and social institutions and of the people who sustain them. Where farms are very small — in Riverside they are from five to ten acres in size — they necessarily belong to the many. This means a class of small landed proprietors at the base of society. The condition is one which forbids the existence of a mass of servile labor like that which lives upon the cotton plantations of the South, and, to a greater or less extent, upon large farms everywhere, including the greater part of California itself. On a small farm the proprietary family does most of the work. Hence the main part of the population in such districts as Riverside is independent and self-employing.

The people of southern California are plainly moving along the line which leads to public ownership of public utilities and coöperative management of commercial affairs. But with them the movement is an economic growth rather than a political agitation. It is the logical outcome of their environment and necessities. A great body of producers and proprietors of the soil, they formerly stood between private irrigation systems, supplying the life current of their fields, and private commission houses, furnishing the only outlet for their products. The condition was an intolerable one, since it made them utterly dependent upon agencies beyond their control. These instrumentalities the people are rapidly taking into their own hands, and it is inconceivable that they can ever again pass into private control.

The principal irrigation canal at Riverside was originally projected as a coöperative enterprise, but as it demanded a large expenditure it became private and

speculative before it was well advanced. It returned, however, to the ownership of the community. Even more striking is the lesson now in progress in the wonderful fruit district watered by the Bear Valley system. The building of these works furnished the basis for the most extraordinary irrigation speculation in the history of the West. About three millions of Eastern and foreign capital were invested in the enterprise, which was inflated until it burst. After repeated efforts to reorganize the company, the bondholders themselves have turned to public ownership as the only practicable solution of the problem. The indications are that the people will get the works for very much less than they cost the builders. The legality of the Wright Irrigation District Law having recently been affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, it is probable that California has seen almost the last of the attempts to establish the policy of private ownership of this most vital of all public utilities in arid regions. The system of coöperative fruit exchanges is carried forward by the same impulse. Already it handles more than half the enormous product. The producers have their own packing-houses, make cash advances to their members, and send their agents to represent them in distant markets.

It is pleasant to note that beautiful homes and high average prosperity have not spoiled the democratic simplicity of these communities. After the adjournment of the International Irrigation Congress at Los Angeles in 1893, its members enjoyed the hospitalities of many of the charming colonies in the neighborhood. In his remarks at a banquet tendered the party by the people of Santa Ana, Señor de Ybarrola, the representative of Mexico, paid a handsome compliment to the ladies who had waited upon the table. Afterward, one of the distinguished representatives of France remarked his surprise at hearing a public compliment to "the servants."

"What," exclaimed Señor de Ybarrola, "did you think they were servants? Why, those were the leading ladies of Santa Ana."

"Do you mean to tell me," the French delegate demanded in amazement, "that the leading ladies of Santa Ana put on aprons to serve strangers?"

"Certainly," the Mexican replied; "for in this country service is a title to respect."

The incident illustrates at once the hospitality and the equality which are characteristic of the social life of southern California.

III.

A NEW COLONIAL ERA.

It is common to think of colonial times as of the past. In reality, growing nations sustain permanent colonial movements, sometimes seeking new continents as fields for expansion. The day is far distant when the United States need go beyond its own wide borders to make homes for its increasing population. The colonial movement of to-day and of the future will be directed in large measure to the arid region of the Far West. In many respects the new era differs from the past.

The first contrast is in the source whence recruits are drawn. It is not a movement of foreign immigration, but preëminently one of domestic or interior immigration. We still receive accessions of foreign population, but they no longer flow to the agricultural lands of the West. They remain in the cities of the seaboard, making New York, Philadelphia, and Boston cosmopolitan communities. They fill the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania and Ohio with Hungarian and Bohemian laborers. They replace the native artisans of Eastern manufacturing towns with Canadians, Italians, and Armenians. They swell the population of

the Lake cities, such as Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee. This is one of the strong forces behind the new colonial era, and the one which gives it the distinctive color of a domestic immigration. The native population has suffered by the new process. Its standard of living has been imperiled, its very ability for existence menaced in a way. Hence it is the new-comer who stays, the old settler who goes.

Another contrast: The former domestic immigrant came mostly from the farms; the present one comes mostly from the city. In the old days the farms had a surplus which naturally sought new farms in the West. During the wonderful urban growth of the past few decades the farms have been emptied, and many an old proprietor wonders who is to succeed him at his ancient hearthstone when he is gone. In the new tide of settlement, small merchants, small tradesmen, and small manufacturers are conspicuous. This is the natural result of the growth of great stores and factories and the rising power of great combinations of capital. A considerable class of energetic and once prosperous business men find it necessary to change their pursuits.

Another important element is that of professional men, such as lawyers, physicians, musicians, and teachers. They are generally well educated, and have learned from experience that there is plenty of room at the top, but that the bottom is much nearer. It is no reflection upon the ability of many professional men to say that they have not succeeded in the cities, since their ranks are constantly swollen by a stream of recruits from numerous colleges. There are many thrifty mechanics among new settlers. They have noted the downward tendency of their trades, and are anxious to rear their children under better influences than those which prevail in large cities. An element by no means inconceivable are invalids, or families con-

taining some member who is in delicate health. Such persons are advised by their physicians to seek the pure, dry air of the arid region. A hopeful chapter might be written on the achievements of those who have gone West to save their lives, and, having found their health, have blessed with their industry and enterprise the country which saved them from the grave.

The dangers which made settlement in the past a work of hardy heroism are entirely eliminated from the situation. Even most of the frontier lawlessness of a later period has vanished, and human life is rather more secure in Arizona than in the streets of New York. The time has come when gentle people can accomplish what formerly required the hardiest frames and the stoutest hearts. Of hard work there is quite enough for those who settle in new countries, and there will always be; but the danger, the hardship, and the uncertainty inseparably associated with colonization in the past are unlikely to fill a single page of the history of the new era.

When we comprehend the sources of the new immigration and the methods by which it does its work, it is not difficult to understand why different institutions may be anticipated as a logical result. People who have enjoyed the advantages of city life would naturally desire to develop high social standards in their new home. They would prefer a system which would give them neighbors, schools, clubs, and entertainments. Having seen the benefit of organizing industrial and commercial affairs in a large way, and having been in a sense victims of such organization, nothing is more certain than that they would seek to apply this principle to advantage in their own affairs. These conclusions are not speculative, since they are abundantly borne out by the plain tendencies of communities already founded by the pilgrim fathers of the new West.

William E. Smythe.

NANSEN'S HEROIC JOURNEY.

THE ideas of men concerning the form of the earth go far to determine that sense of relation with nature which is so important a part of our intellectual conception. In the earlier stages of culture, the earth was conceived to be indefinitely extended, — lands beyond lands, and seas beyond seas, until past all that the imagination could compass came the boundless ocean which surrounded the whole. It would seem that this ample concept would have opened the imagination, and incited men to range in ships or fancy over the limitless realm; but it was not so. Even the most imaginative peoples, such as the early Greeks or the folk of India, had very little regard for the unknown. The infinite was a bar to the imagination; if you can go on forever, why go at all? Among the adventurous spirits of antiquity there were few who turned towards exploration, and none who were tempted to seek the unknown seas.

When the facts concerning the true shape and size of the earth became a part of the general intellectual store, there was a sudden development of interest in the undiscovered parts of the earth. The sphere, vast as it seemed, could be comprehended; the conception of an antipodes and of realms grading from the tropics to the pole afforded a fair basis for the imagination. Speculations for adventure and of conquest were swiftly formed by all peoples who had the habit of the sea. What we may call the sense of the sphere entered the minds of men.

After the motives of religious, commercial, and political conquest which characterized the centuries before our own, we find the interest in the earth turning more distinctly to the ways of science. There were no new lands of value to be won by sending a boat's crew ashore to hoist a flag. Curiosity which could no longer

hope to be gratified by the discovery of new continents turned to the depths of the sea or the life of distant lands: here the advance of knowledge has been so rapid that the matter long ago outran the public attention. There are few indeed who are stimulated by the discoveries concerning magnetic declinations, or the contents of the ooze of an ocean floor. So this curiosity about the globe, well developed by centuries of exercise, has had of late a scanty field of satisfaction. All the great popular mysteries of the tropics and the temperate zones are solved. The real students of nature know that our knowledge of the most familiar parts of the earth is so limited that it is in effect ignorance. But most people demand a tale of things unseen before, the sight of which has been gained by perilous labor. This popular demand for sensational discovery is now restricted to the ice-girt regions about the poles.

Until very modern times the public paid little attention to the polar regions: their impenetrable areas excited a certain amount of speculation among the northern peoples who dwelt upon their borders, yet they commanded no general attention; but as the unknown disappeared from the lower latitudes, the adventurous spirits, lacking opportunity in the accessible parts of the world, were forced to try their powers on the ice-fields. The first voyages into the frozen seas of the north appear to have been made by the whalers of northern Europe, folk who have faced the dangers of that realm with admirable valor and paid their tribute of life for more than two hundred years. Then came the search for the polarward passage which might give a shorter route to China and the Indies. Last of all, beginning, we may say, with the expedition of Parry in 1821, came the voyages which were in their purpose

partly scientific. Not counting the Russian parties, which had for their object the geographic exploration of the Siberian coast and the neighboring islands, there have been more than threescore of these enterprises, each in its way affording an example of valiant endeavor,—the whole presenting a most majestic spectacle of human devotion and endurance. The narratives of these voyages are the best records of the quality of our race. The explorers, knowing nothing of the region, were forced to a rude and ill-guided assault upon the almost unassailable fortress of the north.

For many decades the most practicable route to the north pole seemed to be up the broad and readily traversable channel of Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay, by which ships could arrive at a higher latitude than elsewhere without encountering perennial ice-packs. Unhappily, this west Greenland way terminates northwardly in a region of narrow ice-blocked straits which at their northern ends open into the frozen sea, the surface of which seems to be too rough for sledge travel. It was in this tangle of frozen channels that Sir John Franklin's expedition was lost.

The next line of approach to be essayed was that leading by Spitzbergen, or the archipelago to the eastward known as Franz-Josef Land; but here too the ice-blockade has always been encountered. Some expeditions have been made along the east coast of Greenland, but the rebuff that the ice has given has been even more vigorous than on the other routes.

There thus remained but one un essayed passage, that by Bering Strait and the open water, which was known by the experience of whalers to extend for a good distance to the north of that passage before it came against the ice-pack.

The choice of this route was first made by the valiant Lieutenant De Long, of the American navy, as that for the Jeannette expedition which he commanded.

De Long's views of the situation were sagacious and proved to be well founded. He had learned from the whalers who had been in the Arctic Sea that their ships, when fixed in the ice, always drifted to the northwest. He was most likely wrong in the theory that the cause of this drift was the current of water which passed northwardly through the straits; but his plan of entering the ice and going with it on its polarward voyage was the most rational and far-sighted contribution to the theory of polar exploration that has been made.

We all know the story of the unhappy fate of the ill-fitted Jeannette, De Long's death, and the heroic rescue of the survivors of the expedition by Engineer Melville; but few recognize the fact that if the ship had been well suited for the task she would have won the end the Fram (or Forward, in the English rendering) attained, and thus proved the possibility of journeying to the pole by the simple and relatively safe though tedious process of drifting with the ice across the Arctic Ocean to where the pack breaks up into the floes which stream down the eastern coast of Greenland. On De Long's foundations of theory and experience Nansen built, in his preparations for his expedition in the Fram, the last, and on many accounts the most remarkable of all the voyages towards the pole. The story of this journey is admirably told in his *Farthest North*, in two stately volumes from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Not only because it is the latest of the polar expeditions, but for the reason that the results go further to clear up the mystery of the polar realm, this voyage of Nansen deserves the attention which it is sure to receive from students as well as from the general public.

In preparing for his latest voyage Nansen had the advantage of a long and well-directed training in arctic exploration; he was particularly fitted for the task by experience won on his excellently man-

aged journey across Greenland in 1888. Although, on that expedition, he was perhaps the youngest man who had ever tried a bold adventure in high latitudes, his discretion was well shown, and his success in traversing the great glacier was no more than a fair reward for his skill. Starting with the theory of De Long, Nansen gathered an array of facts which showed that theory to be well founded. The drift of Siberian timber to the east coast of Greenland; the contents of the mud found on the ice-floes; the discovery of an Alaskan "throwing-stick" on the Greenland shore; the finding by Eskimos, on the drift-ice of the same region, of various articles which were cast aside by the crew of the *Jeanette*, — all served to support the hypothesis of De Long that there was a permanent set of the ice to the northwestward from near Bering Strait to the northernmost part of the Atlantic, a movement which might be expected to bring a vessel near the pole.

Having determined on his expedition, Nansen found his fellow countrymen, from king to commoner, ready to help him to gather the sum of more than one hundred thousand dollars which the undertaking was to cost. In his ample account of the work of preparation we have a full showing as to the expenses incurred, from the building of the ship to the insurance premiums on the lives of the married men of the crew. The sagacity bestowed on the task is best shown in the plan of the *Fram*. Few of the ships which have faced the dangers of the polar waters have been built for the purpose. The *Fram* alone was provided with all that modern ship-building contributes for safety and comfort. The ship was of four hundred tons burden, — stronger than any similar mass of timber and steel that was ever put together. A triple expansion engine made her a fair steamer with the least expenditure of fuel. There were electric lights, for which energy was supplied by the steam-

engine, by a windmill, or, in case of need, by a contrivance to be turned by hand, incidentally giving exercise to the men. The energy was stocked in storage batteries, so that the crew might have the cheering and health-giving effects of the light which is nearest to that of the sun, during the arctic night. The story of these and many other arrangements for the welfare of the crew is fascinating; it has something of the charm that belongs to all well-told tales of the Swiss Family Robinson type, where people are obliged to plan for life apart from their fellows.

Not all the novel provisions of the equipment turned out to be well contrived. The naphtha launch was a nuisance, and was in the end broken up to furnish runners for those primitive vehicles, the sledges. The machine which was to afford at once exercise and illumination was never used. Still, as events proved, almost all of the foresightful expedients for the safety of ship and crew were well conceived; so that on July 24, 1893, when the *Fram* left Vardø, she was far and away the best conditioned craft that ever turned her prow towards the pole.

Nansen's care as to the material part of his vessel was paralleled in his choice of the men who were to accompany him. These, twelve in number, making with their chief the ill-omened thirteen, were all Scandinavians. They were selected from a large number of candidates, and were, as may be seen from their pictures, as sturdy a body of men as could well be brought together; they were in their prime, the eldest forty and the youngest twenty-six. The wisdom of the commander was nowhere better shown than in his determination to have no division of his crew into forecabin and cabin; they dwelt together. This arrangement averted the risk of discontent, which does so much to lower the vitality of men. It enabled the master and his strong lieutenants to impart their courage to all the crew. Experience showed that this

method of life in no way lowered the discipline of the ship's crew; it rather added the strength of the family to the organization.

The plan of the voyage was to skirt the northern shore of Siberia — a way which the expeditions of Nordenskjöld and others had shown to be possible — to some point north of the New Siberia Islands. The season proved unfavorable. There were great delays due to the ice, so that it was late in September, at the beginning of winter, when the *Fram* found her way to the pack at a point about two hundred and fifty miles southwest of the place where the *Jeannette* sank, twelve years before. Entering the lanes of open water as far as it was possible, the craft was made fast to the ice, where she was at once frozen in. Thus the grim voyage of three years' duration was begun.

The years of patient endurance of the ice-drift recorded in the journal have a curious charm. The drifting was very slow, and there were frequent backsets, so that at the end of the first annual alternation of darkness and day the ship had gone but one hundred and eighty-nine miles, though it had drifted in all more than three hundred miles. At the end of the first stage of the journey, it seemed probable that the men would have to eat the five years' store of provisions before they would be released from prison in the open sea near Spitzbergen. Nevertheless, the direction of the movements was exactly what had been reckoned upon, and the ship had proved worthy of her mission. Again and again those strange disturbances of the pack which urge one portion of an ice-field against another caused the floe next the ship to break up and crowd against her sides; but in these as in many subsequent and more formidable wrestlings with this danger, the strong craft, with sides which tumbled sharply to the keel, rose above the contending masses so as to suffer no harm.

Though the life in both winter and summer had much of sameness, there were numerous diversions. All possible anniversaries were observed; some with processions, of which the reproduced photographs give an entertaining impression. Except in the very dead of winter there were visits from birds, which apparently were flying to and fro from some land to the northeast, and of polar bears, which scented the crew afar off and hungrily sought their company. These great beasts, though willing enough to fight when brought to bay, do not seem to have been as dangerous as they have been represented, for all hands came unscathed from the scores of encounters with them. Then there were the dogs which were taken for possible need in sledge expeditions; there had been near twoscore of them at the start, but they slew one another until the number was materially lessened. As may be imagined, they were good companions for the lonely household. There were the unending observations to be made, some of the results of which we are to consider. So ran the time away.

The second winter brought a better rate of speed in the drifting, but also wearying backsets, and a direction which made it likely that the *Fram* would not drift northward beyond 85°, and might not go beyond 82° or 83°, thus missing the polar point by from three hundred to four hundred miles. The hard testing of the ice-pinches showed that the ship was sure to withstand the perils to which she would be exposed. The perfect health and good spirits of the men warranted the belief that they would fare well in charge of Sverdrup, a masterful man and an able navigator. Therefore Nansen set about his preparations for leaving the vessel, with one companion, for a dog-sled journey towards the goal. The eminent probability of such an expedition becoming necessary had been in view from the beginning; not with the aim, as he takes care to explain, of

attaining the precise point where the pole star is in the zenith, but of penetrating as far as possible into the vast unknown realm and ascertaining something of its features.

The second winter passed in preparing sledges and kyaks for use on open water, in making ready the stores which were to be carried, and in training the dogs for their task. On March 14, 1895, after several unsuccessful starts, Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen finally parted from the ship. Some of their companions went with them for a day or two, but thereafter for fifteen months they were quite alone. For a time, while dogs and men were fresh, and the ice was not very much cut up by the pressure-ridges, over which their heavy sledges had to be worked with great labor and much delay, the party made good speed; but as they journeyed northward the surface became rougher and the labor more arduous. The rate of daily gain rapidly slackened. When Nansen started on this forced march he intended to push north for fifty days before turning; but very soon the ridges rose to thirty feet in height, and the ground between them was as bad as sludge could make it. A little exploration in advance of the sledges revealed the fact that the field grew yet more difficult to the northward. Moreover, the food for the dogs was becoming scanty; the gruesome business of killing them in succession to feed the remainder was begun. Nothing in the history of the expedition shows more clearly the quality of judgment which makes Nansen a great explorer than his decision at just the right time, as the event proved, to give over the northward march. Many persons would have adhered to the plan of marching on for a definite period, because they would have felt pledged to it; in this as in other instances, he had the rare capacity to make a well-balanced determination with the moment as the centre. The decisive circumstance was that the computation of his marches so

far disagreed with his observations as to lead him to believe that the ice under his feet was moving southward. So on April 8 the course was turned to the south, not for the *Fram*, then less than two hundred miles away, but towards Franz-Josef Land, the little known shores of which might be reckoned as at least one half further away than the ship.

That Nansen did not endeavor to find his ship, but left her in the ice while he laid his course homeward, has led certain critics to censure his conduct. General Greeley, a renowned arctic explorer, asserts that he "thus deviated from the most sacred duty devolving upon the commander of a naval expedition." Nansen, in his preface, refers with a fine disdain and without comment to this and other prognostications of his failure and carpings at his success. He in no wise makes excuses for his action, leaving the reader to compass the situation. This can readily be done by a brief review of the facts, which may well be set forth here, for the reason that the assault upon the reputation of a man whose record entitles him to eminent respect has been made by one of our countrymen.

Nansen's sledge journey was, as before noted, a part of his reckoning. He had provided a second in command, apparently a better trained navigator than himself, to care for the ship. At least four other members of the crew were by quality and training able to take charge of the vessel. To have retreated towards the *Fram* would have entailed certain grave dangers and limited the work of exploration in an important measure. Owing to the irregular movements of the drift, the place of the vessel at the end of two months, which would have elapsed, could not have been determined within a range of fifty or sixty miles. If by chance the ice had opened, she might have steamed away on her journey. It was useless to think of following the trail of the sledges, for it might have been effaced by a fall of snow.

If Nansen had tried to discover the *Fram* and had failed to do so, he would then have found himself with his provisions nearly gone and his dogs worn out. The issue showed that in this case he and his companion would probably have perished. Moreover, by pushing southward he made a long journey across a field that had never before been traversed, and that may not be seen again for centuries. There can be no valid suspicion that this independent movement was taken with any idea of abandoning the party. The project, indeed, had been freely talked over with all his companions, and as freely accepted by them as the fit thing to do. The thought that the crew of the *Fram* would be in any kind of danger was not likely to enter the minds of these stout fellows. It would be quite as reasonable to accuse a forlorn hope of deserting the army which it led, as it would be to charge Nansen with abandoning his ship.

The journey from the most northern point he attained afforded the only real hardships and serious dangers incurred on the whole expedition. At first the way was easy, but with the increasing scarcity of food the dogs had to be killed one by one, so that when the party came, on August 7, to the open water at the northern end of the archipelago known as Franz-Josef Land, there were but two of these faithful comrades left. As there was no possibility of carrying the poor creatures in the *kyaks*, they also were killed. Nansen and his companion seem to have been much worn by their hard march. To make matters worse, their watches had stopped at the same time during a period of stress, so that there was no means at hand whereby to determine their longitude. Land, in the form of numerous islands, was near by, but they could not determine by the shape of these islands where to place them on the maps. For three weeks they crept west and south, paddling through lanes of water, and dragging their boats

over ice-fields which were widening with the increasing cold, until, on August 28, it became evident that they must prepare to winter where they were.

They built a rude stone hut, chinked it with snow and roofed it with walrus hides. Here in cheerful misery the two men wore out the hideous winter, with a smoky blubber lamp for light and fire, blubber and bear meat for food, and an occasional battle with a hungry bear for diversion. Their clothing was worn to rags, which had become so sodden with oil that it could be wrung out of them. In conditions like these no approach to cleanliness is possible. In a tussle with a bear Johansen received a blow on the cheek from the creature's paw. Nansen remarks that the only result was to scrape off some of the grime, so that portions of the white skin were visible. There is little record of this time. The journal was neglected from August 24 until December 6. All the account of these months was set down from memory. In such trials the minds of men are deadened; they live, so far as they live at all, in the moment.

In March, 1896, the bears came again, and with them came also plenty and the strength to prepare for the further journey to Spitzbergen. Setting out on May 19, the two men journeyed easily except for the attacks of the walruses, who resented the invasion of their ancient realm. On June 17 they found the permanent station of Jackson, the arctic explorer, which had been established at Cape Flora. Thence, after waiting awhile for a ship, they had a swift passage to Norway.

Perhaps the most delightful part of this charming story is the account which Nansen gives of his welcome back,—a welcome which came from king and peasant, and which rang adown the shore as he was borne southward towards his home. Most dramatically, as if the Fates for once would give a fill of pleasure, while his only anxiety was concerning the still unheard-from *Fram*, came the mes-

sage that she had arrived and that all the crew were well. The good ship had gone on uneventfully until she cleared the ice in the expected place; thence she had made her way easily to her haven.

It is too soon to determine the full value of the scientific results which have been attained by Nansen's voyage. His book is professedly a popular narrative. It evidently contains an account of only a part of the investigations which were made. It seems likely that the harvest of facts will prove to be limited, but what was gathered is of very great importance. The gains to science may be briefly stated as follows: No land masses of consequence were discovered, though certain small additions were made to our knowledge of the islands of the Franz-Josef group. But if the over-sea features of the region traversed lack interest, the under-water part thereof affords a great surprise. It had long been assumed on what appeared to be good grounds that the polar sea was shallow, but Nansen's and Sverdrup's soundings show that their ship floated from one end of her course in the ice to the other over a depth of about twelve thousand feet. In a word, it is evident that the Atlantic deep extends far up to the north of Asia, perhaps much beyond the point where the Fram made fast to the ice. This revolution in our knowledge of the shape of the earth's crust will lead to changes in views as to former land connections of North America with Europe.

Another important point which was well determined is that the water at a little depth below the ice is not arctic water; it has a temperature slightly above freezing; it is pretty surely the end of the Gulf Stream movement, and as such it was recognized by Nansen. If this under-water is flowing to the eastward, it seems likely that the westward drift is a surface return of the same stream, to a certain extent mingled with the discharge of the numerous great rivers which enter the Arctic Ocean from

the American and Eurasian continents. Whether the great depth of the sea can be considered an indication that the region immediately about the pole is also covered by water is not clear. The grade downward to the sea floor from the islands of New Siberia and Franz-Josef Land may be paralleled by a like grade from land about the pole. As before noted, the flight of birds seen at the beginning of the drifting voyage appears to indicate land to the north and east upon which the creatures may have their breeding-places.

Nansen found abundant evidence of glacial action along the Siberian shore, but his training has evidently not been such as to fit him to observe the facts concerning such phenomena as the geologist needs to know. Near Cape Chelyuskin, on the eastern Taimur Peninsula, he discovered mountains which seemed to have a deep and permanent snow-cap. One cannot help regretting that some of the time spent in hunting on this shore was not devoted to determining which way the ice movement took place when the glaciers lay over it, — a point of the greatest importance to geologists.

In the straits by which he traversed Franz-Josef Land Nansen made a few notes of interest. The summits of the islands are extensively occupied by what appears to be a sheetlike mass of dark-colored volcanic rocks. This fact, taken with what is known of like rocks in Spitzbergen, warrants the belief that in the Jurassic or cretaceous age there were here large flows of lava covering a great extent of land or sea floor. Through the lava and down into the underlying stratified rocks, the rivers, in a time when the sea was at a relatively low level, cut deep valleys; in a way dissecting the land. Since then the sea has risen or the land has sunk down, so that the valleys have been turned into straits and bays, the uplands remaining as islands. The discovery of the deep sea near the pole may throw light on the history of

these ancient river systems, and thus help us to a better understanding of arctic geography.

Although the gain for learning won by Nansen's voyage is large, the chief value of his book consists in the charming exhibition of human nature which it affords. From the dedication, "To her who christened the ship, and had the

courage to remain behind," to the story of the welcome home, these volumes are an admirable record of genuine manliness. Those persons who have become poisoned by the vain notion that our race is in its decadence should read this account of how men of our race and time endured the severest trials that nature can impose on them.

N. S. Shaler.

ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ONE finds everywhere in our country, to-day, manifested in various forms, a longing for the beautiful; a craving for that which is not bread, but which soon or late is found to be essential to certain deep necessities of the human appetite. This is often an unfathomed longing, a dumb demand; but it is very genuine, and makes appeal to all who hope and believe that the time has come for a more liberal and more symmetrical system of education.

It is felt, and felt justly, that it is for the most part in the schools that this teaching must be supplied; the question is, How shall it be done? And before endeavoring to reach a solution two things must be remembered: first, the dangers and limitations of our national birth; and secondly, the long abstinence from study in æsthetics which was entailed in the difficulties of our national growth. Ours was indeed a grave beginning,—the birth of a nation under circumstances at once so picturesque and so pathetic. Art, which demands a time of peace as one of the conditions of its best development, found a frail tenure in communities which had no visible past, and whose future was a matter of anxious conjecture. At such a time moral issues rush to the front, and an austere habit ignores, if it does not forbid, manifestation of feeling in definite form. Yet on the other hand, art is stimu-

lated by great and heroic endeavors; and whatever æsthetic achievements existed in the earliest days were wrought in reverence and sincerity, incorporating traditions of the Old World, if ever so slightly. But after this early and severe moment, elements more dangerous yet hindered æsthetic expression. The quick and haphazard growth of towns and cities, the new use of wood as a building material (wholly unsanctified by study), the invention of machinery, and finally, the absence of standards,—these things created a thin, raw, and superficial order of architecture which set at naught the canons of good taste. Nor were purer and deeper lessons taught than these embodied; for our public school education was early made a matter of intellectual training only, and, with exceptions too small to note, continued so until not far from the present time.

Not only was no instruction in the principles or practice of art given, but even the schoolhouse itself was from the beginning deficient in all the prime elements of educational fitness; nor has its evolution from the cold, barren little shanty of the first days to the large, commodious, well-lighted, and well-aired building of to-day done much towards providing anything beyond material comfort. Yet in spite of all discouragement, East and West, is felt the surge of an

inarticulate, uncultivated love of beauty ; and it was this yearning which made it possible for the architecture of the Columbian Exposition to become an object-lesson of the first magnitude in showing the response which all our people made to a noble expression of art. The buildings there rose in accordance with the great principles of harmonious development. Symmetry and proportion were everywhere observed ; the white color of all the outer walls spoke of restraint and unity of effect ; the ornament was full of meaning.

All this, as was to have been expected, was deeply enjoyed by studious and cultivated visitors ; but a yet more rich appreciation came from the gladness with which rough and untutored people beheld it. They wandered among the buildings and along the lakes with a childlike delight ; they longed — final tribute of the heart ! — to stay there, and to bring others to share their joy. " When I saw the Peristyle," said an overworked woman from a Minnesota farm, " I cried."

Few who recognize this passionate longing for the beautiful will doubt whether the needs of the people shall be supplied, their cries answered ; but to repeat the deep question, In what manner, according to what principle, shall beauty be brought to supersede ugliness in outward objects, and how shall the untrained instincts of a people be cultivated ? This problem is rendered doubly difficult by the fact that most of what already exists has not the rude simplicity of primitive work to which can be added — largely because of that simplicity — new elements of a nobler sort ; but we have to encounter the elaborations and affectations of bad art, together with the crude, untutored methods of artisans whose training has been wholly devoid of artistic knowledge ; who have not known the elementary traditions of form and of finish ; who often think it original to change beautiful classic ornament into new and fantastic forms ; and who, in

the exercise of uneducated taste, have thus produced with wood and stone an altogether unlovely result, to which, alas, the eye has become accustomed. Especially in public buildings is this ignorant treatment seen ; for here " machine finish" has almost unlimited sway, and vulgar precedent is followed to the exclusion of many simple and excellent models which, as has been said, were the fortunate traditions of early colonial work. If one enters any of the more recent schoolhouses to-day, one finds great care and pains shown in new systems of heating and ventilation ; the rooms are lighted and warmed with increasing reference to health, comfort, and general safety ; but with these improvements is seldom found any recognition of the prime fact that practical convenience is perfectly served only when it is achieved *beautifully*. It must be remembered that it is in these schoolhouses that the greater part of the children get their first impressions of many things which, consciously or unconsciously, enter into life, — impressions which create ideas, which control behavior. It is here that ideals are formed, here that much of what may be called home influence is felt ; and here, accordingly, is it that all surroundings, as truly as all teaching, become part of the essential education. Very lately there has been a warm sentiment called forth in behalf of the improvement of these costly, sanitary, and yet cheerless and neglected schoolhouses, and many things have been done hastily to repair the lapses of a so-called " practical " period. Admirable gifts have been made of photographs and bas-reliefs, and much has been said of cultivating a patriotic spirit in our schools. This shows an excellent intention, but one must go deeper, must make beauty more organic ; for the danger to-day is that of laying what may be called a veneer of beauty on this commercial substructure, and then thinking, comfortably and fatuously, that we have put art into the public schools.

Artistic objects introduced in profusion cannot alone put art into the public schools. These objects must be understood, their meaning assimilated, the ideas they embody loved, and their presence made an organic part of the beauty and fitness of the schoolroom, before we can speak of the influences of art as an element in our system of education.

Indeed, we fall easily into crude assumptions in these matters; we speak in the language of commerce, forgetting that art — and the love of art — is not a commodity. It has no price. It cannot be made or invented. Rather, it is born in the recognition, by some reverent soul, by some deep nature, of truths which can be expressed in form and color and sound. This expression can be achieved only by long endeavor, by patient and laborious study, by unremitting industry. When this patience and this labor find a fit embodiment, and when the beholder has in turn felt the power of the truth, then is art possessed and enjoyed. But it will be perceived that there is no money in the transaction.

Since, then, art cannot be obtained by purchase, let us consider briefly in what simple elementary way we may in very truth put the love of art into the public schools; and to do this it is necessary to ask wherein lie the sources of beauty. Do they not lie primarily in the love of nature, of home, of country, and of heaven? Are they not found in tenderness of association and of memory, and in the yet more subtle imaginations of the spirit? It would surely seem so. And it is on these definite lines of fundamental meaning alone that what we have called organic development can proceed. We must begin at the beginning; the schoolhouse itself must indicate, even if it does not wholly fulfill, the things which awaken affection and loyalty in the hearts of those who go in and out of its courts.

If we first ask, How is it now in these matters? we have only to go to the near-

est schoolhouse, and we shall see. The yard, if there be one, — especially in the poorer quarters of the city, where most is needed all that may refine and civilize, — will not have in it one green leaf or blade of grass; nor will the doorways invite entrance. Within, the halls and the recitation-rooms will be clean, and dull beyond belief. The few objects hung upon the wall through the interest of affectionate and thoughtful teachers will have no artistic effect, because the background will be some tint chosen perhaps by a journeyman painter, and laid on during the absence of official oversight, in the summer vacation. The color of the walls will have no relation whatever to the color of the floor, nor the color of the floor to that of the furniture. In a word, there will be expressed, in the multitude of instances, no thought of art from doorstep to skylight, no touch of human feeling, no reminder of the things which are "born to perish never."

A thoughtful man, educated in such a schoolhouse in a country town, said once that from a window in the dreary room where he studied he could see a little river which wound along the meadow; and that the sight of it and the thoughts it awakened had affected his whole life. Through the ministrations of art deeply understood, it is possible to put into every schoolhouse of the land such intimations of beauty as this little river held.

To begin with, the entrances of a schoolhouse should be made as inviting as those of a home. If there be a yard, no matter how small, it should have, first of all, evergreen trees in it, or some bit of leafage which, winter and summer, would bring a message from the woods; it should have flowers, in their season; and vines should be planted wherever possible. Within the school every color should be agreeable and harmonious with all the rest. Ceiling, floor, woodwork, walls, are so to be treated as to make a rational and beautiful whole. All violent colors are to be avoided, all very

dark colors ; but apart from these, beauty and common sense will direct selections of tones suited to position and use, and always those which from room to room are related to one another. In entrance halls, for example, where no studying is done, a fine pleasing red or cheerful yellow is an excellent choice ; in bright sunny rooms, a dull green is at once the most agreeable color to the eye, and perfect as a background for such objects as casts and photographs. In a room where there is no sunlight, a soft yellow will be found of admirable use. The ceilings should be of an ivory-white tint, which will conserve light by reflection, and will be refined and in key with all other colors. But these colors cannot be selected by chance ; they must be chosen by some one who knows the laws.

The treatment of wood is a study in itself. For practical use wood can be treated readily in two legitimate ways : either it can be painted with relation to the wall colors, or it can be stained to anticipate the results of time upon wood surfaces. Only too often all the wood-work of schoolrooms is ruined in effect by the vulgar use of highly colored shellacs ; or again, the beautiful natural grain of oak and ash is filled with an ugly white wax, — processes which prevent any improvement with time, and which preclude a good color scheme. Whenever it is practicable, a moderately dark floor is much better for the pupils' eyes. Follow the example of nature : let light always fall from above, and not strike the eye by reflection from below.

The enumeration of these simple facts sounds trite indeed. Yet are they today so wholly forgotten or overlooked that they must be repeated with emphasis until they are recognized as fundamental ; and their observance will stimulate practical cleanliness and order, which, be it remembered, are far more easily achieved where beauty and artistic arrangement lead the way and dictate corresponding decorum.

Especially is there room for loveliness of form and color in the windows of schoolrooms. Windows, and the free passage of light in large quantities, are a prime necessity ; yet so far these large openings have not been considered as a legitimate part of any scheme of decoration. Let the windows, always of clear glass, instead of being filled with ugly oblong panes, have a simple tracery of lead-lines, with perhaps here and there a bright jewel set in the midst : this would give peculiar pleasure to children, and be in itself an object-lesson in design and in color, obtained at very slight cost.

A first source of beauty would thus be found in the generally melodious and homelike aspects of the schoolhouse itself. Next, perhaps, would come the expression of the sentiment of patriotism, of which our schools should be the nursing mothers. This may well be indicated in the entrance hall of the schoolhouse, with the flags of the country and the State stacked on either side, and on the walls busts and portraits of our great men, the date and place of whose birth should always be recorded ; which, being seen, might come to be remembered and celebrated. A wreath or a flower laid beside the portrait of Washington would show that "natural piety" of which Wordsworth speaks, and which in our children is not dead, but sleeping. Over the door of entrance might be hung the seal of the city or town ; and so the first impression received on entering would be of country, — an impression fitted to inspire that generous emotion, that beauty of feeling, which is indeed one of the sources of artistic development. In the larger schoolhouses, all the halls could in time be filled with patriotic emblems. These would be the places for pictures of national history, for local objects of renown ; and by a natural sequence, the recitation and lecture rooms would remain to be decorated by objects of art of a more strictly educational character. Perhaps a word of protest

is here necessary against the practice of endeavoring to match the schoolroom walls with the lessons taught therein; for instance, pictures of American history where American history is taught. This remotely recalls the graphic method of Dotheboys Hall: "Can you spell potato? Then go into the garden and dig one." Rather, in the rooms where our national history is the theme, let there be pictures of the world's great heroes set in the imperishable forms of great art. Let Marathon and Agincourt show the relationship of American struggles to all the great battlefields of the past; for it may be easily proved that to the eager mind of the child such a historic story as the battle of Trenton can be more deeply vitalized, and put into more heroic proportions, by the frieze of the Parthenon than by a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware.

In the recitation-rooms, then, let there be busts, bas-reliefs, and the now beautifully enlarged photographs of the best art of Greece and of the Renaissance. The cast and the photograph give an exact reproduction in line and in light and shade of great works, and the cast especially has in itself a very high decorative value; their cost is slight. In any large recitation-room, an effect of distinction and simplicity could be obtained by a symmetrical arrangement of these charming objects. In a Greek room, for instance, there could be over the teacher's desk a large photograph of the Acropolis; and on either side of this casts of Hermes and the Venus of Milo, supreme examples of the best period: these should be supported by plaster brackets. Opposite might be a fine classical bas-relief, with photographs of full-length statues; and above the blackboards smaller bas-reliefs, set in definite order. In thus decorating a room, the arrangement of the various objects is only second to the objects themselves: there must be symmetry and a harmonious adjustment; a casual or eccentric method of putting

pictures on the wall can defeat at a blow the artistic impression of the collection.

Again, in a room devoted to the art of the Renaissance there are the beautiful bas-reliefs of Lucca della Robbia and of Donatello; there are lovely details of flower-work, together with an almost endless series of the Virgin and Child, of angels and cherubs, the heroic St. George of Florence, and the great mounted warriors Colleoni and Gatta-Melata.

In all such rooms, small shelves over the doors could hold little objects which might give interesting details of form and color, like vases, cups, and platters; and the study of these elements of decoration would lead to an ever increasing interest in the museums of art and the great treasures of the past, — an interest that would foster wonder and reverence, which have ever been essential to the growth of the imagination.

A fourth source of beauty in the school would lie in the establishment of tablets of memory and affection as a natural outcome of school life. There is deep need of bringing the personal feeling of the child into active manifestation in connection with its studies. Tablets which commemorate goodness or courage in a teacher or a student would strengthen the feeling of companionship and mutual faith. There might also be cabinets where small things of local and personal association could be collected and become matters of traditional interest; while, in harmony with these appeals to fraternal pride and good-fellowship, will be found a large and lovely element of artistic decoration in the use of beautiful and inspiring legends upon the walls. Immortal words thus made familiar to the child, what consecration of life might they not initiate!

Thus far the sources of the art impulse, as recounted, have been traced in those surroundings and conditions which affect children unconsciously, and which by association would instill ideas and habits. Let us now suppose a schoolhouse in

which all these possibilities have been fulfilled, and ask, Is this all that can be done to stimulate the love of art in our schools? No, there is something deeper and richer still to be desired. It is the establishment, under enduring conditions, of the great department of instruction known as Manual Training.

Until recently, the school system of Massachusetts and of other States has included as technical training only the teaching of drawing; and this has been taught under a name wholly false, for it has been called "instruction in art." It is not necessary to explain at length, for he who runs may understand, that the teaching of drawing and of art are as different in method and in result as are the teaching of grammar and of writing poetry. Drawing can be taught to any child; but art, as such, can be taught only to those few who have in themselves an inner gift, an original knowledge. Instruction in art, therefore, is never part of popular education: it is, and must be, special. On the other hand, all forms of manual training have a unique value in popular education. Drawing, modeling, sewing, work at the bench, work at the lathe, — what do all these accomplish for the pupil? They foster the training of the eye, the habit of observation, the faculty of imitation, and the skilled training of the hand. And more: they develop the emotions and the imagination, they stimulate invention, and they enlarge the possibilities of wholesome and creative industry. Perhaps the first and the supreme good that manual teaching brings to its students is that it makes them love their work; in a word, it does what intellectual training alone cannot do; it is indeed the other half of instruction, and of large ethical importance.

It is but natural that during the long period of rapid material growth some of these necessities should have been overlooked, but even among those whose first concern is not with matters of education

there is to-day an awakening of interest in such matters. We have passed from one stage of our material life to another wholly different, where our skilled labor must be the product of our own needs, worked out on a traditional basis, but with native material, competing with skilled labor from Europe, and enabled to compete with it successfully only because of enlarged perceptions and deepened knowledge of our own problems and our own destiny.

The president of the Institute for Artist Artisans in New York recently called attention to "the dangers and financial loss due not only to the lack of competitive skill and taste in this country, but to the need in all our schools of more vital methods of development." "Not only," he adds, "would this expansion of the field of skill open immeasurable opportunities to our naturally tasteful women workers, but it would also soften much of the asperity and bleakness of labor and life. Among us, the best salaries and the most responsible positions are often transferred to imported foreigners, who, if not alien in feeling, are inevitably unfamiliar with American sentiment; and as a natural consequence, their work, however good and representative of themselves, can never deeply express the American spirit."

Moved by considerations such as these, those who long to see the public schools perfected must use every endeavor to add first the kindergarten system — with wise adaptations — to the primary department, and the varied branches of manual training, as have been indicated, to the upper class work. Happily, the old limited systems, such as military drill, and the endless dull construction of things intended for no use, of forms drawn for no purpose, — in short, the purely mechanical and imitative manual processes, — are fast disappearing before the stimulating and progressive methods which a keener insight and a sounder knowledge have invented. Sloyd, as de-

fined by an acute student of technical training, "is tool work so arranged and employed as to stimulate and promote vigorous, intelligent self-activity for a purpose which the worker recognizes as good." What a happy contrast to the old vacuous régime, when work was done without exciting interest or pleasure or generous emotion! If we inquire as to the source of inability and of indifference and discontent among the working classes to-day, we shall find that much, very much of it comes from a lack of interest in their work. They have not been taught to treat what they make as a genuine piece of artistic craft. No one has shown them how, by the knowledge of good tradition, combined with skill, patience, and ingenuity, they can make a beautiful product, — beautiful because made by loving hands in perfect adaptation to its use. Such teaching as this has always contributed to the joy of nations.

It will be seen, then, that in seeking to indicate by what means art may become incorporated in our public schools we are led to ask for a vital expansion of the system of teaching, and for applied decoration of the most highly considered character. For the moment, it may be well to accept with gratitude the gifts of those intelligent friends of education who come with full hands to ornament the schoolhouse walls, and to bring æsthetic reminders of beauty in many forms to illuminate and dignify the classrooms. These gifts help to the fulfillment which is to be desired; but they fall short of that fulfillment in that they do not become an integral part of the established order. A complete readjustment must lie within the official plan.

To this end, let public opinion be invoked to bestow upon the Boards of Education power to enlarge their systems of instruction by introducing manual training; to spend public money for the

fit and beautiful adornment of school-houses; and to urge that only expert hands be employed to direct these liberal extensions of our invaluable schools.

When these great ends are attained, we may reasonably believe that the love and service of art will have free play in the lives of the children who receive public instruction, as head and hand will be educated together; and a trained hand added to a trained head is the most complete equipment for life a human being can possess. In training the hand an incipient artist will find power, and all will find enlarged opportunity and delight. Manual work, in teaching many of the principles of art, will stimulate activities which, under wise direction, take shape in æsthetic and moral perceptions. Indeed, it is still far too little understood how head and heart alike respond to the cultivated use of that complex, mysterious, and most wonderful tool, the human hand. Through even its rudimentary use the child finds himself capable of achieving a visible product. He becomes a little creator; he represents, in new material, objects which lie about him, and rejoices in these infantile productions. "I have seen," says Emerson, "a lump of spermaceti carried about by a family through three household movings and a fire, because it was carved in the form of a rabbit."

Here once more we gather hints and intimations of the human hunger for beauty which has been our theme. For the feeding of that hunger our Boards of Education have vast opportunity; and until this opportunity is fulfilled in making everything as beautiful and fit as is possible in the buildings where learning is taught, and in providing for the free expression of the love of beauty in the harmonious development of the scholars, — till all this is done, there must be some among us who still complain that the children are not fed.

Sarah W. Whitman.

THE RAMPARTS OF PORT ROYAL.

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN SETH WALDO, OF THE CONNECTICUT BATTALION,
SERVING UNDER SIR WILLIAM PHIPS IN ACADIE.

"BOSTON HARBOR itself is scarce more slightly, nor half so spacious!" exclaimed Major Ephraim Whitman, as he leaned upon the bulwarks of the Boston ketch God's Mercy, and gazed with great content across the wide waters of the Basin to the low green ramparts of Port Royal.

In very truth, there was nothing in the Bay of Boston to compare with it. Nor even in the havens of my own Connecticut could one match that great and sheltered expanse of safe anchorage, lying in wondrous peace between rich shores and high umbrageous hills. But Major Ephraim was a Boston man, and I thought it not well to contend with him in the matter. He had paid this place of Port Royal, this lovely lair of our most pestilent annoyers, the highest compliment that lay within his compass. I answered, therefore, in such a manner as to stir no contention.

"T is indeed a fair water and a fair shore," said I. "And fair would seem our chance of soon possessing that same fairness." But in my heart was the thought of something fairer far, the possession of which I held of more account by an infinite deal than all the lands commanded by the ramparts of Port Royal.

As Major Ephraim, wrapped in glad contemplation of some imagined similitude to the Bay of Boston, spoke no further at the moment, I was free to think of my good fortune in being once more within a neighborhood that held Diane de Menneval. One year ago, I being then a poor captive in Montreal, Diane had looked upon me with a pity whose nigh kinship to love she had at last sweetly confessed to me. My exchange being accomplished (I was held at the price of a little pock-marked French colonel whom

I might have stowed away in one of my jack-boots), I had gone back to New England with an ill-disguised reluctance; but at parting with Diane I had sworn that I would come to her in the following spring. Since that parting and that oath she had removed to Acadie, that her gracious presence might cheer the loneliness of her uncle, the *Sieur de Menneval*, governor of Port Royal. Now, thanks to a favoring wind and honest piloting, here was I at my lady's very threshold, so to speak, making good my oath. But would she pardon the manner of my coming? Would she welcome the gallant a-wooing sword in hand? I shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, as I bethought me of a certain imperiousness in her stately carriage, of a certain aptitude for scorn in the green dusks of her deep eyes. As I gazed desirously across the smooth yellow tide to the clustering cottages of the village and the green ramparts guarding them, something of my solicitude must have shown itself in my face, for Major Ephraim spoke suddenly.

"Seth," said he, with a sly chuckle, "I've heard say there is a maid in Port Royal whose name dwelleth more in thy heart than on thy lips; and in sooth I begin to believe it. Such a moonsick face as thine have I never seen on a man except he were in love!"

"She is there, behind those very earthen walls, Ephraim," returned I soberly; "and so fair a maid as never came out of Boston."

The major laughed dryly. He had taken two wives out of Boston.

"I feel for thee, Seth; verily I feel for thee," said he. "If she be a maid of any spirit, she will scarce thank her

gallant for the shots that will presently be bringing down the walls about her ears. Thou hadst done better, to my thinking, to have held back from this venture of our Sir William's, and suffered thy wooing to abide a more convenient season." And the major searched my countenance with his merry shrewd eyes, right full of wisdom of the worldly as well as of the godly sort.

"You touch me on the raw," I answered, confessing to my trouble of heart. "But I had sworn to come at this time; and there was no other way that consisted with honor. It seemed to me, moreover, that I might be so fortunate as to do her some service during the contention or thereafter. Had I not thought more of this than of her good will, I had surely stayed behind."

"Well, well," said Major Ephraim in a voice of encouragement, "'t is an ancient and well-accredited custom to woo a maid with the sword's point; and there may yet be women to commend it, though it fits not well with these mincing days. And who is the damsel, Seth?"

"Mademoiselle de Menneval," said I.

Major Ephraim whistled, and was silent.

"The governor's niece," I continued.

"I know, I know!" exclaimed the major. "This enterprise of ours will, without doubt, commend you to her mightily, my boy. She cannot but love you, if only for the kindness we will do her uncle!" And without another word he turned again to lean upon the bulwarks. The yellow bubbles on the tide, as they raced smoothly past the black side of the ketch, appeared to engross his meditation; and I walked aft with a very downcast spirit. Never till now had my eyes been fully opened to the loftiness of the obstacles before me. I had thought of them as barriers to be surmounted with some boldness and some firmness, such as I held myself not altogether lacking in; but when I minded me of Diane's pride of race, I confess that I felt daunted.

For was I not helping to put a manner of discredit upon her house?

It was by this a little past noon hour. As I stood beside the wheel I must have worn a black countenance, for every one avoided me. The ketch *God's Mercy* (which ever seemed to me a strange name for a battailous craft) swung easily at her anchor. A little overby lay Sir William's own ship, and in my bitter mood I went nigh to cursing his pennon as it flaunted jauntily from the mizzen peak. Our stout commander had one frigate and six smaller vessels, sloops and ketches, for this Acadian venture of his; and they swung now in ominous array before the menaced ramparts. On his decks he had seven hundred good men of New England, of an excellent fervor to fight, to trade, to pray, or to harry the Quakers. Of Port Royal, the word had gone abroad that she was ill garrisoned and her walls in a condition of grievous disrepair. I could not doubt that we should soon be masters of the place. But for me what comfort in this? In that hour I saw all black, so completely had Major Ephraim's view of the matter dashed me.

Whilst I was thus buried in my gloom a message came aboard from the commander's ship, and I found myself summoned to his presence. Sir William Phips had already honored me with his confidence in more than one affair of import, and he knew that the French tongue was to me almost as that of my own people. The upshot was that a half-hour later my boat thrust out from the frigate, and as fast as four good oars could speed me I made for the long gray pier beneath the ramparts of Port Royal.

I, of all men upon that expedition, was bearing to the *Sieur de Menneval* a peremptory summons to surrender!

What would come of it all I durst not think. I had my orders, and could but obey them to the best of my power. I put on a face of iron as the boat pulled in under the dripping shadow of the pier.

I mounted the weedy stairs. My white flag of parley had been marked, of course, from the moment that I put out from the ship, and a guard awaited me at the stair-head. Right well did I know those white Bourbon uniforms, grown familiar during my long captivity.

With all courtesy I was conducted up through a curious crowd of Acadian villagers, — short, swarthy, gesticulating men, and bright-eyed women whose faces looked out demurely from their hoods of unbleached linen. The great gate of the fort swung open to me. I had time to note how ruinous were the ramparts. I had time to mark the heavy guns which lay waiting to be mounted on their carriages. I saw right well that we had come in time, catching our adversary while he was yet unready. Then I passed through a low doorway and a dark passage. A thick red curtain lifted, and I stood before the governor.

The *Sieur de Menneval*, standing beside a table covered with red cloth, faced me in an attitude of extreme haughtiness, which was somewhat belied, however, by the fine courtesy of his greeting. He was tall, — almost of my own inches — but spare exceedingly. His uniform of fine white cloth was brave with gold lace, and his breast glittered with many a jeweled decoration. He was not only a brave soldier and of most honorable lineage, as I well knew, but he was *Diane's* uncle; and I think that the deep respect of my obeisance left him nothing to complain of. His dark and hawklike features softened to a marvelous graciousness, insomuch that I almost forgot *Major Ephraim's* discouragement.

When I had delivered my harsh message, *Monsieur de Menneval* seemed no whit perturbed thereby, but smiled upon me with a certain indulgence which much bewildered me.

"Captain *Waldo*," said he, — and smiled the more as he noted my astonishment at being called by name, — "Captain *Waldo* will hardly, I think, persuade

himself that a stronghold like Port Royal is to be got for the asking?"

"Your Excellency," I replied gently, "it is not for me to have any opinion upon this matter. I am but a plain soldier obeying my orders. I would to God this duty had been required of any other rather than of me. But I had no choice. I am ordered to demand of your Excellency nothing less than instant and unconditional surrender."

I spoke with a sufficient firmness, but in my distress of spirit I lowered my eyes before his searching scrutiny. His long, fine hand, which was resting lightly on the red cloth, pressed hard upon the table at my words, and I saw the finger-nails whiten. But his voice betrayed no anger as he made reply, "And if I refuse, what then?"

"The ships will open fire at once, your Excellency," I answered in a low voice. I could not dream that he would let it come to that, and the place so ill prepared to make resistance.

"The demand is a most preposterous one," said he coldly. "What can I do but refuse, Captain *Waldo*?"

"Oh, sir," I broke out, with a great earnestness, looking suddenly into his eyes, and catching there a meaning which I could not fathom, "I entreat you, do not refuse! I have seen your helplessness. Where is your garrison? Where are your guns? In what a state are your defenses! You cannot hold out for one hour against our heavy metal. But in that hour what mischief may not befall! For your own sake, for the sake of — for the sake of those whose destinies you control, do not push the lost game to an extremity!"

"You plead with eloquence in an enemy's cause, Captain *Waldo*," said he, with a smile. "But I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I believe you do me the honor of wishing well to my house, and I trust much to your good will. I will ask you to allow me two hours for consideration before giving you

my answer. And in the mean time, Mademoiselle de Menneval" —

But in a desperation I interrupted him. I knew what he had it on his tongue to say. He was for giving me those two hours with Diane. The blood surged into my head at the thought of it, and a sickness came about my heart because I must refuse. But I durst not let him speak the words.

"No! no!" I cried, putting out my hands. "Do not make it harder for me, sir, than I can bear. I perceive that you suspect the nature of my sentiments towards Mademoiselle de Menneval, for whose sake I count life nothing save as it may be spent in her service and to her honor. But no one can know better than you the duty of a soldier. Whether you answer or refuse to answer my general's summons, I must return to him at once. There is no room to question as to my duty on this errand!"

De Menneval was silent for some moments, pondering. Whether he was angered or not by my reply I could not guess. His features wore a mask of courteous gravity.

"I must reluctantly acknowledge that you are in the right in this," he replied, "and that I cannot take amiss your refusal. But this at least I can ask, this at least I can put upon your friendship (which, you see, I make so bold as to claim for myself): that when you return to Sir William Phips with my rejection of his demands, you refrain from uncovering to him the helplessness of our condition, — for we *are* helpless, as you say. You see I trust you. Let me tell you this further: immediately on your arrival at the pier I sent agents of my own to your commander, offering to give up the fort on terms not inconsistent with my own honor and the importance of this post. All that this will mean to me and mine I need not remind you. If, now, you should desire to do me a great service, the occasion will without doubt expose itself to you very clearly."

Whilst he spoke I was in an anguish. That I should hold my tongue a little, — it seemed not much to ask of me; yet how much it might mean to him and to Diane! I was shaken, moreover, by the man's kindness, by his unexpected favoring of my hopes. Let me confess it, too, I was flattered by all his speech and bearing. This was no common man who sought my aid, but one whose power and quality would command reverence in any company. To say him yea, to do him this great and lasting service, to so prove my fidelity to Diane's interests, to win admittance, free and favored, to her adored companionship, — why not? Why not? implored the eager heart within me. But with a rush of heat and shame that set my face a-prickling to the ears, I remembered that 't was a sheer treason that he asked of me; and at that my manhood came back in some measure. I affected not to see his drift.

"Alas, sir," said I in a pained voice, and looking upon the floor, "I have no interest with the commander at all, that he should put my private petition before the public advantage."

"You mistake me, Captain Waldo!" he exclaimed, with a faint sharpness of irritation in his tones. "I will rest much indebted to you, believe me, if your commander is allowed to think (as he doubtless thinks by now) that Port Royal is in a position for defense! That is the whole matter!"

At that I raised my eyes, and met his with a sorrowful firmness.

"Your Excellency," said I, "there is no one who knows better than you how a man shall keep his honor stainless. This that you ask of me, — if I were to say yea to it, would you hold my honor stainless? Could I — But you know well what it is you ask! I will give up all but honor to serve Mademoiselle de Menneval. If I would give up *that* for her, then were I utterly unworthy to serve her at all!"

De Menneval turned, with a stern ges-

ture of dismissal. "Be assured," said he, "that the man who stands in my path this day, and uncovers my weakness to my enemy, will be forever after accounted the enemy of my house."

"At least, sir," I answered, "he will not be accounted a traitor. I beg you to tell Mademoiselle de Menneval that!" And somewhat blindly I made for the door.

Now it chanced that there were many red curtains, all of a like fashion, covering the wall of that room. But one curtain was lifted aside, revealing a door. Down the dim passage I blundered, in a fever of pain and wrath and fierce hopelessness. I came, as was natural, to another door. I flung it open and strode through, to find myself, not in the sunlit square of the fort, but in a dim chamber, richly hung and furnished. I had but time to note that it had the air of a lady's withdrawing-room, when the door shut behind me with a click.

I sprang and wrenched at it furiously, but the lock had caught. Was it treachery or an accident? I looked at the window. It was small, high up in the wall, and heavily barred. I caught the glint and shimmering of spring's young leafage against it, and wondered what could be its outlook, for I had seen no tree in the fort yard. Perceiving that there was no escape for me by the window, I turned in a sort of desperation to seek some weapon wherewith to batter at the door. I turned — and found myself face to face with Diane de Menneval. I was dumb with amazement, with doubt, with impotent wrath at my position, with a consuming hunger of love at the sight of her.

Questioning and a sorrowful reproach were in her pale proud face; and for the moment I could answer neither. I stood and gazed upon her, and my utter worship must have burned clearly in my eyes, for her lips softened to a faint smile.

"Do you come as a friend or as an enemy?" she asked.

How could I answer her? I threw myself down at her feet, and pressed my face into the silken folds of her gown.

"Diane," I cried in a broken voice, "I love you! You are more to me than life, than" —

"Set', my dear friend," quoth she softly, speaking in English which I had taught her, and tripping adorably on the last letter of my name, of which her tongue could never win the mastery, "will you not shelter us now against your harsh and grasping general? He knows not the courtesies due to a De Menneval. And his heart is as rough as his own granite hills."

It seemed more than my heart could endure, to say no to this; but gathering all my resolution I forced myself to continue, as if she had not interrupted me. My voice was so shaken that I scarce formed the words articulately.

— "more than my life," I went on, "more than my own soul, beyond measure, more than all else but honor!"

"I heard your conversation with my uncle," said she slowly. "Never will he forgive you or forget to curse you, if you lift a hand to balk him in this matter. And I, Set', I am a soldier's daughter. I have learned the lesson of obedience. I will obey my uncle."

I arose and stood before her, and looked into her grave eyes. There was all my world, and I was throwing it away for this phantom, this bubble that a breath might shatter, this thing called "honor"! My heart was like lead, but I spoke steadily.

"Then," said I, "this is my farewell to hope, to all that might have made this life a paradise. My love for you, Diane, is of such a quality that never will I dishonor you with the love of a traitor. The lips, dear, which have touched yours will not betray a trust. You may hate me forever, but you shall not blush to have once loved me. Give me the key" (for I now perceived for the first time that she was holding a key in her hand), "give

me the key, I implore you, and let me go quickly!"

At this, as once before in her uncle's glance, I caught in her eyes a look which I could not understand. But it was gone on the instant.

"No, Set'," she replied very gently, "I will not give you the key."

As I realized what this meant, I could not refrain from a cry at the new torment thrust upon me.

"No! no! you do not mean it, Diane!" I pleaded. "Give me the key, I adjure you! Be merciful!" And in the passion of my entreaty I pressed closer to her side.

"I will not!" she answered, with something of arrogant firmness in her voice; and, lightly avoiding me, she drew aside nearer to the window.

"Then," said I, "I have no choice, Diane. I am only a soldier on duty. I must take the key."

At that she turned upon me, her great eyes all ablaze with indignation.

"What!" she exclaimed, "you would dare" — Then something in my look seemed to convince her that I meant what I said, and her face changed on the instant. She looked this way and that, and made as if to thrust the key into her bosom, — in which sanctuary it must have been safe indeed, — and I darted forward to prevent her. But ere I could grasp her arm she had changed her purpose, and with a swift, vehement gesture she hurled the key through the high window.

"There!" she cried, facing me with a defiance that hung on the verge of tears. "*You shall not bring down upon your head my uncle's curse!*" And — and" — she added softly, with the little catching of her breath which I knew and loved so well — "neither need you do any dishonor to my love, Set'." She came a step nearer to me, and held out both white hands.

The blood surged back upon my heart

so suddenly that for an instant I was dizzied, and as I took her hands I steadied myself by them. It was ever so little, but she understood by it more than a whole book of words could have made plain. She laughed, with a kind and tender merriment, and made as if to hold me up, — me, who overtopped her queenly head by a good seven inches. I thought no more of the price which my general might have to pay for possession of the ramparts of Port Royal. I cared no whit whether I had been tricked or not, but rather, if I had, thanked God for it. I felt myself absolved from all the burden of the affair. I was Diane's prisoner, and no act of mine could set me free! I think I may even say, without vanity, that in praising my lady's wit and resource, which had so delivered me unstained from an intolerable situation, my passion and my gratitude enabled me to achieve some small measure of eloquence. The time in that dim chamber sped by with no great count of it taken, till on a sudden (an hour, perhaps, or two, having elapsed) there came a shrill whistle under the window.

Diane sprang up, and thrust her hand into a niche above the fireplace. Turning to me with eyes of dancing mischief, she held out a key.

"There are two keys to yon door!" she laughed. "This one was within your reach all the time. You are free now, Set'. Port Royal has surrendered upon very honorable terms!"

But I refused to rise.

"I am no longer in haste, then, dear heart," said I. "But you, as a punishment for having dealt so high-handedly with the sacred person of a herald, are now under the necessity of bearing witness for me before Sir William!"

"I will tell him," quoth she, with a sweet petulance, "that you value honor before my love! And if he be a true lover, or ever have been, I swear he will not believe the monstrous tale!"

Charles G. D. Roberts.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN GREECE.

III. MY TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

I.

On the night of the 10th of April, 1896, the *Birmanian*, of the Florio-Rubattino line, dropped anchor in the harbor of the Piræus. On the afternoon of June 8, the *Euterpe*, of the Austrian Lloyd, weighed anchor in the same port. I had been on Greek soil and in Greek waters some sixty days, — scant measure for my more than threescore years, but every day of the sixty meant something. Not that I enjoyed every day; "enjoyment" is not the word for so tense a life, a life that made sleep seem an impertinence; but the tension revealed unsuspected capacities of enjoyment, unknown possibilities of vibration, and there was one old scholar in Greece who would not have exchanged with some younger men. At the same time, it must be confessed that "an old scholar in Greece" has not so jocund a sound as "a young god in France," the formula in which the German students of my time used to sum up the conditions of an earthly paradise.

Greece demands of her lovers physical vigor. Penelope, at least according to Ovid, instituted the trial of the bow in order to put the manly strength of her suitors to the test, —

"Qui latus argueret corneus arcus erat ;"

and Hellas, being a heathen goddess, takes pleasure in the legs of a man. Even Odysseus, who was remarkably well preserved, and had Athena to train him, declined to engage in a foot-race with the Phæacians; and while he excused himself on the ground of his seafaring life, and not on the ground of his maturer years, the young fellows saw through the pretext, and classed him among the elderly gentlemen, — the sad rubric to

which I was assigned on the Dörpfeld excursion. "If I were only as young as I was," I cried in Homeric fashion, — "if I were only as young as I was in 1860, when I tramped over Switzerland!" But Varus could not give Augustus back his legions, and Time would not give me back my legs. Thirty-six years and the shipwreck of the Civil War lay between now and then, and there was no use in repining. Even a poor devil upon two sticks would find enough in Greece to enjoy, and one stout American hickory sufficed me. Still, scrambling over ruins is not easy work, and a steady pull uphill is less fatiguing, just as a hard author is preferable to a corrupt text. Difficulties are not to be measured by feet or metres. I remember the climb to the summit of Mount Cynthus, which lifts its awful form to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, as a very creditable performance, and my ankle felt for many a day the rough descent from the Lárissa to the theatre of Argos.

For a considerable portion of those sixty days I traveled with a large company, and my pilgrimage under Professor Dörpfeld's guidance made me acquainted with a number of human varieties which would have interested Socrates far more than the plain of Argos or the current of the Alpheus. But it is not of these companions in flesh and blood that I am thinking now, nor of Baedeker, nor of Murray, nor of the Guide-Joanne. My most constant companions in Greece were the voices of the dead Greeks. They did not squeak and gibber, as ghosts are supposed to do; and if I could not always recall the exact notes of the pieces that were shut up in the duodecimo and octavo musical boxes

of my library at home, still there was a certain pleasure in trying to hum the melody, and every strain that came back, came back with new wings. The deep bass of Æschylus pealed from the summit of the "Arachnæan steep," last station of the fire-signals that were sped from Troy. The banks and braes of the Cephissus echoed the notes of Sophocles. Not so clearly at Colonus. There are no green dells at Colonus itself. The voice of the nightingale is not heard for the rattling of the tram-car. Unsmitten of the sun the place may be, and unvisited by blasts of wintry storm, but the pursuivants of Dionysos keep wine-shops and cafés in Colonus, and do not dance in the train of the god. You must push on to Kolokythou, where the tramway stops, or, still better, follow the stream up to Kephisiá, and the voice of Sophocles will be more clearly discerned.

But while the spirit of Sophocles seemed to be localized, there was no woodland glade that did not recall the charm of Euripidean song. Euripides was not in earnest with his poetry, we are told. He was nothing but a rationalist, and his song was a mocking-bird song. But mocking-bird song or not, it issued from the heart of nature, to which the poet was as near as he was to the heart of man. I never passed a group of women washing clothes at fountain or in stream — and there is no more familiar sight in Greece — without thinking of Euripides, who saw the poetry of common things, and did not hesitate to introduce into the Hippolytus the figure of the washerwoman gossip from whom the leader of the chorus learned how lovelorn Phædra was pining away. Haply the poetic side of the laundress had been lost in the eyes of the superfine Attics of his day, and he felt himself called on to restore it. Yet how could it have been lost? Nausicaa, the divine washerwoman of the Odyssey, was my earliest Greek love; and when I grew to man's estate and found that she was wedded to priggish

Telemachus, I suffered long, and then composed in her honor a study on the washerwomen of literature and legend. Kudrun is to me a more interesting personage than Kriemhilde or Brunhilde, and few figures stand out more boldly in the memory than Arlette of Falaise, who won the heart of Robert of Normandy, and became the mother of William the Conqueror.

Another companion voice the attentive reader of these sketches has already divined, for I have quoted Pindar in season and out of season; and no wonder. Pindar was one of the two Greeks who accompanied me in book form on my voyage across the Atlantic. He was my oracle, he is my oracle still; and on consulting him as to the continuation of this series I received the reply in tripping Greek, *Τρία ἔπαι διαρκέσει* (Three numbers will be quite enough); and then lapsing into English he went on: "Of your sixty days in Greece you have given really not more than three or four; and sixty days described on that scale would fill a volume. To be sure, you have been moderate in comparison with his late Majesty of unhappy memory, Maximilian of Mexico, who took no less than two hundred and eighty-two octavo pages in which to display the riches of a four days' visit to Bahia; but you profess to be an admirer of mine, and I bid you remember my saying: To broider a few things among many, that is a hearing for the wise."

II.

The arrogance of Pindar is something unendurable to most people, sometimes even to me; and being in a rebellious mood, I will explain my choice of so dictatorial a companion. Some ten years ago I made a little experiment with Aristophanes, who is a much more free and easy person than Pindar; and as the experiment had proved interesting at least to the experimenter, it occurred to me, when I was setting out on my trip to

Greece, that I might treat Pindar as I had treated Aristophanes; and somehow my fancy was tickled by the thought of making the Theban eagle fetch my game as the Attic hawk had done. Of course I expected him to scream out some moral sentiment from time to time; but every Greek is under all circumstances a moralist, and so long as he brought in my quarry, well and good.

Now, my experiment with Aristophanes was after this fashion. I resolutely shut out all light that came from other quarters, and declined to see anything that was not to be seen from Aristophanic casements. Aristophanes was to be my Scripture, and I was to keep myself only to him. He was my Old Testament, my only guide, and I flatly refused to consult other documents, — Records of the Past, Deluge Tablets, Nimrod Epic, or Moabite Stone. This Greek world according to Aristophanes turned out to be a droll map, and the construction of it might be excused as the amusement of a midsummer vacation; but even thus a serious soul might regard so elaborate a pastime as a sad waste of precious hours. For the old way is the better way. In the study of so organic a thing as Greek literature correlation is indispensable. To understand Aristophanes, for instance, to understand Greek comedy, you must understand everything Greek. You must understand lyric poetry in all its sweep, the musical jet of personal passion, the stately measures of choral song, the mad whirl of the dithyramb, the merry catch of the toper, the chant of the mystic worshiper, the simple melody of the swallow song, and the wood-notes wild of the Attic nightingale. You must understand the grave sister Tragedy whom Comedy mocks and mimics at every turn, whose altar she kicks over with irreverent foot, whose sceptred pall she turns into a blanket for the tossing of sage and seer. Thalia, with arms akimbo, outfaces Clio, and Thucydides and Aristophanes are impaneled on the

same jury. The snub-nosed street preacher who brought philosophy down from heaven to dwell among men sits at the same banquet with "the bald-head bard" who carried merriment up from men to dwell among the gods, —

"the bald-head bard,
Kudathenaian and Pandionid,
Son of Philippos, Aristophanes."

In a large part of the poet's comedies an oratorical contest forms the hinge of the piece, and Aristophanes belongs to the history of rhetoric; and the whole is rounded by the Oceanus of Homer, that great river into which and out of which flow all the streams of Greek life. Then, after you have studied all the literature, you must study all the history, and all the antiquities, and all the rest of it.

This is the old process, the orthodox process with which everybody is more or less familiar; and because it is orthodox it stirs revolt at times in the most believing soul. Ordinarily we fill our galleries of the antique with all the light procurable, and that is doubtless in the main the right way; but there are other ways, and a number of years ago I had an opportunity of witnessing the effect of a different method. It was the jubilee of the Berlin Museum, and on the night of the great day court and university, artists and scholars, joined in a torchlight procession that made its way through the aisles of the sculpture gallery. That strange phantasmagory, with its high lights and its deep shadows, will never be forgotten by those who followed in the wake of the flickering flames; and I can recall as if it were yesterday how the equestrian statue of Colleoni, which I had never seen before, rode out of the darkness, and rode into the darkness again. A few weeks afterwards I stood before the original near San Zanipolo in Venice, and scanned the proud figure at my leisure. No detail was lost in the sunlight of an Italian summer. Yet that second in Berlin gave the unforgettable flash; and so the wave

of Aristophanes' torch often fixes an image such as no detailed drawing can yield.

But vividness of impression is not the only thing to be gained from such a process. Nothing could teach more sharply the danger of partial judgment, the utter untrustworthiness of the argument from silence. We have to deal with an Attic poet steeped in Athenian life, and yet how little does he help us about the very things that we most wish to know when we visit Athens! Think of an Attic poet who never mentions Hymettus, and who treats grand Parnassus and perky Lycabettus as if they were fellows. Of course the topographers have got something out of Aristophanes, but not so much as might have been expected, and in spite of my real affection for him I never took him with me to the Acropolis. Wherever else his mocking spirit haunted me, this was hallowed ground. On the way up I may possibly have glanced at the "grotto of Pan," but I had no sympathy with the "bridal chamber" curiosity, which of late weeks has prompted an exploration of the rendezvous of Aristophanes' young married lovers; and only once did he interfere with my musing on the Acropolis itself.

Late one afternoon I was sitting on the platform of the temple of Wingless Victory, watching the sunset, and listening to an emotional friend of mine as he declaimed Byron's famous lines beginning, —

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun."

They are duly registered in Baedeker, it is true, but my friend knew them by heart, and admired them from his heart. "This is the scene," says Baedeker, "Byron had in his mind in the opening lines of the third canto of *The Corsair*." He might have gone further and said that Byron himself informs us that the verses were written on the spot, wherever the exact spot was, and were transferred as a *purpureus pannus* from

another poem. It would have been better as a fragment, and I began to suspect artificiality. "True," said I to myself, "the sun as a deity, as Sol, as a personification, as another Lord Byron, has a right to set where he pleases, to sink 'slow . . . along Morea's hills,' and to 'sink to sleep behind his Delphian cliff,' and 'pause on the hill ere he sinks below Cithæron's head;' but to the beholder from the platform of the temple of Wingless Victory Delphi is not in the line of vision with Ægina and Idra, and he who attempts to see Salamis and Parnassus at once from this point of view will run the risk of getting his eyes crossed." Then I remembered that this was what the sausage-seller in the Knights of Aristophanes said when requested to fix one eye on Caria and the other on Carthage, and remembered it all the better because some malapert critic had tried to mar the faultless text, and to substitute Kalchedon, the city of the blind, for Karchedon, the New Tyre of the West.

The beautiful vision was obscured, and my eyes and ears were filled with the fantastic figures and the hoarse shouts of the chorus of old men in the *Lysistrata*, as they advanced slowly up the slope of the Acropolis to smoke out and to burn out the revolted women from the citadel. Snatches of the song came up to me strangely Americanized with anachronistic references to the Venezuelan troubles. The women of America had seized the Capitol, and insisted on peace. Peace was the *sine qua non*. Else no surrender of Capitol or garrison. The situation was strained to cracking, and the fire-eaters and the fire-bringers were astonished at the stout defense. Ho! Ho! they cried,

Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Here's an unexpected go!
How they rally, how they sally!
How they swarm to face the storm!
We will nevermore allow
All this Venezuelan row,
All this jaw and all this jabber!

Take a stick and beat 'em quick
 Into curds or bonnyclabber!
 Never, never, hardly ever
 Was there poet half so clever
 To my mind
 As Euripides, who swears
 That the thing most void of shame
 In the world is that which bears
 Hateful, hateful, hateful name,
 Womankind.

It was an odious intrusion at that hour of quiet musing. In Athens your best rendezvous with Aristophanes is in the market, not on the Acropolis, and the imperishable eulogy of violet-wreathed Athens with which the guidebooks credit him is, as I have noted elsewhere, taken from Pindar, with whom I am becoming reconciled. My original project, A Pindarist in Greece, comes back to me, and with it the old German song,

*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden, einen bessern find'st
 du nit.*

There is, after all, no better comrade for a trip to Greece than Pindar.

III.

The whirl of the new Olympic games had not left me much time for communing with Pindar or any other member of the choir invisible, and it was not until I reached Nauplia, the second stage of my trip to the Peloponnesus, that I had a little space for meditation. Nauplia was the headquarters of our party for several days, and I found myself more than once on the quay at nightfall, straining my eyes seaward as I had strained them landward when I crossed the Argolic gulf on my way to Athens. Pindar has something to say of Argos, if not of Nauplia; and as we were standing on the terrace of the temple of Hera, and our leader pointed out Midea, an ancient stronghold, once a rival of Mycenæ and Tiryns, I felt a certain proprietary interest in the place on Pindar's account. Midea was the home of the hero who won the foot-race in the first celebration of the Olympic games. He was cousin-german to the founder, Hera-

kles, and carried off the founder's prize, and his grandam bore the name of the fortress. Yonder in Tiryns was his father slain with a staff of hard olive wood by one of the sons of Herakles, ancestor of the line of athletes made immortal by Pindar's Rhodian song.

So Midea is enshrined in two of Pindar's noblest odes, and her cyclopean walls have a meaning for the Pindaric scholar they can have for no other. But Pindar's solitary Argive ode opens with a bead-roll of all the mythic worthies who flourished on Argive soil, and the poet soon finds himself obliged to apologize, as modern scholars are often tempted to apologize, for long lists of proper names all resonant with music and lighted up with rainbow hues to them, to others mere meaningless syllables. I began to think that Pindar might not be so satisfactory, after all, and a homely distich from a Greek folk-song came into my mind to match the German folk-song I quoted just now:—

*The sow one acorn holdeth in her mouth, but
 wants its brother.
 I have one pretty maiden in my arms, but want
 another.*

I had Pindar; I wanted Pausanias; and, turning to my satchel, I found that I had left my Pausanias in Athens. I knew it was madness to look for a Pausanias in a bookseller's shop at Nauplia, and yet I could not keep from inquiring. "Pausanias," I received for answer, "is not in stock. Perhaps Xenophon or Homer will do as well." Homer and Xenophon would not do so well, and I was disconsolate.

IV.

During the few hours spent at Corinth, on the way to Nauplia, I had not missed Pausanias. In fact, Pausanias would not have been of much service, for of ancient Corinth there is almost nothing left except a few columns of a temple,—a squat, surly temple with no nonsense about it. One might call it an uncomplimentary temple, if it had not sheltered

two cults, as is shown by the double cella. The columns are monoliths, so many petrified trees, and the graceful swell so much admired in the Doric order is lacking. A part of the entablature remains. It has a perilous perch, and the temple looks as if it would take extreme pleasure in tossing off the load on some impertinent beholder whenever Lord Poseidon shall assert his dominion and give the excuse of an earthquake.

That ruin was all, or nearly all. The old city itself lay fathoms below, and the trenches which the Americans were digging had yielded little up to that time. Ancient Corinth, the great merchant city of Greece, seemed to have closed her accounts definitely. Her ledger was not to be reopened. Acrocorinthus is mediæval, and in Greece mediæval things are not held in much esteem. The view from the summit is unrivaled, but there is nothing to comfort you on the way up. Wall after wall confronts you, and you must reach the signal-station before you can enjoy any part of the panorama. In other ascents there are often glimpses to gladden the eye; in this, as soon as you enter the gate of the fortifications you are in jail until you emerge at the very top. Two thirds of the way up, a mule or a pony is available; the remaining third, by far the hardest part, must be traversed afoot, — which things are an allegory to the aspiring student. Acrocorinthus, like the Rigi, makes the most of its height, and gives the eye an almost unjustifiable range. The ancients were fully aware of its advantages in this respect, for they knew all about views, though they did not parade their knowledge. A practical folk were the Greeks, and not unfrequently what we should call homely in their comparisons. That Acrocorinthus should be called a horn we can understand, — Switzerland is full of such horns; but to say that Acrocorinthus is the horn by which the Peloponnesian cow is bound is one of those American turns of expression with which

the Greeks every now and then surprise the finical souls of the Old World. This horn was sacred to Aphrodite. Poseidon, who owned the isthmus, ceded the height to Helios, and Helios to Aphrodite, perhaps by way of making friends with the goddess after his tale-telling in that affair of hers with Ares.

I will not expatiate on the view from Acrocorinthus, though I have Greek warrant for any mistakes I might make in surveying the landscape, even if the mistakes were as bad as the one I ventured to point out in the sunset as seen from the temple of Wingless Victory. It will be enough to say that all the patron deities of Acrocorinthus rule the summit, Poseidon, Helios, and Aphrodite, sea and sun and immortal charm. On the way down some of us took the path that leads by the spring of Pirene. Apart from my general classicism I had a personal right to Pirene by reason of my long wrestle with Persius, which was far worse than any struggle Bellerophon had with Pegasus; for it was once my fate to try by searching to find out something like fun in the contorted language of Ben Jonson's "crabbed coxcomb," and among other things to unfold the wit and humor involved in calling the fountain that had gushed forth at the stroke of Pegasus' hoof, let us say, Rozinante's spring. I must confess that this memory was not calculated to endear Pirene to me; but there were other memories, and the fact that Persius had not "laved his lips in the caballine fount" was an inducement to lave mine. A bare-legged Greek had espied our party as Helios had espied Ares and Aphrodite, and hurried down ahead of us with a cup; and as I drank what that affected Etruscan called the "Pegaseian nectar," I shook Persius off.

I was in Pindar's "city of Pirene" and in the Thirteenth Olympian. This, then, was the ancestral home of Glaucus, the Lycian hero, that gallant and flighty Homeric figure, whose forefathers must have carried the worship of the sun

from this horn of light to Lycia, the land of light. This was the spot where Athena appeared to Bellerophon, weary with vain endeavors to yoke the son of Medusa; and as he slept she brought him bit and bridle. The head-stall had a golden frontlet, but the poet does not dwell on that adornment. The bit is the wonder, the bit is the charm, the bit is the gold that tames the spirit, the bit is the mild medicine; and Bellerophon was straightway wide-awake and leaped to his feet. The poet must have visions, but he must have vision as well, clear eye and steady hand, and above all, the bit. There is a whole theory of poetic art in Pindar's version of the myth; and his very insistence on the element of control is part of the self-irony in which genius is apt to indulge. For the Thirteenth Olympian is a praise of Corinth as rich and varied as was Corinth herself, and I have ventured elsewhere to call it a semi-Oriental bazaar, by reason of the admired disorder of its wares. The Greek symmetry is not felt at first, as the poet tells of Corinth's wealth and of her miracles of art, as he extols the city where the Muse breathes sweetly and the flower of Ares is in bloom. The poem that lauds the invention of the dithyramb is itself a manner of dithyramb, and its joyous, lilting tone rings out in strange contrast to the dead silence that broods over Old Corinth at the foot of the steep. And what a comment on the verse that tells of the twin eagles which Corinth taught to perch on the gables of the Greek temple are those columns which had all their fellows in Pindar's time, and that entablature which was crowned by the king of birds in Pindar's time! For a resurrected city Pausanias is doubtless the more instructive companion. For a dead and buried city the poet is a more sympathetic comrade than the periegete.

V.

Pausanias the periegete, Pausanias the personal conductor through continental

Greece, is a conspicuous character among guides. Whatever classic Thrasybulus (Thrassývoulos) or Christian Thomas you may select as your dragoman, whatever faithful Angelis as your *agogiátes*, your muleteer, if you are a Hellenist you cannot dispense with Pausanias. That is an article of faith. Of course I had read Pausanias long before I ever saw Greece, and worked at him even in my German 'prenticeship, when Curtius' *Peloponnesos* was a recent book. Pausanias occupied the middle of my desk, and was flanked by Kiepert's *Atlas* and by Curtius' volumes, — an arrangement that suggests the Napoleonic order, "asses and savants in the centre," though Pausanias would have been very much surprised if he had been told that he was not a savant, but only the other thing.

To be a savant, in his day, was to be a skillful writer, and Pausanias evidently prided himself on his style. It is, according to the best judges, a hopelessly bad style. It is an affected style, a bookish style. The decree of divorce from bed and board, in the cross-suit of *Pen vs. Tongue* and *Tongue vs. Pen*, was an old scandal in the time of the Antonines, and there is no hearty human life in the literature of the Greek Renaissance, as there is precious little in some forms of our own. The literature of that period is reminiscential, is allusive, as is ours, and Pausanias is no exception. If you take him up at random, you may stumble on passages that remind you of Herodotus, at whom many of the stylists of that day were in the habit of dressing. You will find Herodotean phrases here and there. He has Herodotus' way, not confined to Herodotus, of bringing in his own personality. He has Herodotus' way of affecting discreet reticence on religious matters. But he tries — I hate to say it of an ass or even of a savant — he tries to improve on Herodotus, who is distinctly not to be improved on, and the leisurely stroll of the great Halicarnassian is

turned into a mincing gait. He tries to add the piquancy of a queer order of words to the supposed *naïveté* of Herodotus, and the result is an Herodotus with a string-halt, an Herodotus with a locomotor ataxy. Herodotus deals largely in episodes, which he manages with consummate art; but whereas Herodotus leaves the track in order to give a better view of it, Pausanias goes off at a tangent, fetches a book from a shelf and copies for dear life. Not the text, bless you, for he endues everything with his own precious style, but the facts, the historical details.

His Attica is especially exasperating. True, he makes a proper approach to Athens. He introduces us to Sunium first. Not knowing Byron, he spares us Byron's "marbled steep," and in the same matter-of-fact way in which he mentions the Hermes of Praxiteles as one of the figures set up in the temple of Hera at Olympia, in that same matter-of-fact way he tells us that there is a temple of Athena Sunias perched on the tip-top of the cape. That is all. He does not tell us that the marble is very poor and flakes off prodigiously, and owes its dazzling color to this disintegration, — a lesson to the decadents of our own time. He begins well, and for a few chapters he is tolerable, and we do not quarrel with his talk about the foolish Galatians and their works; but no sooner does he touch Ptolemy, the son of Lagos, than he goes off on a long rambling discourse which would have had some interest three hundred years before his day, and was probably taken from some ancient manual.

That is the great trouble with Pausanias. Not only is his style vilipended by the historians of literature, but his honesty is assailed by critics of high and low degree. Even if they do not go so far as to say that there was no such person as Pausanias, still it is a favorite contention that the *Periegesis* of Hellas is a mere piece of book-making, that Pausanias could not have seen what he de-

scribes, and that the material is taken in large measure from one Polemon, who flourished in the second century before Christ, as Pausanias is supposed to have flourished in the second century after Christ. This is a hard saying, but it must be remembered that the old world moved more slowly than does ours, and we must not parallel this performance by liberties taken with modern centuries. Fifty years will answer quite as well for our times. I myself have a small collection of guidebooks that did me good service in their day and my day. Imagine a Berlin without the monument of Frederick the Great, which corresponds, let us say, to the statue of Agrippa on the Acropolis, not mentioned by Pausanias. Imagine a London without the Thames Embankment, a Vienna without the Ringstrasse, a Milan without the Galleria Vittorio-Emmanuele. Imagine a Paris — But, unfortunately, the preposition would have to be changed, and a Paris imagined with what she has lost, with so much that she had when I first saw her in 1853. To be sure, there are notes of time in Pausanias, and he refers to some of the monuments of his age, but many he ignores, though they must have stared him in the face.

An artist may be excused for artistic omissions. The great etcher Méryon saw in Paris only what he chose to see, but Pausanias is no artist, though he evidently thinks himself one. He is a *cicerone*, and while we may forgive his sham religious reticences, while we may forgive him when, so to speak, he stops to cross himself and tell his beads, yet we resent his silence about things that he ought to have known. But the thesis that Pausanias was not a traveler, except as a bookworm is a traveler, seems to me utterly untenable. The argument from silence is a dangerous argument, and as to his borrowings, he was not the first nor the last traveler to refresh his memory by reading the standard guidebooks after he got home. In a recent lecture,

I tried to make the Altis of Olympia more vivid by comparing its dimensions with those of the inside grounds of the University of Virginia. If any one supposes for a moment that I stepped off the Altis of Olympia and found it to be 750 by 570 feet, he is very much mistaken, and though I lived twenty years at the University of Virginia, I did not trust my memory for details. In looking up monuments of Italian art, it is perfectly conceivable that a man should go back to an old Burckhardt or an old Murray even if he had a recent Baedeker. The famous Bononian riddle of *Ælia Lælia Crispis*, to which Burton alludes in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, you will look for in vain in Baedeker under Bologna, but you will find it set forth in any old Murray.

At one time I thought of exemplifying my conception of Pausanias by preparing a guide to Baltimore on his principles, but I abandoned the plan on account of the necessary limitations. However, London, New York, Boston, would yield very good results; and in fact I remember a practical illustration of the Pausanias method applied to New York. In the early seventies a panorama of New York was making the round of the rural communities of the South, and thinking to do a young friend a service and prepare her for a visit to the great city, I took her to the show. To my amusement, the New York of the panorama was the New York of the year after the Mexican War, a Pausanias New York, the fixed quantity being the noble façade of the Jersey City ferry.

After one gets accustomed to Pausanias, one begins to have a more kindly feeling for him as a man; for he was after all a man, and not a book. Indeed, there is a certain *bonhomie* about all the authors of the period, except that child of Satan, Lucian, and one warms to them after a while. Pausanias is at his best in Olympia, and the explorer of Delphi cannot dispense with Pausanias, but there are

moments when his company becomes tedious in both places. It was my fortune, a fortune I cannot prize too highly, to have passed immediately from Olympia to Delphi, and to have had the historical contrast restamped upon my mind in terms of nature: and such a contrast! Olympia was the abode of the worship of Zeus, the God of the Power of the Sky; Delphi was the oracular see of Apollo, the interpreter of Zeus, the Word of God. Olympia was a great fair, Delphi was a great shrine. Olympia was a great exposition, Delphi a great university, — the one a recurrent, the other a perpetual influence; for the laborious efforts of scholars to make Olympia of equal power with Delphi have failed, and the potency of the Word of God is revealed in the inscriptions. Elis, at least the part of Elis in which Olympia lay, was a smiling plain girt by a circuit of summer hills, a land open to the eye of day, a green chalice for the wine of life. Phocis, to which Delphi belonged, was a region of stern mountains and roaring gorges, and the fertile plain that stretched below Delphi to the Gulf of Crissa was doomed to barrenness by the curse of the god, as if there should be nothing to relieve the awe of the approach.

These two places, so different in their aspect, shared between them, though in different measure, the control of Greek life. In Olympia was centred the festal expression of Hellenism; the unity it brought about was the unity of a common joy. In Delphi was centred the oracular power of Hellenism. At an early date there was a political confederation that had its home at Delphi, and the unity had a sharper and more aggressive stamp. Olympia had oracles as well as Delphi; Delphi had games as well as Olympia. But it was the games, and all the games involved, that gave Olympia its eminence, and the establishment or the reestablishment of them marks the union of the Doric island of Pelops. The importance of the Olympian festival was national.

As there was but one sun in the heavens, so there was but one Olympia, and no games could be truly Olympian save those on the banks of the Alpheus. The Pythian contests were an afterthought; and whereas Olympia opened her fair bosom to chariot-race as to foot-race, the Delphians could manage only to level the rock for a stadium; the chariot-races were performed perforce in the plain below.

Yet Delphi was no mean rival of Olympia in the splendor of its buildings, in the wealth of its treasure-houses. Pausanias, who has so much to tell about the statue of Olympian Zeus and the chest of Cypselus with its wonderful figures, which were among the great show-things of Olympia, has chapter after chapter on the Lesché of the Cnidians at Delphi, with its wonderful paintings by Polygnottus. On the narrow ledge of the frowning rocks space was made for temples and colonnades. Still, the heart of Delphi was not in its temples and its colonnades. It was in the mysterious recess between the Phædriades, and its life-blood was the water of Castalia. Olympia was centripetal. The Greeks streamed to Olympia as to the trysting-place of the race, and felt their unity in their rivalry. Delphi was centripetal, too, but it was centrifugal as well. The Greeks streamed out of Delphi, the colonial office of the time, and the Pythoness sent them forth, speeding like the eagles which, as the story has it, flew from the great white stone at Delphi, compassed the earth, and returned again; and so the colonists often returned to consult the oracle which had bidden them go.

But what are all the balanced antitheses of the books to the antithesis of actual vision when one drops the pen and says, not "Elis was" and "Phocis was," but "Elis is" and "Phocis is"? Never have my eyes rested on a more reposeful landscape than Olympia. Never have I beheld a more tormented region than that which holds Delphi. Not even a Swiss rain could make Olympia gloomy.

Not even a Greek sunshine could make Delphi gay. The history of Olympia is written on a carpet of flowers; the history of Delphi is graven on the rocks of the Phædriades, — the rocks of the "shining cliffs." The sun strikes them first, but they strike back with blackness, and they are gloomy beyond compare until one has seen Taygetus, which symbolizes the mysterious state of the Spartans just as the Phædriades hide the mysterious workings of the Delphic oracle.

After all, there is no traveling companion like Nature herself.

To the modern other parts of Greece may seem more fair than Olympia, but the Greek orator who knew Sicily and knew Magna Græcia called it the most beautiful spot in Greece, and he who sympathizes most fully with the Greek understands Olympia best. True, the landscape of Olympia is not unlike what is to be seen elsewhere than in Greece, but it is specifically Greek, because it appeals to universal humanity; for this is the ultimate charm of Hellenism. Human nature cannot become old-fashioned; and he who lives in the Greece of the past lives the full life of the America of to-day. Every one has read the old story how Plato wrote and rewrote the first lines of his Republic, and lo! the finished sentence runs very much as it would in English. So the part of Greece that was most beautiful to the Greek eye has to the American eye all the restfulness of a home landscape.

Of my three days in Olympia, I had one morning to myself. No Pindar, no Pausanias, no lecture. The faithful Baedeker was thrust into a side-pocket. It was a lovely April day. The sky had the azure hue to which I was born, and the earth was tapestried with wild flowers, blue and yellow and purple. Their faces were all familiar, though I could not call them by name, like the human flowers I was afterwards to meet as I rode in from Mistrá to Sparta. Olympia must have been a gaunt place just after the ruins

were laid bare, but in that climate Nature quickly heals the wounds dealt by the spade, and I have been told that flowers unknown before to the region often put forth in wild profusion after the excavators have done their work, — a happy omen for the lover of classical antiquity. I was seated at the foot of Kronion, this side of the thorns which beset the hill as they beset the text of Pindar. Kronion was bathed in sunlight, and I was glad that I had interpreted Pindar's words to mean "sunny Kronion;" but it was not jubilant gladness such as comes to the classical woodpecker when he finds a hollow spot in the oak of antique life. The bliss of such a solitude is calm. Conspicuous all over the circuit was a lonely tree hard by the spot where I was sitting. It held fast by its roots above the treasure-houses. It was companion enough, that fellow guardian of the wealth of the past. Nothing more ancient, nothing more modern, nothing more human, than a lonely tree. Analyze the landscape, describe it, I cannot. I would not if I could. The broken jewels of Greek architecture gleamed resplendent in their setting, and the tide of festal life mantled the cup that was rimmed by the hills of Elis. I looked at the bridal of the earth and sky. The music of the past came down from the opening of Pindar's Rhodian song in which the father of the bride gives to the bridegroom from bounteous hand the goblet bubbling with the dew of the grape. The music of the present came down from Drouva, throbbing in the drum-beat and echoing in the musket-fire that proclaimed the course of a bridal procession along the hills and dales of Pisatis. The life of earth and sky, the life of ancient Greece, and the life of modern Greece, — one sees life whole who sees it at Olympia.

I had an hour all to myself in Delphi, and thought over my day. The drive from Itéa, the port of Delphi, is beautiful. The road is perfect. It is a French

road. It passes through olive groves, the like of which for vigorous life I have never seen, or, seeing, have never marked, and then begins the ascent along the zigzags which furrow the face of the mountain. It recalled to my mind the road from Giardini to Taormina, the road from Palermo to Monreale. A very modern dog-cart, driven by a very modern French archæologist with a very modern French girl at his side, came bowling down the road at a reckless pace. The awe of Delphi was not yet upon us. Then we reached a large village, Chryso by name, which is, being interpreted, Goldsborough, — a corruption, it is suggested, of the ancient name Crissa; not an unnatural corruption, if one remembers the popular slanders against Delphi. Chryso seemed larger, even, than it was. Clambering far uphill, it waylays the traveler three times, and as we traversed it three times the children of the village threw wild flowers into our carriages. When we went down, I must add, the withholding of a copper tribute roused the wrath of the youthful neighbors of Delphi, and other missiles than wild flowers were hurled into the carriage that I occupied, the last of the procession. This was the only incivility I ever encountered in Greece, and it was interesting because it seemed to express the traditional hostility of those who dwelt near the ancient shrine; and then the incivility was not without rebuke. The village elders were evidently indignant at the inhospitable conduct of the youngsters, and I noticed a set look on the faces of the village matrons which boded vengeance. The sandal which Aphrodite used on Eros has never gone out of fashion, and the women of Chryso were not all barefoot.

The new Kastri, built to make amends for the old Kastri which formerly occupied the site of ancient Delphi, received the pilgrims, and it was at Kastri, on a balcony which overhung the ravine of Pleistos, that I was sitting when I

thought over the long day. The French archaeologists, who carried off the concession from the Americans, appear to have absorbed something of the spirit of a priestly caste, and strictly forbid notebook or camera in the sacred precincts. Here I was free to write what I would. But I have never taken full notes of travel, and in this case it seemed as if the image could never fade, as if there could be no danger of forgetting the narrow ledge, the grim rocks, the fountain of Castaly, the recess of the twin Phædriades. These, after all, were the things to remember, and not the prosaic details which abounded as nowhere else. Digging is poetical, but there was no poetry in the lines of tramway, and in the tilted trucks that shot the refuse earth into the ravine of the Pleistos. Welling water is poetical, but there was no poetry in the bits of tin that served to guide the waters of Castaly, nor in the coils of wet rags that lay about the fountain. Some day the tracks will disappear. Some day the denizens will learn to show reverence to Castaly. Some day the traveler will be permitted to study at his leisure the lines of the structures that have been and shall be revealed. The busy workmen, the rushing cars, the roaring rubbish, the scramble from point to point, made the hurried visit to Delphi a strange antithesis to the peaceful sojourn at Olympia. There a happy calm, here a strange oppression which it might sound affected to call awe. At all events, we found ourselves talking under our breath. While we were in the excavations word was passed from one to another that a wonderful statue had been found, and we hurried to the spot, and, perching on such points of vantage as we could gain, watched in silence the fluted raiment that simulated a column emerging from the earth. Hieron of Syracuse was born again, — feet foremost. There was no noise, no shouting, over the great discovery which

made that 28th of April memorable in the annals of the French school.

The victory which the statue commemorates is the victory celebrated in Pindar's First Pythian, and I was back in Taormina, looking at Ætna again and listening to Pindar's resonant verse again, "O Golden Harp!" There is no possibility of vulgarizing Delphi with such a companion as Pindar. No matter which of the pilgrims is reeking with native wine, red or white, resinate or unresinate, another and a better spirit dominates the scene and overrules the prose of the present. This is Apollo's ground, and Pindar was the guest of the god himself, of Phœbus who loved the Castalian fount of Parnassus. It was from this oracle by Castaly that the command went forth to lay the troubled ghost of Phrixus, and bring the Golden Fleece to Greece; and nowhere is the story of the Argonauts more nobly told than in the Fourth Pythian by the god-gifted organ voice of Hellas. Pindar's Jason is the noblest figure of that far-off Hellenic world, and teaches us to forget the half-hearted sophistic lover who plays so miserable a part in the *Medea* of Euripides. Castaly is safe with Pindar to guard it, and as I saw and heard the rush and the roar of the rubbish that was tilted into the ravine of the Pleistos, prosaic tramway and prosaic truck vanished from my mind, and I thought of Pindar's "treasure of hymns securely walled within the golden gorge of Apollo, — a treasure which neither the wintry rain that cometh from abroad, merciless armament of thunderous cloud, nor storm with its rout of rubble shall bear to the recesses of the deep." The melodious tumult of Pindar's verse drowned the rattle of the cars and the rumble of the rubbish. No better companion, after all, for a trip to Greece than Pindar.

Ich hatt' einen Kameraden, einen bessern find' ich
du nit.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

THE DEATHLESS DIARY.

FOUR ways there are of telling a curious world that endless story of the past which it is never tired of hearing. History, memoir, biography, and the diary run back like four smooth roads, connecting our century, our land, our life, with other centuries and lands and lives that have all served in turn to make us what we are. Of these four roads, I like the narrowest best. History is both partial and prejudiced, sinning through lack of sympathy as well as through lack of truth. Memoirs are too often false and malicious. Biographies are misleading in their flattery: there is but one Boswell. Diaries tell their little tales with a directness, a candor, conscious or unconscious, a closeness of outlook, which gratifies our sense of security. Reading them is like gazing through a small clear pane of glass. We may not see far and wide, but we see very distinctly that which comes within our field of vision.

In those happy days when leisure was held to be no sin, men and women wrote journals whose copiousness both delights and dismays us. Neither "eternal youth" nor "nothing else to do" seems an adequate foundation for such structures. They were considered then a profitable waste of time, and children were encouraged to write down in little books the little experiences of their little lives. Thus we have the few priceless pages which tell "pet Marjorie's" story; the incomparable description of H  l  ne Massalski's schooldays at the Abbaye de Notre Dame aux Bois; the demure vivacity of Anna Green Winslow; the lively, petulant records of Louisa and Richenda Gurney; the amusing experiences of that remarkable and delightful urchin, Richard Doyle. These youthful diaries, whether brief or protracted, have a twofold charm, revealing as they do both child-life and the child itself. It is pleasant

to think that one of the little Gurneys, who were all destined to grow into such relentlessly pious women that their adult letters exclude the human element absolutely in favor of spiritual admonitions, was capable, when she was young, of such a defiant sentiment as this: "I read half a Quaker's book through with my father before meeting. I am quite sorry to see him grow so Quakerly." Or, worse and worse: "We went on the highway this afternoon for the purpose of being rude to the folks that passed. I do think being rude is most pleasant sometimes."

Of course she did, poor little over-trained, over-disciplined Richenda, and her open confession of iniquity contrasts agreeably with the anxious assurance given by Anna Winslow to her mother that there had been "no rudeness, mamma, I assure you," at her evening party. Naturally, a diary written by a little girl for the scrutiny and approbation of her parents is a very different thing from a diary written by a little girl for her own solace and diversion. The New England child is always sedate and prim, mindful that she is twelve years old, and that she is expected to live up to a rather rigorous standard of propriety. She would no more dream of going into the highway "for the purpose of being rude to the folks that passed" than she would dream of romping with boys in those decorous Boston streets where, as Mr. Birrell pleasantly puts it, "respectability stalked unchecked." Neither does she consider her diary a vent for naughty humors. She fills it with a faithful account of her daily occupations and amusements, and we learn from her how much wine and punch little New England girls were allowed to drink, a hundred years ago; how they danced five hours on an unsustaining supper of cakes and raisins; how they sewed more than they studied, and

studied more than they played; and what wondrous clothes they wore when they were permitted to be seen in company.

"I was dressed in my yellow coat black bib and apron," writes Anna in an unpunctuated transport of pride, "black feathers on my head, my paste comb and all my paste garnet marquasett and jet pins, together with my silver plume, my locket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts and yards of blue ribbon (black and blue is high taste) striped tucker and ruffles (not my best) and my silk shoes completed my dress."

And none too soon, thinks the astonished reader, who fancied in his ignorance that little girls were plainly clad in those fine old days of simplicity. Neither Marie Bashkirtseff nor Hélène Massalski cared more about her frippery than did this small Puritan maid. Indeed, Hélène, after one passionate outburst, resigned herself with great good humor to the convent uniform, and turned her alert young mind to other interests and pastimes. If the authenticity of her childish copy-books can be placed beyond dispute, no youthful record rivals them in vivacity and grace. It was the fashion among the older *pensionnaires* of Notre Dame aux Bois to keep elaborate journals, and the little Polish princess, though she tells us that she wrote so badly as to be in perpetual penance for her disgraceful "tops and tails," scribbled away page after page with reckless sincerity and spirit. She is so frank and gay, so utterly free from pretense of any kind, that English readers, or at least English reviewers, appear to have been somewhat scandalized by her candor; and these innocent revelations have been made the subject of serious diatribes against convent schools, which, it need hardly be said, have altered radically in the past century, and were, at their worst, better than any home training possible in Hélène Massalski's day. And what fervor and charm in her affectionate description of that wise and witty, that

kind and good nun, Madame de Rochecouart! What freedom throughout from the morbid and unchildish vanity of Marie Bashkirtseff, whose diary is simply a vent for her own exhaustless egotism! There must always be some moments in life when it becomes impossible for us, however self-centred, to intrude our personalities further upon our rebellious families and friends. There must come a time when nobody will think of us, nor look at us, nor listen to us another minute. Then how welcome is the poor little journal which cannot refuse our confidences! What Rousseau did on a large scale Marie Bashkirtseff copied on a smaller one. Both made the world their father confessor, and the world has listened with a good deal of attention to their tales, partly from an unquenchable interest in unhealthy souls, and partly from sheer self-complacency and pride. There is nothing more gratifying to human nature than the opportunity of contrasting our own mental and spiritual soundness with the disease which cries aloud to us for scrutiny.

If the best diaries known in literature have been written by men, the greater number have been the work of women. Even little girls, as we have seen, have taken kindly enough to the daily task of translating themselves into pages of pen and ink; but little boys have been wont to consider this a lamentable waste of time. It is true we have such painful and precocious records as that of young Nathaniel Mather, who happily died before reaching manhood, but not before he had scaled the heights of self-esteem and sounded the depths of despair. When a boy, a real human boy, laments and bewails in his journal that he whittled a stick upon the Sabbath Day, "and, for fear of being seen, did it behind the door, — a great reproach of God, and a specimen of that atheism I brought into the world with me," — we recognize the fearful possibilities of untempered sanctimony. Boyhood, thank

Heaven, does not lend itself easily to introspection, and seldom finds leisure for remorse. As a rule, a lad commits himself to a diary, as to any other piece of work, only because it has been forced upon him by the voice of authority. It was the parental mandate, thinly disguised under parental counsel, which started young Dick Doyle on that delightful journal in which spirited sketches alternate with unregenerate adventures and mishaps. He begins it with palpable reluctance the first day of January, 1840; fears modestly that it "will turn out a hash;" hopes he may be "skinned alive by wilcats" if he fails to persevere with it; draws an animated picture of himself in a torn tunic running away from seven of these malignant animals that pursue him over tables and chairs; and finally settles down soberly and cheerfully to work. The entries grow longer and longer, the drawings more and more elaborate, as the diary proceeds. A great deal happened in 1840, and every event is chronicled with fidelity. The queen is married in the beginning of the year; a princess royal is born before its close. "Hurra! Hurra!" cries loyal Dick. Prince Louis Napoleon makes his famous descent upon Boulogne, and Dick sketches him sailing dismally away on a life-buoy. Above all, the young artist scores his first success, and the glory of having one of his drawings actually lithographed and sold is more than he can bear with sobriety. "Just imagine," he writes, "if I was walking coolly along, and came upon the Tournament in a shop window. Oh, cricky! it would be enough to turn me inside out."

He survives this joyous ordeal, however, and toils gayly on until the year is almost up and the appointed task is completed. On the 3d of December a serious-minded uncle invites him to go to Exeter Hall, an entertainment which the other children flatly and wisely decline. What he heard in that abode of dismal oratory we shall never know, for, stopping

abruptly in the middle of a sentence, — "Uncle was going somewhere else first, and had started," — Richard Doyle's diary comes to an untimely end.

And this is the fate of all those personal records which have most deeply interested and charmed us. It is so easy to begin a journal, so difficult to continue it, so impossible to persevere with it to the end. Bacon says that the only time a man finds leisure for such an engrossing occupation is when he is on a sea voyage and naturally has nothing to write about. Perhaps the reason why diaries are ever short-lived may be found in the undue ardor with which they are set a-going. Man is sadly diffuse and lamentably unstable. He ends by saying nothing because he begins by leaving nothing unsaid. "*Le secret d'en nuier est de tout dire.*" Haydon, the painter, it is true, filled twenty-seven volumes with the melancholy record of his high hopes and bitter disappointments; but then he did everything and failed in everything on the same gigantic scale. The early diary of Frances Burney is monumental. Its young writer finds life so full of enjoyment that nothing seems to her too insignificant to be narrated. Long and by no means lively conversations, that must have taken whole hours to write, are minutely and faithfully transcribed. She reads *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and at once sits down and tells us all she thinks about it. Her praise is guarded and somewhat patronizing, as befits the author of *Evelina*. She is sorely scandalized by Dr. Primrose's verdict that murder should be the sole crime punishable by death, and proceeds to show, at great length and with pious indignation, how "this doctrine might be contradicted from the very essence of our religion," — quoting *Exodus* in defense of her orthodoxy. She is charmingly frank and outspoken, and these youthful pages show no trace of that curious, half-conscious pleading with which she strives, in later

days, to make posterity her confidant; to pour into the ears of future partisans like Macaulay her side of the court story, with all its indignities and honors, its hours of painful ennui, its minutes of rapturous delight.

That Macaulay should have worked himself up into a frenzy of indignation over Miss Burney's five years at court is an amusing instance of his unalterable point of view. The sacred and exalted profession of letters had in him its true believer and devotee. That kings and queens and princesses should fail to share this deference, that they should arrogantly assume the privileges of their rank when brought into contact with a successful novelist, was to him an incredible example of barbaric stupidity. The spectacle of Queen Charlotte placidly permitting the authoress of *Cecilia* to assist at the royal toilet filled him with grief and anger. It is but too apparent that no sense of intellectual unworthiness troubled her Majesty for a moment, and this shameless serenity of spirit was more than the great Whig historian could endure. To less ardent minds it would seem that five years of honorable and well-paid service were amply rewarded by a pension for life; and that Miss Burney, however hard-worked and overdriven, must have had long, long hours of leisure in which to write the endless pages of her journal. Indeed, a woman who had time to listen to Fox speaking "with violence" for five hours had time, one would imagine, for anything. Then what delicious excitement to sit blushing and smiling in the royal box, and hear Miss Farren recite these intoxicating lines!

"Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,

Whose every passion yields to nature's laws."

And as if this were not enough, the king, the queen, the royal princesses, all turn their heads and gaze at her for one distracting moment. "To describe my embarrassment," she falters, "would be impossible. I shrunk back, so astonished,

and so ashamed of my public situation, that I was almost ready to take to my heels and run away."

Well, well, the days for such delights are over. We may say what we please about the rewards of modern novel-writing; but what, after all, is the cold praise of reviewers compared with this open glory and exaltation? It is moderately impressive to be told over and over again by Marie Corelli's American publishers that the queen of England thinks *The Soul of Lilith* and *The Sorrows of Satan* are good novels; but this mere announcement, however reassuring, — and it is a point on which we require a good deal of reassurance, — does not thrill us with the enthusiasm we should feel if her Majesty, and the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, and the British public united in a flattering ovation. The incidents which mark the irresistible and unwelcome changes forced upon the world by each successive generation which inhabits it are the incidents we love to read about, and which are generally considered too insignificant for narration. In a single page Addison tells us more concerning the frivolous, idle, half torpid, wholly contented life of an eighteenth-century citizen than we could learn from a dozen histories. His diaries, meant to be purely satiric, have now become instructive. They show us, as in a mirror, the early hours, the scanty ablutions, — "washed hands, but not face," — the comfortable eating and drinking, the refreshing absence of books, the delightful vagueness and uncertainty of foreign news. A man could interest himself for days in the reported strangling of the Grand Vizier, when no intrusive cablegram came speeding over the wires to silence and refute the pleasant voice of rumor.

It is this wholesome and universal love of detail which lends to a voracious diary its indestructible charm. Charlotte Burney has less to tell us than her famous sister; but it is to her, after all, that we

owe our knowledge of Dr. Johnson's worsted wig, — a present, it seems, from Mr. Thrale, and especially valued for its tendency to stay in curl however roughly used. "The doctor generally diverts himself with lying down just after he has got a fresh wig on," writes Charlotte gayly; and this habit, it must be admitted, is death and destruction to less enduring perukes. Swift's *Journal to Stella* — a true diary, though cast in the form of correspondence — not only shows us the playful, tender, and caressing moods of the most savage of English cynics, but also enlightens us amazingly as to his daily habits and economies. We learn from his own pen how he bought his fuel by the half-bushel, and would have been glad to buy it by the pound; how his servant, "that extravagant whelp Peter," insisted on making a fire for him, and necessitated his picking off all the coal before going to bed; how he drank brandy every morning, and took his pill as regularly as Mrs. Pullet every night; and how Stella's mother sent him as gifts "a parcel of wax candles and a bandbox full of small plum-cakes," which plum-cakes — oh, miracle of sound digestion! — he eat instead of bread at breakfast for a fortnight.

Now, the spectacle of Dr. Swift breakfasting serenely and successfully upon plum-cakes is like the spectacle of Mr. Pepys dining with far less inward satisfaction at his cousin's table, where "the venison pasty was palpable beef." The most remarkable diary in the world is rich in the insignificance of its details. It is the sole confidant of a man who, as Mr. Lang admirably says, was his own Boswell, and its ruthless sincerity throws the truth-telling of the great biographer into the shade. Were it not for this strange cipher record, ten years long, the world — or that small portion of it which reads history unabridged — would know Mr. Samuel Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, as an excellent public servant, loyal, capable, and discreet. The bigger,

lazier world, to which he is now a figure so familiar, would never have heard of him at all, thereby losing the most vivid bit of human portraiture ever given for our disedification and delight.

We can understand how Mr. Pepys found time to write his diary when we remember that he was commonly in his office by four o'clock in the morning. We can appreciate its wonderful candor when we realize how safe he thought it from investigation. With the reproaches of his own conscience he was probably familiar, and the crowning cowardice of self-told lies offered no temptation to him. "Why should we seek to be deceived?" asks Bishop Butler, and Mr. Pepys might have answered truthfully that he did n't. The romantic shading, the flimsy and false excuses, with which we are wont to color our inmost thoughts have no place in this extraordinary chronicle. Its writer neither deludes himself, like Bunyan, nor bolsters up his soul, like Rousseau, with swelling and insidious pretenses. It is a true Human Document, full of meanness and kindness, of palpable virtues and substantial misdemeanors. Mr. Pepys is unkind to his wife, yet he loves her. He is selfish and ostentatious, yet he denies himself the coveted glory of a coach and pair to give a marriage portion to his sister. He seeks openly his own profit and gratification, yet he is never without an active interest in the lives and needs of other people. Indeed, so keen and so sensible are his solutions of social problems, or what passed for such in that easy age, that had philanthropy and its rewards been invented in the reign of Charles II. we should doubtless see standing now in London streets a statue of Mr. Samuel Pepys, prison reformer, and founder of benevolent institutions for improving and harrowing the poor.

If the principal interest of this famous diary lies in its unflinching revelation of character, a charm no less enduring may be found in all the daily incidents it narrates. We like to know how a citizen

of London lived two hundred years ago : what clothes he wore, what food he ate, what books he read, what plays he heard, what work and pleasure filled his waking hours. And I would gently suggest to those who hunger and thirst after the glories of the printed page that if they will only consent to write for posterity, — not as the poets say they do, and do not, but as the diarist really and truly does, — posterity will take them to its heart and cherish them. They may have nothing to say which anybody wants to listen to now ; but let them jot down truthfully the petty occurrences, the pleasant details of town or country life, and, as surely as the world lasts, they will one day have a hearing. We live in a strange period of transitions. Never before has the old order changed as rapidly as it is changing now. O writers of dull verse and duller prose, quit the well-worked field of fiction, the arid waste of sonnets and sad poems, and chronicle in little leather-covered books the incidents which tell their wondrous tale of resistless and inevitable change. Write of electric motors, of bicycles, of peace societies, of hospitals for pussy cats, of women's clubs and colleges, of the price of food and house rent, of hotel bills, of new fashions in dress and furniture, of gay dinners, of extension lectures, of municipal corruption and reform, of robberies unpunished, of murders unavenged. These things do not interest us profoundly now, being part of our daily surroundings ; but the generations that are to come will read of them with mingled envy and derision : envy because we have done so little, derision because we think that we have done so much.

If, then, it is as natural for mankind to peer into the past as to speculate upon the future, where shall we find such windows for our observation as in the diaries which show us day by day the shifting current of what once was life ? We can learn from histories all we want to know about the great fire of London, but to realize

just how people felt and behaved in that terrible emergency we should watch the alert and alarmed Mr. Pepys burying not only his money and plate, but his wine and Parmesan cheese. We have been taught at school much more than we ever wanted to know about Cromwell and the Protectorate and Puritan England ; yet to breathe again that dismal and decorous air we must go to church with John Evelyn, and see, instead of the expected rector, a sour-faced tradesman mount the pulpit, and preach for an hour on the inspiring text, "And Benaiah . . . went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." The pious and accomplished Mr. Evelyn does not fancy this strange innovation. Like other conservative English gentlemen, he has little leaning to "novices and novelties" in the house of God ; and he is even less pleased when all the churches are closed on Christmas Day, and a Puritan magistrate speaks, in his hearing, "spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity." His horror at King Charles's execution is never mitigated by any of the successive changes that followed that dark deed. He is repelled in turn by the tyranny of Cromwell, the dissoluteness of Charles II., the Catholicity of James, and the heartlessness of Queen Mary, "who came to Whitehall jolly and laughing as to a wedding," without even a decent pretense of pity for her exiled father. He firmly believes in witchcraft, — as did many other learned and pious men, — and he persists in upsetting all our notions of galley slaves and the tragic horror of their lot by affirming the miserable creatures at Marseilles to be "cheerful and full of knavery," and hardly ever without some trifling occupation at which they toiled in free moments, and by which they made a little money for the luxuries and comforts that they craved.

In fact, an air of sincere and inevitable truthfulness robs John Evelyn's diary of all that is romantic and sentimental. We see in it the life of a highly cultivated

and deeply religious man, whose fate it was to witness all those tremendous and sovereign changes which swept over England like successive tidal waves between the execution of the Earl of Strafford and the accession of Queen Anne. Sharp strife; the bitter contention of creeds; England's one plunge into republicanism, and her abrupt withdrawal from its grim embraces; the plague; the great fire, with "ten thousand houses all in one flame;" the depth of national corruption under the last Stuarts; the obnoxious and unpalatable remedy administered by the house of Orange; the dawning of fresh prosperity and of a new literature, — all these things Mr. Evelyn saw, and noted with many comments in his diary. And from all we turn with something like relief to read about the fire-eater, Richardson, who delighted London by cooking an oyster on a red-hot coal in his mouth, or drinking molten glass as though it had been ale, and who would have made the fortune of any modern museum. Or perhaps we pause to pity the sorrows of landlords, always an ill-used and persecuted race; for Sayes Court, the home of the Evelyns, with its famous old trees and beautiful gardens, was rented for several years to Admiral Benbow, who sublet it in the summer of 1698 to Peter the Great, and the royal tenant so trampled down and destroyed the flower-beds that no vestige of their loveliness survived his ruthless tenancy. The Tsar, like Queen Elizabeth, was magnificent when viewed from a distance, but a most disturbing element to introduce beneath a subject's humble roof.

If Defoe, that master of narrative, had written fewer political and religious tracts, and had kept a journal of his eventful career, what welcome and admirable reading it would have made! If Lord Hervey had been content to tell us less about government measures, and more about court and country life, his thick volumes would now be the solace of many an idle hour. So keen a wit,

so powerful and graphic a touch, have never been wasted upon matters of evanescent interest. History always holds its share of the world's attention. The charm of personal gossip has never been known to fail. But political issues, once dead, make dull reading for all but students of political economy; and they, browsing by choice amid arid pastures, scorn nothing so much as the recreative. Yet Lord Hervey's epigrammatic definition of the two great parties, patriots and courtiers, as "Whigs out of place and Whigs in place," shows how vital and long-lived is humor; and the trenchant cynicism of his unkind pleasantries is more easily disparaged than forgotten.

On the other hand, we can never be sufficiently grateful that Gouverneur Morris, instead of writing industrious pamphlets on the causes that led to the French Revolution, has left us his delightful diary, with its vivid picture of social life and of the great storm-cloud darkening over France. In his pages we can breathe freely, unchoked by that lurid and sulphuric atmosphere so popular with historians and novelists rehearsing "on the safe side of prophecy." His courage is of the unsentimental order, his perceptions are pitiless, his common sense is invulnerable. He has the purest contempt for the effusive oath-taking of July 14, the purest detestation for the crimes and cruelties that followed. He persistently treads the earth, and is in no way dazzled by the mad flights into ether which were so hopelessly characteristic of the time. Not even Sir Walter Scott — a man as unlike Morris as day is unlike night — could be more absolutely free from the unwholesome influences which threatened the sanity of the world, and of Scott's journal it is difficult to speak with self-possession. Our thanks are due primarily to Lord Byron, whose *Ravena* diary first started Sir Walter on this daily task, — a task which grew heavier when the sad years came, but which shows us now, as no word from other

lips or other pen could ever show us, the splendid courage, the boundless charity, the simple unconscious goodness of the man whom we may approach closer and closer, and only love and reverence the more. Were it not for this journal, we should never have known Scott, — never have known how sad he was sometimes, how tired, how discouraged, how clearly aware of his own fast-failing powers. We should never have valued at its real worth his unquenchable gayety of heart, his broad, genial, reasonable outlook on the world. His letters, even in the midst of trouble, are always cheerful, as the letters of a brave man should be. His diary alone tells us how much he suffered at the downfall of hopes and ambitions that had grown deeper and stronger with every year of life. "I feel my dogs' feet on my knees, I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere," he writes pathetically, when the thought of Abbotsford closed and desolate seems more than he can bear; and then, obedient to those unselfish instincts which had always ruled his nature, he adds with nobler sorrow, "Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! This will be news to wring your hearts and many an honest fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread."

Of all the journals bequeathed to the world, and which the wise world has guarded with jealous care, Sir Walter's makes the strongest appeal to honest human nature, which never goes so far afield in its search after strange gods as to lose its love for what is simply and sanely good. We hear a great deal about the nobler standards of modernity, and about virtues so fine and rare that our grandfathers knew them not; but courage and gayety, a pure mind and a kind heart, still give us the assurance of a man. The pleasant duty of admonishing the rich, the holy joy of preaching a crusade against other people's pleasures, are daily gaining favor with the elect; but to the unregenerate there is a whole-

some flavor in cheerful enjoyment no less than in open-handed generosity. The one real drawback to a voracious diary is that — life being but a cloudy thing at best — the pages which tell the story make often melancholy reading. Mr. Pepys has, perhaps, the lightest heart of the fraternity, and we cannot help feeling now and then that a little more regret on his part would not be wholly unbecoming. However, his was not a day when people moped in corners over their own or their neighbors' shortcomings; and there is no more curious contrast offered by the wide world of bookland than the life reflected so faithfully in Pepys's diary and in the sombre journal of Judge Sewall. New England is as visible in the one book as is Old England in the other, — New England under the bleak sky of an austere, inexorable, uncompromising Puritanism which dominated every incident of life. If Mr. Pepys went to see a man hanged at Tyburn, the occasion was one of some jollity, alike for crowd and for criminal; an open-air entertainment, in which the leading actor was recompensed in some measure for the severity of his part by the excitement and admiration he aroused. But when Judge Sewall attended the execution of James Morgan, the unfortunate prisoner was first carried into church and prayed over lengthily by Cotton Mather for the edification of the congregation, who came in such numbers and pressed in such unruly fashion around the pulpit that a riot took place within the holy walls, and Morgan was near dying of suffocation in the duldest possible manner without the gallows-tree.

It is not of hangings only and such direful solemnities that we read in Sewall's diary. Every ordinary duty — I cannot say pastime — of life is faithfully portrayed. We know the faults — sins they were considered — of his fourteen children; how they played at prayer-time and began their meals before grace was said, and were duly whipped for

such transgressions. We know how the judge went courting when past middle age; how he gave the elderly Mrs. Winthrop China oranges, sugared almonds, and "gingerbread wrapped in a clean sheet of paper," and how he ingratiated himself into her esteem by hearing her grandchildren recite their catechism. He has a businesslike method of putting down the precise cost of the gifts he offered during the progress of his various wooings; for, in his own serious fashion, this gray-headed Puritan was one of the most amorous of men. A pair of shoe-buckles presented to one fair widow came to no less than five shillings threepence; and "Dr. Mather's sermons, neatly bound," was a still more extravagant *cadeau*. He was also a mighty expounder of the Scriptures, and prayed and wrestled with the sick until they were fain to implore him to desist. There is one pathetic history of a dying neighbor to whose bedside he hastened with two other austere friends, and who was so sorely harried by their prolonged exhortations that, with his last breath, he sobbed out, "Let me alone! my spirits are gone!" — to the terrible distress and scandal of his wife.

On the whole, Judge Sewall's diary is not cheerful reading; but the grayness of its atmosphere is mainly due to the unlovely aspect of colonial life, to the rigors of an inclement climate not yet subdued by the forces of a luxurious civilization, and by a too constant consideration of the probabilities of being eternally damned. There is nowhere in its sedate and troubled pages that piercing sadness, that cry of enigmatic, inexplicable pain which shakes the very centre of our souls when we read the beautiful, short journal of Maurice de Guérin. These few pages, written with no definite purpose by a young man whose life was uneventful and whose genius never flowered into maturity, have a positive as well as a relative value. They are not merely interesting for what

they have to tell; they are admirable for the manner of the telling, and the world of letters would be distinctly poorer for their loss. Eugénie de Guérin's journal is charming, but its merits are of a different order. No finer, truer picture than hers has ever been given us of that strange, simple, patriarchal life which we can so little understand, a life full of delicate thinking and homely household duties. At Le Cayla, the lonely Languedoc château, where "one could pass days without seeing any living thing but the sheep, without hearing any living thing but the birds," the young Frenchwoman found in her diary companionship and mental stimulus, a link to bind her day by day to her absent brother for whom she wrote, and a weapon with which to fight the unconquerable disquiet of her heart. Her finely balanced nature, which resisted sorrow and ennui to the end, forced her to adopt that precision of phrase which is the triumph of French prose. There is a tender grace in her descriptions, a restraint in her sweet, sudden confidences, a wistfulness in her joy, and always a nobility of thought which make even her gentleness seem austere.

But Maurice de Guérin had in him a power of enjoyment and of suffering which filled his life with profound emotions, and these emotions break like waves at our feet when we read the brief pages of his diary. There is the record of a single day at Le Val, so brimming with blessedness and beauty that it illustrates the lasting nature of pure earthly happiness; for such days are counted out like fairy gold, and we are richer all our lives for having grasped them once. There are passages of power and subtlety which show that nature took to her heart this trembling seeker after felicity, cast from him the chains of care and thought, and bade him taste for one keen hour "the noble voluptuousness of freedom." Then, breaking swiftly in amid vain dreams of joy, comes the

bitter moment of awakening, and the sad voice of humanity sounds wailing in his ears.

"My God, how I suffer from life! Not from its accidents, — a little philosophy suffices for them, — but from itself, from its substance, from all its phenomena."

And ever wearing away his heart is the restlessness of a nature which craved beauty for its daily food, which longed passionately for whatever was fairest in the world, for the lands and the seas he was destined never to behold. Eugénie, in her solitude at Le Cayla, trained herself to echo with gentle stoicism the words of A Kempis: "What canst thou see anywhere that thou seest not here? Behold the heavens and the earth and all the elements! For out of these are all things made." Her horizon was bounded by the walls of home. She worked, she prayed, she read her few

books, she taught the peasant children the little it behooved them to know; she played with the gray cat, and with the three dogs, Lion, Wolf, and little Trilby, whom she loved best of all, and from whom, rather than from a stupid fairy-tale, it may be that Du Maurier stole his heroine's name. She won peace, if not contentment, by the fulfillment of near duties; but in her brother the unquenchable desire of travel burned like a smouldering fire. In dreams he wandered far amid ancient and sunlit lands whose mighty monuments are part of the mysterious legends of humanity. "The road of the wayfarer is a joyous one!" he cries. "Ah! who shall set me adrift upon the Nile!" And with these words the journal of Maurice de Guérin comes to a sudden end. A river deeper than the Nile was opening before his passionate, tired young eyes. Remoter lands than Egypt lay before his feet.

Agnes Repplier.

THE JUGGLER.

IX.

TUBAL CAIN SIMS had long harbored the theory that the juggler's unexplained and lingering stay in Etowah Cove betokened that he sought immunity here from the consequences of crime, and that he was a fugitive from justice. In no other way could he interpret those strange words, "for his life! — his life! — his life!" cried out from troubled dreams in the silence of the dark midnight, — so frequent once, and now so very rare. He had sought to enlist the antagonism and prejudice of the lime-burners, for he would fain rid his house of this ill-flavored association; but of late their ardor had flagged inexplicably. Only Peter Knowles seemed to abide by their earlier impression, but Peter Knowles was now

absorbed heart and soul in burning lime, as the time for its use was drawing near. Sims began to understand their lukewarmness when he noted the interest of the young man in his beautiful daughter: they deemed him now merely a lover. This discovery had come but lately to Sims, for he was of a slow and plodding intelligence, and hard upon it followed the revelations he had overheard through the open door the previous night. It was an occasion for haste. While he loitered, this stranger, encouraged by the vicarious coquetry of Jane Ann Sims, might marry Euphemia; and when he was haled to the bar of justice for his crimes, the Cove would probably perceive in the dispensation only a judgment upon the old couple for having made an idol of their own flesh and blood.

He realized, as many another man has done, that in extreme crises, involving risk, quondam friendships are but as broken reeds, and he was leaning stoutly only upon his own fealty to his own best interests, as he jogged along on his old brown mare, with her frisky colt at her heels, down the red clay roads of cove after cove, and through rugged mountain passes into still other coves, on his way to Colbury, the county town. His heart burned hot within him against Jane Ann Sims when he recalled her advice to the man to say nothing to him, the head of the house and the father of the girl! She'd settle *him*! Would she, indeed? And he relished with a grim zest, as a sort of reparation, the fright she had suffered at the bare possibility of an elopement. Then this recollection, reacting on his own heart, set it all a-plunging, as he toiled on wearily in the hot sun, lest this disaster might chance during his absence, and he found himself leaning appealingly, forlornly, on the honor of the very man whom his mission was to ruin if he could. It was he who had refused to dispense with the father's consent could it be obtained, and only the perfidious Jane Ann Sims had counseled otherwise; he who had taken note of hospitality and courtesy, — much of which, in truth, had been mere seeming. More than once it almost gave Sims pause to reflect to whom he was indebted for any show of consideration. He had, however, but one daughter. This plea, he felt, might serve to excuse unfounded suspicion, and make righteous a breach of hospitality, and justify cruelty. "One darter!" he often said to himself as he went along, all unaware that if he had had six his cares, his solicitude, his paternal affection, would have been meted out sixfold, so elastic is the heart to the strain upon its resources.

For this cause, despite his softened judgment toward the juggler, he did not flinch when he reached Colbury, and made his way across the "Square," where

every eye seemed fixed upon him, as if attributing to him some nefarious designs on the liberty of an innocent man. But the town folks of Colbury were far too sophisticated in their own esteem to accord the slightest note to an old codger from the mountains, — a region as remote to the majority, save now and then for a glimpse of an awe-stricken visitor from the backwoods, as the mythical land of Atlantis. For such explorations into the world at large as the ambitious citizens of Colbury adventured led them not into the scorned rural wilds known to them comprehensively as "'way up in the Cove."

Tubal Cain Sims had been here but twice before: once when there was a political rally early after the war, and later as a witness for the defense in a case of murder. The crowded, confused, jostling political experience still thronged unintelligibly the retina of his mind's eye, but order and quiet distinguished the glimpse vouchsafed him of the workings of justice. He had evolved a great respect for judicial methods, and he felt something like a glow of pride to see the brick court-house still standing so spacious and stately, as it seemed to him, within its inclosures, the surrounding grass green and new, and the oak boughs clustering above the columns of the porch. He was not aware how long he stood and gazed at it, his eye alight, his cheek flushed. If the question had been raised, he would have known at once that the Juggernaut car of justice had held steadily on its inexorable way through all the years that had since intervened, and that his individual lack of a use for it had not banished it from the earth; but Tubal Cain was not a man of speculation, and it smote him with a sort of gratified surprise to see the court-house on its stanch stone foundations as it was in the days when he and it conserved so intimate a relation. There were two or three lawyers on the steps or passing in at the gate, but he eyed the crafty tribe askance. The

value which he placed on counsel was such confidence as he might repose in a shooting-iron with a muzzle at both ends, — as liable to go off in one direction as in the other; and thus it was that, with a hitch of the reins, he reminded himself anew of his errand, and took his way down the declivity of a straggling little street, where presently the houses grew few and small, dwindling first to shabby tumble-down old cottages, then to sundry dilapidated blacksmith shops, beyond which stretched a rocky untenanted space, as if all habitation shrunk from neighboring the little jail which stood alone between the outer confines of the town and the creek.

Here also he came to a halt, looking at the surly building with recognizing eyes. And to it too these years had not been vacant. All the time of his absence, in the far-away liberties of the mountains, with the unshackled wind and the free clouds and the spontaneous growths of the earth out of its own untrammelled impulse, this grim place had been making its record of constraints, and captives, and limits, and locks, and longing bursting hearts, and baffled denied eyes, and yearning covetings of freedom, the bitterness of which perhaps no free creature can know. Surely, surely, these darkening elements of the moral atmosphere turned the bricks to their dingy hue. The barred windows gave on vague black interiors. A cloud was in the air above, with now and then a mutter of thunder, and the sullen jail lay in a shadow, and the water ran black in the green-fringed creek at the foot of the hill, while behind him at its summit, where the street intersected the open square, the sunlight fell in such golden suffusions that a clay-bank horse with his rider motionless against the blue sky beyond might have seemed an equestrian statue in bronze commemorating the valiance of some bold cavalry leader. Tubal Cain wondered to see the jail so still and solitary; and where could be the man whom he had pictured

sitting in all the luxury of possession on the front doorsteps, smoking his pipe?

This man of his imagination was the sheriff of the county, who did not avail himself of his privilege to appoint a jailer, but turned the keys himself and dwelt in his stronghold. He was of an over-exacting cast of mind. He could never believe a prisoner secure unless with his own hands he had drawn the bolts. On account of the great vogue attained by various crimes at this period, and the consequent overcrowding of the dungeons of the State, a considerable number of federal prisoners had been billeted on the Kildeer County jail while awaiting trial, and by reason of this important charge his vigilance was redoubled. In all the details of his office he carried the traits of a precisian, and was in some sort a thorn in the side of the more easy-going county officers with whom his official duties brought him into contact. Even the judge in his high estate on the bench was now and again nettled by the difficult questions of punctilio with which this servant of the court could contrive to invest some trifling matter, and was known to incline favorably to the salutary theory of rotation in office, — barring, of course, the judicial office. But the sheriff had three minie balls in him which he had collected on various battlefields in the South; and although he had fought on a side not altogether popular in this region, they counted for him at the polls in successive elections, without the formalities of statutory qualifications and with a wondrous power of reduplication in the number of resulting votes. He was reputed of an extraordinary valor on those hard-contested fields where he had found his bullets, but there were advanced occasionally caviling criticisms of his record on the score that, being incapable of originating a course of action, it never occurred to him to run away when his command was ordered to advance, and that his bravery was simply the fixed stolidity of adhering to another man's

idea in default of any ideas of his own. In proof of this it was cited that when he was detailed among a file to hold a gin-house full of cotton, and the enemy surprised the guard and captured the building, he alone stood like a stock with his rifle still at a serene shoulder arms, where it was ordered to be, while his comrades undertook a deploying evolution of their own invention at a mad double-quick, without a word of command, showing the cleanest of nimble heels across the country. But he was esteemed by these depreciators a lucky fool, for when he was exchanged he was given the right to wear a chevron on his sleeve; and since the war, having an affinity for the office of sheriff, he had more than once been obliged to decline to make the race, and lie off a term or two, because of the law which will not permit the office to be held by the same person eight years without an interval. His fad for being in the direct line of the enemy's fire had only given him some painful hospital experience, for the balls had come to stay; and apparently the hard metal of his constitution served to assimilate them easily enough, for he was hale and hearty, and bade fair to live to a green old age, and they never made themselves heard of save at election times, when in effect they stuffed the ballot-box.

Having voted for him so often, and with that immense estimate of the value of a single ballot common to the backwoodsman little conversant with the power of numbers, Tubal Cain Sims felt a possessory claim on the sheriff as having made him such. He stood in dismay and doubt for a moment, gazing at the stout closed door that opened, when it opened at all, directly on the descending flight of steps, without any ceremonial porch or other introduction to entrance; then, after the manner of Etowah Cove, he lifted up his voice in a stentorian halloo and hailed the grim and silent house.

The sound seemed a spell to waken it into life. The echo of his shouts came

back from the brick walls so promptly as to simulate two imperative voices rather than the mimicry of acoustics. Sudden pale faces showed at the bars, wearing the inquiring startled mien of alarm and surprise. The rattle of a chain heralded the approach of a great guard-dog dragging a block from around the corner. With his big bull-like head lowered and his fangs showing between his elastic lips, he stood fiercely surveying the stranger for a short time; then — and Tubal Cain Sims could have more readily forgiven a frantic assault, for he had his pistol in his hand — the sagacious brute sat down abruptly, and continued to contemplate the visitor, but with a certain air of non-committal curiosity, evidently realizing that his vocation was not to deter people from getting into jail, but to prevent them from getting out. The pallid faces at the windows were laughing, despite the bars; and although nettled by the ridicule they expressed, Tubal Sims made bold to lift up his voice again: "Hello, Enott! Enott Blake! Lemme in! Lemme in, I say! Hello, Enott!"

The faces of the spectators were distended anew. At those windows where there was more than one, they were turned toward each other for the luxury of an exchange of winks and leers. When a face was alone it grinned jocular satisfaction to itself, and one man, whose face was large and red and facetious, now and again showed a lifted hand smiting an unseen leg, in the extremity of solitary joy. The dog, with his big head still and his drooping lips a-quiver, gave a surly growl of displeasure, when the colt, having somewhat recovered from the fatigues of its long journey, began to frisk nimbly, and to curvet and caracole; the mare turned her head anxiously about as she watched these gyrations. Tubal Cain glared at the men at the windows. They had little to laugh at, doubtless, but why should they so gratuitously laugh at him? A tide of abashed mortification carried

the blood to his head. His stanch self-respect had heretofore precluded the suspicion that he was ever the object of ridicule, and now his pride revolted at his plight; but since he could not get at his mockers and inflict condign punishment, naught remained but to manfully persist in his course as if they were not. He dismounted, threw the reins over a hitching-post, advanced through the gate of the narrow yard, his pistol in his hand for fear of the formidable dog, and ascended the steps with a resolute tread. He dealt the door a resounding blow with the butt end of his shooting-iron, crying as he did so upon Enott Blake as a "dad-burned buzzard" to open the door or he would break it down. Suddenly it gave way before him, and by the force of his expectant blow he fell forward into the hall; then it closed behind him with a bang that shook the house.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed an irate voice. "Jeemes, take his weepoon."

And albeit Tubal Sims stoutly held on to it, a scientific crack on the knuckles administered by a dapper light-haired young man caused the stiff old fingers to relax and yield the pistol to the custody of the law.

He confronted a tall, spare, vigorous man about fifty years of age, with iron-gray hair worn with a certain straight lank effect and parted far on the side, a florid complexion, and a bright yellowish-gray eye which delivered the kind of glance popularly held to resemble an eagle's. His look was very intent as he gazed in the twilight of the grimy hall at Tubal Cain Sims, who, began to feel a quiver at the lack of recognition it expressed. To be sure, Tubal Sims knew that he had no acquaintance with the man, but he had not somehow counted on this total unresponsiveness to his claim upon the officer.

"I hev voted fur you-uns fur sher'ff nine time out'n ten," he said, with the rancor of reproach for benefits conferred unworthily.

He stood with a very large majority of the enlightened citizens of the county. Enott Blake had been but recently re-elected, but if his canvass were to be made anew it is barely possible that he would have fancied he might have weathered it without the support of this ancient adherent. His office was of the sort which is not compatible with any show of personal favor, and he resented the reminder of political services as an imputation.

"Well, ye have got a sheriff that knows what attempted house-breaking is," he said severely. "And unless ye can show a good reason for tryin' to break into that door, ye 'll find ye have got a sheriff that will take a power o' pains ye don't break out again soon."

Tubal Cain's face, all wind-blown and red with the sun, and rugged with hard grooved wrinkles, and nervous with the untoward complications of achieving an audience with the man he had ridden so far to see, was shattered from the congruity of his gravity into a sort of fragmentary laughter out of keeping with the light of anxiety in his eyes.

"Did ye ever hear of a man tryin' ter break inter a jail?" he demanded.

"I caught you doin' it to the best of your ability," returned the literal-minded sheriff.

Tubal Cain would have felt as if he were dreaming had it not been for sundry recollections of stories of the matter-of-fact tendencies of the officer which were far from reassuring. He felt that he could hardly have faced the situation had not the dapper round-visaged young deputy, whose blond hair curled like a baby's in tendrils on his red, freckled forehead, glanced up at him with a jocosely wink as he proceeded to draw the cartridges from the mountaineer's shooting-iron; the triumph of capture still in his eye, while he lounged carelessly over the banisters of the staircase to evade the responsibility and labor of standing upright.

"Own up, daddy," he cavalierly ad-

monished the elder. "Tell what you were aimin' to do. To rescue prisoners" — his superior snorted at the very word — "or rob us of our vally'bles?" The sheriff turned upon the deputy with a stare of inquiry as if wondering what these might be; then, vaguely apprehending the banter, said severely: —

"Cuttin' jokes about your bizness, Jeemes, so constant, makes me 'feard it's a leetle bit too confinin' for such a gay bird as you. Bar-keepin' in a saloon would fit your build better 'n the sort o' bar-keepin' we do here, I'm thinkin'."

Enott Blake might be laughed at on occasion, but he had a trick of making other men as serious as himself when he sought to play upon their foibles. The blond deputy's countenance showed that it had another and deeper tinge of red in its capacity; he came to the perpendicular suddenly as, without lifting his eyes, he continued to revolve the chambers of the pistol seriatim and to draw the cartridges. He was but newly appointed, and zealous of the favor of his superior.

"I dunno how I could bear up, though," he said, with apology in the cadence of his voice, "if I did n't crack a joke wunst in a while, considering I'm just broke into harness."

"That's a fact," admitted the martial elder, visibly and solemnly placated. "Do you know what we were doin' while you yelled, an' capered, an' cut up them monkey-shines in front of the jail?" he demanded sternly, turning to Tubal Cain Sims. "We were cuttin' a man down that tried to hang himself."

"Suicidin'," put in the deputy, as if making a nice distinction between this voluntary suspension and the legal execution.

"An' we were bringin' the man to himself agin."

"He's crazy, crazy as a loon," interpolated the deputy in a mutter, pulling the trigger and snapping the hammer of the empty weapon, and sighting it unpleasantly down the hall, aiming alternately

at the sheriff and at Tubal Cain Sims, who could scarcely repress an admonition, but for awe's sake desisted.

"Or more likely, simulatin' insanity," said the sheriff; "it's plumb epidemic nowadays 'mongst the crim'nals."

"Well, he come mighty nigh lightin' out for a country where no vain pretenses avail," remarked the loquacious deputy, one eye closed, and drawing a very fine line from the bridge of old Sims's nose with the empty pistol.

"This is a country where they don't avail, either," retorted the sheriff, "not with any reasonable jury. And twelve men, though liable to be fools, ain't fools o' the same pattern. That's the main thing: impanel a variety o' fools, an' the verdict is generally horse sense. Now, sir," turning on Tubal Cain Sims, who could feel his hat rising up on his hair, "what do you want, anyhow?"

"Ter git out, — that's all; ter git out o' hyar!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, sickened with a ghastly horror of the presentment of the scene they had left, the walls that harbored it, the roof that sheltered it. Oh for the free pure mountain air, the wild untrodden lengths of the mountain wilderness, fresh with the sun and the dew, and the vigor of natural growths, and the sweet scent of woodland ways! He was suffocated with a moment of this atmosphere; the deadly prison flavor appalled him. As he cast up his eyes to the high window above the staircase he could have cried out aloud to see the bars, and he gazed at the door in a desperation that started the drops on his brow and brought the blood to his face, as if the intensity of his emotion had been some strong physical effort.

"What did you get in here for, then?" demanded the sheriff. "Most folks have to be fetched."

Tubal Cain Sims's heart failed him. Could it be possible that he had ever designed a fate like this for the man who had slept under his roof; who had eaten his bread; who had refused to maintain

secrecy against him ; who considered him and his claims, when his own, his very own, passed them by ? He could not realize it. He refused to credit his cherished scheme ; he felt that if once away from the paralyzing sight of the place, invention would rouse itself anew. Some other device would serve to rid the Cove of the man, and to frustrate his elopement with Euphemia. He could compass a new plan, he was sure, if once more he were free in the clear and open air.

The eagle eye of the sheriff marked the alert turning of Sims's head toward the door. "What did you come here for, then ?" he again demanded.

With hot eyes glancing hither and thither like a wild thing's in a trap, Tubal Sims replied, with the inspiration of the moment, "I wanted ter view the man I hev voted fur so often an' so constant."

Now, the sheriff, like many other great men in their several places, had his vanity, and it is not hard to convince one who has been before the public eye that he fills that orb to the exclusion of any less worthy object. That Tubal Cain Sims should have journeyed fully thirty-five miles from the mountains to feast his eyes upon the resplendent dignity of the sheriff in his oft-resumed incumbency seemed possibly no disproportionate tribute to Enott Blake's estimate of his own merits. But this view, however flattering, was hardly compatible with the lordly manner in which the old mountaineer had beaten upon the door of the jail, and the imperative tones with which he had summoned forth the servant of the public who owed his high estate to the suffrages of him aided by the likes of him. A wonderful change is wrought in the moral atmosphere of a man by the event of an election. The candidate's estate is vested by the announcement of the result. He owns his office for the time, and he breathes a free man. It is interesting to see how the muscles of his metaphorical knees straighten out, for the day

of genuflection is over. Independence is reasserted in his eye ; he bears himself as one who conquers by the prowess of his own bow and spear ; and men whom he would fain conciliate last week need to search his eye for an expression they can recognize. They will be treated no more to that mollifying demonstration, the candidate's smile.

The defeated aspirant's once bland countenance, however, has assumed all the contours of the cynic's. A bitter sort of nonchalance with a frequent forced laugh goes better combined with peanuts, if the place is not too high in the official scale and the candidate of no great social pretensions, since the hulls can be cast off with a flouting gesture which aids the general implication that the constituency may appropriately go hang, for all he cares. He is not hurt, — not he ! He made the race to oblige his friends and party, and he now and again throws out intimations of a bigger piece of pie saving for him as a reward for filling the breach. Meantime peanuts perforce suffice.

Enott Blake, through much placeholding, had become imbued with the candidate's antagonism to that assumption of all the power residing in the voting masses common to the arrogant but impotent unit. He was never elected by any one man, nor through any definitely exerted political influence. He served the people, and incidentally his own interest, and mighty glad they ought to be to get him, and this was what he felt especially after elections. If ever in the course of a canvass he had a qualm, — and it is said that the least imaginative of men are capable of nightmare, — he had the satisfaction of calling himself a fool thereafter, to think less of himself than people thought of him, and counting endearingly his minie balls. He was a rare instance of a great personal popularity, and he had no mind to abate his pretensions before the preposterous patronage of this old mountaineer who possibly had not paid poll-tax for twenty

years. He could no more be said to possess an enlightened curiosity than the hound trained to trail game could be accredited with an inquisitive interest in the natural history of the subject of his quest. It was with the like rudimentary instinct of the pursuit of prey that he felt stirring a predatory intention to wring from the intruder the real reason for this strange entrance.

"No, no, my friend," he said, with a kindling of his keen eye which expressed a degree of ferocity, "you can't come it that-a-way on me. I'm a mighty fine man, I know, but folks ain't got to seeh a pass as to break into jail for a glimpse of me yet. You don't get out of that door" — he nodded his head at it — "till you give me a reasonable reason for your extraordinary conduct."

Tubal Cain Sims was silent. His hard old lips suddenly shut fast. His eyes gleamed with a dogged light. He would not speak had he no will to speak, and the officer should see which could hold out the longest at this game. He remembered how often he had hearkened to the complaints of the preternatural quality of his obstinacy with which Jane Ann Sims had beguiled the conjugal way since, a quarter of a century ago, they had left the doorstep of Parson Greenought's house man and wife. Surely, if it had time and again vanquished Jane Ann Sims, how could the sheriff, a mere man, abide it? He had not, however, reckoned on certain means of compulsion which were not within the power of the doughty contestant for domestic supremacy.

There was no visible communication between the older officer and the deputy. Indeed, Tubal Sims was at first disposed to look upon it lightly, as the invention of youth and inexperience, when the young man said appealingly, "Ye won't need handcuffs, Mr. Blake? Leastwise not till after we come from the justice's?"

"Handcuffs!" screeched Tubal Sims,

as violently cast out from the stronghold of his obstinate silence as if he had been hurtled thence by a catapult. "Ye hev got no right to handcuff me! I kem hyar of my own free will an' accord. I ain't no prisoner. Open that thar door," he said, lowering his voice to a tone of command and turning majestically to the sheriff. "Open that door, or I'll hev the law of ye."

"Not till I have had the law of you," replied the imperturbable functionary. "But, Jeemes," — he turned with a disaffected aside to his young colleague, — "what d' ye go namin' irons for? 'T ain't polite to talk 'bout ironin' a man old enough to be your father."

James looked about in a vague despair. He had but sought the effect of the mention of shackles upon the imagination, and indeed his words had potentially affected the fancy of the only man in the room who possessed that illusive pictorial faculty. The stanch old mountaineer was all a-tremble. What would Jane Ann Sims think of this? He might have known that this journeying abroad in secret and without her advice would result disastrously! What indeed would Jane Ann Sims think of this?

"Open that door!" he vociferated. "Ye hev got no right ter detain Me!"

"What for not?" demanded the sheriff sternly. "What d' ye call this fix'n'?" He opposed to Tubal Cain Sims's nose, with the trifling intervenient space of an inch, his own pistol.

"Shootin' - iron!" sputtered Tubal, squinting fearfully at it.

"Worn in defiance o' the law and to the terror o' the people," said the sheriff frowningly. "I have got to be indicted myself or arrest you on that charge. And I reckon you know you ain't got no right to carry concealed weepens."

"Ain't got no right ter w'ar a shootin'-iron!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Agin the law," said the deputy airily.

"Agin the law!" echoed Tubal Sims, his back against the wall, and his eyes turning first to one, then to the other of his companions. "Lord! Lord! I never knowed afore how fur the flat-woods war ahint the mountings! How air ye goin' ter pertec' yerself agin yer neighbor 'thout no shootin'-iron?" he asked cogently.

"By the law," said both officers in unison.

"Thar ain't no law in the mountings, thank Gawd!" cried Tubal Sims.

"There is law here," declared the sheriff, "and a plenty of it to go round."

"Thank Gawd!" echoed the pious deputy.

"Come, old man!" said the sheriff. "Come in here an' set down, an' sorter straighten out, an' tell me what in hell ailed ye to come bangin' on the jail door with a weepon called a shootin'-iron till you git yourself arrested for crim'nal offense. Surely, surely, you have got *some* reason in you."

He flung open a door close at hand, and Tubal Cain Sims, his knees trembling under him, so great was the nervous reaction in his metamorphosis from the masterful accuser to the despairing accused, was ushered into a room which seemed to him dark despite the glare of sunlight that fell broadside half across the bare floor from two tall windows, — a gaunt and haggard apartment suggestive of the intention of the building of which it was a part. These windows were not grated, but the fleckings of moving clouds barred the sunlight on the floor, and the mutter of thunder came renewed to the ear. The dust lay thick on the table in the centre of the room. A lounge covered with a startlingly gay quilt was in one corner, where Tubal Cain presumed the sheriff, in moments of fatigue which might be supposed to overpower even his stiff military figure in the deep midnight, slept with one eye open. A desk in the jamb by the fireplace held several bulky books, a large inkstand, a bag of fine-cut

tobacco, a coarse glass tumbler which had nothing in it but a rank smell of a strong grade of corn whiskey, and a pipe half full of dead ashes, which the sheriff had hastily laid aside when summoned to the scene of the horrors perpetrated by a forlorn human being in the desperation of the fear of still greater horrors to come.

Tubal Cain Sims's mind, unaccustomed to morbid influences, could not detach itself from the idea. Despite his absorptions on his own account, he followed as an independent train of thought futile speculations as to where in the building this man might be, — close at hand, and he felt a nervous thrill at the possible propinquity or in some remote cell and out of hearing; what had he guiltily done, or was he falsely accused; had he been really resuscitated, or had the potentialities of life merely flickered up like the spurious quickening of a failing candle before the moment of extinction, and was he even now, while the officers lingered here, dead again, and this time beyond recall; or would he not, left to his own devices, once more attempt his life? The old mountaineer could not forbear. He turned to the sheriff with an excited eye.

"Ain't ye 'feard he 'll hang hisself again?" he said huskily.

The officer stared. "Who?" he inquired, with knitted brow, as if he had forgotten the occurrence absolutely; then with renewing recollection, "You can bet your life he won't."

"Why not?" asked Sims, the clatter of his boots on the bare floor silent as he stopped short.

The deputy gave a fleeing laugh, ending in a "ki-yi" of the extremity of derision. He had flung himself into a chair, and, with his elbows on the table, looked up with a scornful grin at Tubal Cain Sims, who seemed to entertain solicitude as to the capacities for management and discipline of Enott Blake, famous as the veriest martinet of a drill-sergeant years before he ever saw the inside of Kildeer County jail.

This absurd officiousness, however, met with more leniency from the high sheriff. Whether it was that, from his steady diet of commendation, his vanity could afford to dispense with such poor crumbs as Tubal Cain Sims might have it in his power to offer, or whether he was desirous of the emollient effects of indulgence to loosen his visitor's tongue, he apparently took no heed of this breach of the proprieties.

"He's all right now. You need n't have no anxiety 'bout him," he said, as if it were a matter of course to be brought to book in this way.

"He can't hurt himself nor any one else now," echoed the deputy, taking his cue.

Sims turned from one to the other inquiringly.

"Got him in a cage," said the sheriff grimly.

For one moment Tubal Cain Sims silently cursed his curiosity that had elicited this fact for his knowledge and provision for future nightmares. It was of the order of things that sets the natural impulses of humanity and sympathy adverse to all the necessities of law and justice. He stared at the two officers, his gorge rising against them as monsters. Perhaps only his weapon, empty in the deputy's pistol-pocket, persuaded his apparent acquiescence.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "that's powerful tur'ble, — powerful tur'ble!"

The sheriff was no mind-reader. He deemed that the allusion applied to the unjudicial hanging.

"Not so very," he said, seating himself in a splint-bottomed chair, and elevating his boots to the topmost bar of the rusty, fireless grate. "'Tain't nigh so bad as havin' 'em fire the jail," he added gloomily. "They have played that joke on me five times. All this part o' the buildin' is new. Burnt spang down the last time we had a fire."

"Take a chair, sir, take a chair," said the conformable deputy, perceiving that

politeness had come to be the order of the day.

Tubal Sims, almost paralyzed by the number and character of the new impressions crowded upon his unaccustomed old brain, still stood staring from one to the other, his sunburned, grooved, lank-jawed face showing a sharp contrast with his shock of tow hair, which, having been yellow and growing partially gray, appeared to have reverted to the lighter tint that it had affected when he came into the world. His hat was perched on the back of his head, and now and then he reached up to readjust it there; some subtle connection surely exists between the hat of a man and his brain, some obscure ganglion, for never does embarrassment beset the latter but the solicitous hand travels straight to the outer integument. His creased boot-legs moved slowly forward with the jeans-clothed continuations above them. He doubtfully seized on the back of a chair, and, still gazing from one to the other of his companions, deposited himself with exaggerated caution on the stanch wooden seat as if he half expected it to collapse beneath him.

"Now," said the sheriff smoothly, "you are a sensible man, I know, an' I wish you well."

"How 'bout that thar pistol?" said Tubal Cain Sims, instantly presuming upon this expression of amity.

"I did n't make that law," said Enott Blake testily. "But I'm here to enforce it, and you'll find that I know my duty an' will do it."

Tubal Sims relapsed into his friendless despair. And once more the deputy essayed a new device.

He turned his round, red, freckled, good-natured face full upon the visitor across the table, and, pushing back his black hat from the blond tendrils that overhung his forehead like an overgrown infant's, he said, fixing a grave blue eye upon Tubal Sims, "You came here to tell us about some crime you've s'picioned."

The sheriff plucked up his faculties as if an inspiration had smitten him. "You were going to give us the names an' fac's as far as you knew or they had developed," he followed hard on the heels of the pioneering deputy.

"You caved after you got here, 'cause you wished the man no harm, and the sight o' the jail sorter staggered you," pursued the subordinate.

"But you had some personal motive," interjected the sheriff, suddenly solicitous for the verisimilitude of the sketch of the interior workings of Tubal Cain's astounded intellect. "It has to be a mighty plain, open case, with no s'picion 'bout it, when information ain't got some *personal* motive, — justifiable, maybe, and without direct malice, but *personal* motive."

Tubal Cain Sims's head turned from one to the other with a pivotal action which was less suggestive of muscles than of machinery. His eyes were starting from beneath his shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. His lower jaw had dropped. Thus dangled before him, his own identity was as recognizable to him as to their divination. If he had had time to think, there might have seemed something uncanny in this facile meddling with the secrets of his inner consciousness, hardly so plain to his own prognosis as in their exposition, but moment by moment he was hurried on.

"Your personal motive in giving this information," continued the deputy, "is because you are afraid of the man."

"Not for myse'f," blurted out Tubal Sims. "Before Gawd, I'll swear, not for myse'f." He was all unaware of an impending disclosure of the facts that he had resolved to hide, since all the horrors of the jail, the true, visible presentment of the abstract idea of imprisonment, had burst upon his shuddering realization. He had forgotten his caution. His obstinate reticence relaxed. All the manhood within him roused to the alarm of the possibility that these officers should

impute to him fear of any man for his own sake. He lifted a trembling, stiffened old hand with a deprecatory gesture. "Jes' one — jes' one darter!" He lowered his voice in expostulation.

"One daughter!" echoed the sheriff in surprise.

"Gittin' interestin'," murmured the flippant deputy.

"An' this hyar man wants ter marry her, an' she is willin' ter marry him, an' — an' he spoke of runnin' away." Tubal Cain Sims brought this enormity out with a sudden dilation of the eyes irresistible to the impudent deputy.

"Powerful painful to the survivors!" he snorted in a choking chuckle, "but not even a misdemeanor agin the law o' the land."

The sheriff's countenance changed. Not that he apprehended any cause for mirth, for it might be safely said that he had not laughed at a joke for the past six years, and it would have been a matter of some interest to know how he appraised the cachinnation habitually going on all around about him, and which he was temperamentally debarred from sharing. His face merely took on a perplexed and keenly inquisitive expression as he bent his brow as to a worthy mystery.

"You know a man can't be arrested for runnin' away with a young woman an' marryin' her," he expostulated. "You ain't such a fool as to think you can take the law to him to prevent that."

There are few people in this world who do not arrogate to themselves special mental supremacy. Folly is like unto the jewel in the forehead of the toad in that the creature thus endowed is unaware of its possession. Tubal Cain Sims had perceived subacutely the acumen of both the officers, and was emulous of demonstrating his own intellectual gifts. The word "fool" is a lash that stings, and, smarting, he protested: —

"The law would purvent it mighty quick by not waitin' fur him, ef he hed commit crimes."

"What'd he ever do?" demanded the sheriff incredulously. And the deputy sat very still and silent.

Now, the peculiarity of being literal-minded has special reference to exoteric phenomena introduced for mental contemplation, but is easily coexistent with the evolution of an esoteric train of ideas, the complication of which is nullified by familiarity incident to their production. The sheriff was a plain man, a serious-minded man, who could not see a joke when it was before his nose; so literal-minded a man that because he never perceived the latent scheme of another, he himself was never suspected of scheming.

"What'd he ever do?" he repeated, and it did not occur to Tubal Cain Sims that he had not yet mentioned the juggler's name, nor so much as suggested his own or the locality whence he came.

"I ain't keerin' ter know *whut* he done!" he asseverated, led on by the non-compliant look of the other. "I *know* he done *somewhut*; an' Phemie ain't goin' ter be 'lowed ter marry no evil-doer an' crim'nal agin the law."

The pause that ensued was suffered to continue, while the thunder rolled anew, and the dashing of the water of the surly black creek at the foot of the hill came to their ears. The sunshine on the floor faded out suddenly and all at once, and the murky gray light was devoid of any lingering shimmer. If the deputy breathed, he did not hear the heaving of his own chest, so still he was.

The sheriff, having allowed in vain a goodly margin for continuance, went on abruptly: "That's the way you fellows, with no sense of the obligations of the law, carry on. You have got no information to give. You have got some personal motive, an' that's the way to get an officer into trouble, false arrests an' charges of stirrin' up of strife an' such like, an' it's personal motive always. I'll bet this man o' yourn ain't committed no crime," and he turned his calm gray eyes on Tubal Cain Sims, seated in

the midst of his consciousness of a fool errand to the great county town. Mortified pride surged to his face in a scarlet flood, and vehement argument rose to his lips.

"Why can't he sleep quiet nights in his bed, then?" he retorted. "Why do he holler out so pitiful, fit ter split yer heart, in his sleep, 'What can I do? For his life!—his life!—his life! Oh, what can I do—for his life!—his life!—his life!'"

The wind came surging against the windows with a sudden burst of fury, and the sashes rattled in their casings. As the gust passed to the different angles of the house, the sound of other shaking casements came from the rooms above and across the hall, dulled with the distance, till a single remote vibration of glass and wood told that even in the furthest cells the inmates of this drear place might share the gloomy influences of the storm, though fair weather meant little to them, and naught the sweet o' the year. A yellow flash, swift and sinister, illumined the dull, gray room, that reverted instantly into its gloom, and, as if the lightning were resolved into rain, the panes showed a fusillade of the hurtling drops, and then their dusty, cob-webbed surfaces were streaked with coursing rivulets mingling together here and there as they ran.

The sheriff sat silently awaiting further disclosures, his eyes on the window, his guarded thoughts elsewhere. "The same words every night?" he asked at last.

"The same words every night," repeated Tubal Cain reluctantly, as if making an admission.

"Oh, you can't arrest a man for talking in his sleep," put in the deputy, with the air of flouting the whole revelation as a triviality; and he yawned with much verisimilitude, showing a very red mouth inside and two rows of stanch white teeth.

"I ain't sech a fool ez that, Mr. Dep'ty," snarled Tubal Sims raucously;

"but puttin' sech ez that tergether with a pale face an' blue circles round the eyes, in the mornin', o' the stronges', finest-built, heartiest young rooster I ever seen in my life, — he could fling you or the sher'ff from hyar clean acrost that creek, — an' layin' on the ruver-bank day arter day fishin' with no bait on his hook" —

"What 'd he catch?" queried the deputy, affecting anxious eagerness.

"All he expected, I reckon," retorted Sims. "A-layin' thar, with his hat over his eyes, week arter week; an' his eyes looked ez tormented ez — ez a deer I shot wunst ez could n't git up ter run an' could n't hurry up an' die in time, an' jes' laid thar an' watched me an' the dogs come up. An' this man's eyes looked jes' like that deer's, — an' I never let the dogs worry him, but jes' whipped out my knife an' cut his throat."

The deputy's eyes widened with pretended horror. He snatched a pair of handcuffs from the drawer at the side of the table, and, rising, exclaimed dramatically, "You say, in cold blood, you whipped out your knife and cut the man's throat!"

"Ye think ye air powerful smart, Mr. Dep'ty," sneered Sims, out of countenance, nevertheless. "But thar ain't much credit in baitin' an' badgerin' a man old enough ter be yer father," remembering the sheriff's rebuke on this score, and imputing to him a veneration for the aged.

"Yes, stop that monkeyin', Jeemes," Blake solemnly admonished his junior. Then, after silently eying the rain still turbulently dashing against the windows, he said reflectively, "Don't ye think, Mr. — Mr. — I disremember your name?"

"Sims, — Tubal Cain Sims," replied the owner of that appellation.

"Oh yes; Mr. Sims. Don't you think the feller's jest a leetle lazy? There's no law against laziness, though it needs legislation, being a deal more like the tap-root of evil than what money is, —

though I don't set up my views against the Good Book."

"Pears like 't warn't laziness, which may be a sin, but makes men fat, an' ez long ez the pot holds out ter bile, happy. This man warn't happy nor fat, an' he looked like the devils hed thar home with him."

"Where did he come from, and what's his name?"

"He 'lowed, one day, from Happy Valley, but he did n't know where Happy Valley war. An' he talks like a town man, an' reads a power, an' tells tales ez Phemie say air out o' books; an' he gin a show" —

"A show?" the sheriff interrupted.

"A juggling show," pursued Tubal Sims, in better feather since they no longer dissimulated their absorption in these details. "He calls hisse'f a juggler, though his name is John Leonard."

"What's he live on?" demanded the sheriff.

"The money he made at his show. He 'lowed ter gin more, but the church folks gin it out he war in league with Satan, an' threatend ter dump him in the ruver, so he quit jugglin'."

The deputy with difficulty repressed a guffaw, but asked, with a keen curiosity, "Was it a pretty good show?"

"Ye never seen nuthin' like it in yer life. He jes' —"

"What sort of lookin' man is he?" interrupted the sheriff. He cast a glance at the deputy, who unobtrusively began to busy himself with pen, ink, and paper where he sat, and was presently scribbling briskly as Tubal Cain Sims sought to describe the stranger.

"He looks some like a mountain feller now," he said. "He paid my wife ter make him some clothes; but shucks!" his eye kindling with the glow of discursive reminiscence, "the clothes he kem thar in war a sight fur the jay-birds, — leetle tight pants ez kem down no furdur'n that, an' long stockin's like a gal's, an' no mo' 'shamed of 'em'n I

am o' my coat-collar; a striped black-an'-red coat he hed on, an' long, p'inted reddish shoes." He paused to laugh, while a glance of fiery excitement and significance shot from the eyes of one officer into those of the other.

Far better than Tubal Sims they knew how to place the wearer of this sophisticated costume. For although their bailiwick was the compass of the county, their official duties carried them occasionally to neighboring cities and their suburbs; and while rolling so rapidly was not conducive to gathering moss for their own embellishment, it afforded opportunity for observation not altogether thrown away. This man was out of place, — a wanderer, evidently; but whether a fugitive from justice remained to be proved.

And while Tubal Cain Sims talked convulsively on, hardly realizing whither his reminiscence led, the expert penman was quietly noting down all the traits of description of poor Lucien Royce, — his height, his weight, his size, the color of his hair and eyes, the quality of his complexion, the method of his enunciation, and the polish of his manner, — all in the due and accepted form of advertisement for criminals, minus the alluring sum offered for their apprehension by the governor of the State.

Tubal Cain Sims did not note the cessation of the scraping of the pen, but the sheriff did, and it was within a few moments that he said, "Well, Mr. Sims, this offers no ground for arrestin' the man. But I'll give you a piece of advice, — don't let him know of your errand here, or he'll take French leave of you and take the girl with him. I can't arrest him for you" —

"Courtin' 's the inalienable right of man, and, in leap year, of woman too," sputtered the deputy, with his pen in his mouth and his laugh crowding it.

"But you had better keep a strict watch on him for a while," continued the sheriff; "and as I have some business up that way, I may come over. But keep that close, or you'll lose your daughter, — just one daughter."

"One darter," echoed Tubal Sims, his eyes absorbed and docile as he followed the crafty officer's speech.

"Say nothin' to nobody, and I'll see you before long." Then suddenly leaving the subject, with a briskening style he turned to the deputy. "Jeemes, take Mr. Sims before a magistrate, — Squair Purdy, I'd recommend, — on a charge of carrying weepens with the intent o' goin' armed. Let him know, though, Mr. Sims, 't was in ignorance of the law, and a-travelin'. Remind him that the code says the statute is to be liberally construed. And remember that Jeemes can't swear that old army pistol was *concealed on no account*. I don't b'lieve Jeemes kin make out a case agin ye. Squair Purdy is mighty lenient."

"Ain't you-uns goin'?" quavered Mr. Sims, distrusting the tender mercies of the facetious James.

"No, sir," replied the sheriff, now far away in the contemplation of other matters. "Jeemes, go to the telephone and ring up the cap'n in Knoxville. I want to speak to him."

It only seemed a great babbling of a little bell in the grim twilight of the hall of the jail as James piloted Tubal Cain Sims out of the door which had so obdurately closed on him. And how should his ignorance conceive that within three minutes the chief of police in Knoxville was listening to the description of poor Lucien Royce, given by the sheriff of Kildeer County, and trying for his life to reconcile its dissimilarities with the physical traits of various missing malefactors sadly wanted by the police in divers localities?

Charles Egbert Craddock.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

VII.

KANSAS AND JOHN BROWN.

COMING into Boston Harbor in September, 1856, after a long and stormy passage in a sailing vessel from the island of Fayal, the passengers, of whom I was one, awaited with eager interest the arrival of the pilot. He proved to be one of the most stolid and reticent of his tribe, as impenetrable to our curiosity as were his own canvas garments to raindrops. At last, as if to shake us off, he tugged from some remote pocket a torn fragment of a daily newspaper, large enough to set before our eyes at a glance the momentous news of the assault on Charles Sumner in the United States Senate, and of the blockading of the Missouri River against Free State emigrants. Arrived on shore, my immediate party went at once to Worcester; and the public meeting held by my friends to welcome me back became also a summons to call out volunteer emigrants for Kansas. Worcester had been thoroughly wakened to the needs of the new Territory through the formation of the Emigrant Aid Society, which had done much good by directing public attention to the opportunities offered by Kansas, though the enterprise had already lost some momentum by the obvious limitations of its method of "organized emigration." It had been shown that it was easy to get people to go together to a new colony, but hard to keep them united after they got there, since they could not readily escape the American impulse to disregard organization and go to work, each for himself; this desire being as promptly visible in the leaders as in anybody else. Moreover, it seemed necessary to arm any party of colonists more openly and thoroughly

than had been the policy of the Emigrant Aid Society; and so a new movement became needful. A committee was appointed, of which I was secretary, with a view to sending a series of parties from Worcester; and of these we in the end furnished three.

First, however, I was sent to St. Louis to meet a party of Massachusetts emigrants, under Dr. Calvin Cutter, who had been turned back from the river by the Missourians, or "Border Ruffians," as they had then begun to be called. I was charged with funds to meet the necessities of this body, and was also to report on the practicability of either breaking the river blockade or flanking it. A little inquiry served to show that only the latter method would as yet be available. Events moved rapidly; a national committee was soon formed, with headquarters at Chicago, and it was decided to send all future emigrants across Iowa and Nebraska, fighting their way, if necessary, into Kansas. Our three parties, accordingly, went by that route; the men being provided with rifles, revolvers, and camp equipage. Two of these parties made their rendezvous in Worcester, one under command of my friend Stowell; the third party was formed largely of Maine lumbermen, recruited in a body for the service. I never saw thirty men of finer physique, as they strode through Boston in their red shirts and rough trousers to meet us at the Emigrant Aid Society rooms, which had been kindly lent us for the purpose. The rest of the men came to us singly, from all over New England, some of the best being from Vermont, including William Thompson, afterwards John Brown's son-in-law, killed at Harper's Ferry. I have never ceased to regret that all the correspondence relating to these companies, though most carefully preserved for years, was

finally lost through a casualty, and they must go forever unrecorded; but it was all really a rehearsal in advance of the great enlistments of the Civil War. The men were personally of as high a grade as the later recruits, perhaps even higher; they were of course mostly undisciplined, and those who had known something of military service—as in the Mexican War, for instance—were usually the hardest to manage, save and except the stalwart lumbermen, who were from the beginning a thorn in the flesh to the worthy Orthodox Congregational clergyman whom it became necessary to put in charge of this final party of emigrants. He wrote back to me that if I had any lingering doubts of the doctrine of total depravity, I had better organize another party of Maine lumbermen and pilot them to Kansas. Sympathy was certainly due to him; and yet I should have liked to try the experiment.

Being appointed as an agent of the National Kansas Committee, I went out in September, 1856, to meet and direct this very party, and others—including several hundred men—which had been collected on the Nebraska border. The events of the six weeks following were described by me in a series of letters, signed "Worcester," in the New York Tribune, and later collected in a pamphlet entitled *A Ride through Kansas*. It was a period when history was being made very rapidly,—a period which saw a policy of active oppression at last put down and defeated, although backed by the action or sustained by the vacillation of the national government. The essential difference between the Northern and the Southern forces in Kansas at that period was that the Northern men went as *bona fide* settlers, and the Southerners mainly to break up elections and so make it a Slave Territory. Every member of our Worcester parties signed a pledge to settle in Kansas, and nearly all kept it. On the other hand, the parties from South Carolina and Virginia, whom I after-

wards encountered, had gone there simply on a lark, meaning to return home when it was over, as they freely admitted. This difference of material, rather than any superiority of organization, was what finally gave Kansas to freedom.

The end of Western railway communication was then Iowa City, in Iowa, and those who would reach Kansas had six hundred miles farther to walk or ride. I myself rode across Iowa for four days and nights on the top of a stage-coach, in the path of my emigrants,—watching the sun go down blazing, and sometimes pear-shaped, over the prairie horizon, just as it goes down beyond the ocean, and then seeing it rise in the same way. When the stage at last rolled me into Nebraska City, it seemed as if I had crossed the continent. The village bearing this sonorous name had been known as Council Bluffs until within a short time, and in my school geography had figured as the very outpost of the nation. Once arrived there, I felt as bewildered as a little boy on the Canadian railway who, when the conductor announced the small village called London, waked from a doze and exclaimed in my hearing, "Do we really pass through London, that great city?" One of the first needful duties was to visit our party of lumbermen and restore peace, if possible, between them and their officers. For this purpose I made my first stump speech, in a literal sense, standing on a simple pedestal of that description, and reasoning with the mutineers to the best of my ability. They had behaved so like grown-up children that I fear my discourse was somewhat in the line adopted in later years by a brilliant woman of my acquaintance, whose son had got into a college difficulty. I asked her, "Did you talk the matter over with him?" "Certainly," she said eagerly. "I reasoned with him. I said to him, 'L——, you are a great fool!'" It was not necessary to be quite so plain-spoken in this case; and as

I was fortified by the fact of having all their means of subsistence in a money-belt about my waist, the advantage was clearly on my side, and some order was finally brought out of chaos.

Soon after arriving I had to drive from Nebraska City to Tabor, over about twenty miles of debatable ground, absolutely alone, on an errand. It had been swept by the hostile parties of both factions; there was no more law than in the Scottish Highlands; every swell of the rolling prairie offered a possible surprise, and I had some of the stirring sensations of a moss-trooper. Never before in my life had I been, distinctively and unequivocally, outside of the world of human law; it had been ready to protect me, even when I disobeyed it. Here it had ceased to exist; my Sharp's rifle, my revolvers, — or, these failing, my own ingenuity and ready wit, — were all the protection I had. It was a delightful sensation; I could quote to myself from Browning's magnificent soliloquy in *Colombe's Birthday*: —

"When is man strong until he feels alone?"

and there came to mind some thrilling passages from Mackay's *Ballads of the Cavaliers and Roundheads* or from the *Jacobite Minstrelsy*. On this very track a carrier had been waylaid and killed by the Missourians only a few days before. The clear air, the fresh breeze, gave an invigorating delight, impaired by nothing but the yellow and muddy streams of that region, which seemed to my New England eye such a poor accompaniment for the land of the free. Tabor itself was then known far and wide as a Free State town from the warm sympathy of its people for the struggles of their neighbors, and I met there with the heartiest encouragement, and had an escort back.

The tavern where I lodged in Nebraska City was miserable enough; the beds being fearfully dirty, the food indigestible, and the table eagerly beset by

three successive relays of men. One day a commotion took place in the street: people ran out to the doors; and some thirty rough-riders came cantering up to the hostelry. They might have been border raiders, for all appearance of cavalry order: some rode horses, some mules; some had bridles, others had lariats of rope; one man had on a slight semblance of uniform, and seemed a sort of lieutenant. The leader was a thin man of middle age, in a gray woolen shirt, with keen eyes, smooth tongue, and a suggestion of courteous and even fascinating manners; a sort of Prince Rupert of humbler grade. This was the then celebrated Jim Lane, afterwards Senator James H. Lane, of the United States Congress; at this time calling himself only "Major-General commanding the Free State Forces of Kansas." He was now retreating from the Territory with his men, in deference to the orders of the new United States governor, Geary, who was making an attempt, more or less serious, to clear Kansas of all armed bands. Lane stopped two days in Nebraska City, and I did something towards renewing the clothing of his band. He made a speech to the citizens of the town, — they being then half balanced between anti-slavery and pro-slavery sympathies, — and I have seldom heard eloquence more thrilling, more tactful, better adjusted to the occasion. Mr. R. W. Emerson, I remember, was much impressed by a report of this speech as sent by me to some Boston newspaper. Lane went with me, I think, to see our emigrants, encamped near by; gave me some capital suggestions as to our march into the Territory; and ended by handing me a bit of crumpled paper, appointing me a member of his staff with the rank of brigadier-general.

As I rode out of Nebraska City on the march, next day, my companion, Samuel F. Tappan, riding at my side, took occasion to exhibit casually a similar bit of paper in his own possession; and we thus found that the Kansas guerrilla

leader carried out the habit of partisan chiefs in all history, who have usually made up in titles and honors what they could not bestow in actual emoluments. After this discovery Tappan and I rode on in conscious inward importance, a sort of dignity *à deux*, yet not knowing but that at any moment some third brigadier-general might cross our path. We accompanied and partially directed the march of about a hundred and sixty men, with some twenty women and children. There were twenty-eight wagons, all but eight being drawn by horses. The nightly tents made quite an imposing encampment; while some of the men fed and watered the stock, others brought wood from far and near, others cleaned their rifles, others prepared the wagons for sleeping; the cooks fried pork and made bread; women with their babies sat round the fire; and a saddler brought out his board and leather every night and made belts and holsters for the emigrants. Each man kept watch for an hour, striding in thick boots through the prairie grass heavy with frost. Danger had always to be guarded against, though we were never actually attacked; and while we went towards Kansas, we met armed parties day after day fleeing from it, hopeless of peace. When at last we reached the Kansas River, we found on its muddy banks nineteen wagons with emigrants, retreating with heavy hearts from the land of promise so eagerly sought two years before. "The Missourians could not conquer us," they said, "but Governor Geary has."

On my first morning in Lawrence, Kansas, I waked before daybreak, and looking out saw the house surrounded by dragoons, each sitting silent on his horse. This again was a new experience in those ante-bellum days. A party of a hundred and fifty of these men had been sent to intercept us, we learned, under the command of Colonel Preston and Captain Walker of the United States Army; the latter, luckily, being an old

acquaintance of my own. As a result, I went with Charles Robinson, the Free State governor, and James Redpath for a half-amicable, half-compulsory interview with the actual governor, Geary; and we parted, leaving everything undecided, — indeed, nothing ever seemed to be decided in Kansas; the whole destiny of the Territory was one of drifting, until it finally drifted into freedom. Yet in view of the fact that certain rifles which we had brought, and which had been left at Tabor, Iowa, for future emergencies, were the same weapons which ultimately armed John Brown and his men at Harper's Ferry, it is plain that neither Governor Geary's solicitude nor the military expedition of Colonel Preston was at all misplaced.

I formed that day a very unfavorable impression of Governor Geary, and a favorable one of Governor Robinson, and lived to modify both opinions. The former, though vacillating in Kansas, did himself great credit afterwards in the Civil War; while the latter did himself very little credit in Kansas politics, whose bitter hostilities and narrow vindictiveness he was the first to foster. Jealousy of the influence of Brown, Lane, and Montgomery led him in later years to be chiefly responsible for that curious myth concerning the Kansas conflict which has wholly taken possession of many minds, and has completely perverted the history of that State written by Professor Spring, — a theory to the effect that there existed from the beginning among the Free State people two well-defined parties, the one wishing to carry its ends by war, the other by peace. As a matter of fact there was no such division. In regard to the most extreme act of John Brown's Kansas career, the so-called "Pottawatomie massacre" of May 24, 1856, I can testify that in September of that year there appeared to be but one way of thinking among the Kansas Free State men, this being precisely the fact pointed out by

Colonel William A. Phillips in his *Conquest of Kansas*, which is altogether the best and fairest book upon the confused history of that time and place. I heard of no one who did not approve of the act, and its beneficial effects were universally asserted; Governor Robinson himself fully indorsing it to me, and maintaining, like the rest, that it had given an immediate check to the armed aggressions of the Missourians. It is certain that at a public meeting held at Lawrence, Kansas, three years later (December 15, 1859), Robinson supported resolutions saying that the act was done "from sad necessity;" that on August 30, 1877, at the unveiling of Brown's monument at Osawatimie, he compared Brown to Jesus Christ; and that on February 5, 1878, he wrote in a letter to James Hanway, "I never had much doubt that Captain Brown was the author of the blow at Pottawatomie, for the reason that he was the only man who comprehended the situation and saw the absolute necessity of some such blow and had the nerve to strike it." Personally, I have never fully reconciled myself to this vindication of "the blow;" but that Charles Robinson, after justifying it for nearly thirty years, and after the fighting men of the Territory (Brown, Lane, Montgomery) were dead, should have begun to pose as a non-resistant, and should later have spoken of "the punishment due Brown for his crimes in Kansas," — this appears to me to have been either simply disgraceful, or else the product of a disordered mind.

The people in Lawrence had been passing through a variety of scenes of danger and discomfort before the arrival of our party; and though the Missouri attacks had practically ceased, their effects remained in the form of general poverty and of privations as to food, especially as regarded breadstuffs. The hotel and Governor Robinson's house had been burned, as well as many mills and bridges; some of the best citizens were

in jail as prisoners of state, and their families were really suffering. When I visited these prisoners at Leecompton, one man reported to me that he had left six children at home, all ill, and his wife accidentally away and unable to get back; but he supposed that "some of the neighbors would look after them." Another had in his arms his crying baby, said to be the first child born in Lawrence, and named after the settlement. Such imprisonment was the lot of more than a hundred of the Free State men. In the more rural regions — though everything in Kansas was then rural, but treeless — there was a perpetual guerrilla warfare going on in a vague and desultory way; and the parties were so far defined that their labels attached even to dumb animals, and people spoke of an anti-slavery colt or a pro-slavery cow. Several of us visited, near Blanton's Bridge, the ruins of a large mill, built by a Pennsylvanian named Straub. We met there his daughter, who was a noble-looking girl of twenty, but rather needlessly defiant in manner, as we thought, till at last she said frankly, "Why, I thought you were Missourians, and I was resolved that you should hear the truth." We being three to one, this attitude was certainly plucky; but I heard later that this girl had walked alone into the midst of the Missourians, while the mill was burning, and had called on one of them to give up her favorite horse which he had taken. This she did with such spirit that his comrades compelled him to dismount and surrender it. She mounted it and was riding away, when the man followed and attempted to get the halter from her hand; she held on; he took his bowie-knife and threatened to cut her hand off; she dared him to do it; he cut the rope close to her hand and got control of the horse. She slipped off, defeated; but presently two of the fellow's companions rode up and gave her the horse once more. It was a time when

a horse was worth more than a life in Kansas, and we can estimate the completeness of the triumph.

As I had been urged to preach to the people of Lawrence, it seemed well to take for my text that which was employed by the Rev. John Martin on the Sunday after he had fought at Bunker Hill: "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." Riding a few days after to Leavenworth, then a "Border Ruffian" town, to witness an election under the auspices of that faction, I found myself in a village provided with more than fifty liquor shops for two thousand inhabitants, while the doors of the hotel were almost barricaded with whiskey casks. Strangers were begged to take a hand in the voting, as if it were something to drink; I was several times asked to do this, and my plea that I was only a traveler was set aside as quite irrelevant. Many debated on the most available point at which to cast their pro-slavery votes — for the Free State men denied the validity of the election and would not vote at all — as coolly as a knot of village shopkeepers might debate whether to go to Boston or New York for purchases. Once the conversation began to grow rather personal. Said one man, just from Lecompton, "Tell you what, we've found out one thing: there's a preacher going about here preaching politics." "Fact?" and "Is that so?" were echoed with virtuous indignation on all sides. "That's so," continued he, "and he fixes it this way: first, he has his text and preaches religion; then he drops that, and pitches into politics; and then he drops that too, and begins about the sufferin' niggers" (this with ineffable contempt). "And what's more, he's here in Leavenworth now." "What's his name?" exclaimed several eagerly. "Just what I don't know," was the sorrowful reply, "and I should n't know him if I saw him; but

he's here, boys, and in a day or two there'll be some gentlemen here that know him." (At my last speech in Lawrence I had been warned that three Missouri spies were present.) "It's well we've got him here, to take care of him," said one. "Won't our boys enjoy running him out of town?" added another affectionately; while I listened with dubious enjoyment, thinking that I might perhaps afford useful information. But the "gentlemen" did not appear, or else were in search of higher game; and I was to leave town that night, at any rate, for St. Louis.

I took the steamer Cataract on October 9, 1856, and went down the river; my chief companions being a large party of youths from Virginia and South Carolina, who had come into the Territory of Kansas confessedly to take a hand in the election, and also in the fighting, should a chance be offered. They were drunken, gambling, quarrelsome boys, but otherwise affable enough, with the pleasant manners and soft accent of the South. Nothing could be more naive than their confidences. "Don't you remember," said one, with a sort of tender regret, "how when we went up the river we were all of us drunk all the time?" "So we would be now," replied his friend sadly, "only we ain't got no money." They said that they had been inveigled into coming by Atchison and others, on the promise of support for a year and fifty dollars bonus, but that they had got neither, and had barely enough to take them to St. Louis. "Let me once get home," said the same youth who made the above confession, "and I'd stay at home, sure. It has cost me the price of one good nigger just for board and liquor, since I left home." Curiously enough, in reading a copy of Mrs. Stowe's *Dred*, just published, which I had bought in Lawrence, I opened soon after on the apt Scriptural quotation, "Woe unto them, for they have cast lots for my people, . . . and sold a girl for wine, that they may drink!"

The few Free State men on board were naturally not aggressive, although we spent a whole day on a sand-bank, a thing not conducive to serenity of mind; but the steamer which pulled us off had on board the secretary of the Kansas State Committee, Miles Moore, and there had been an effort to lynch him, prevented only by Governor Cobb, of Alabama, who was on the boat. Renewal of hostilities being threatened, I invited Moore on board the Cataract at Jefferson City, where we lay overnight. He and I barricaded ourselves in my stateroom, with our revolvers ready, but heard only occasional threats from outside; there was no actual assault. When we reached St. Louis, — after more than four days on board the steamboat, — and I finally discharged my revolver and put it away in my trunk, there occurred the most curious reaction from the feeling with which I had first loaded it. When it fully came home to me that all the tonic life of the last six weeks was ended, and that thenceforward, if any danger impended, the proper thing would be to look meekly about for a policeman, it seemed as if all the vigor had suddenly gone out of me, and a despicable effeminacy had set in. I could at that moment perfectly understand how Rob Roy, wishing to repay a debt he owed to the Edinburgh professor, offered to take his benefactor's son back into the Highlands "and make a man of him." In twenty-four hours, however, civilization reassumed its force, and Kansas appeared as far off as Culloden.

After returning home, I kept up for a long time an active correspondence with some of the leading Kansas men, including Montgomery, Hinton, my old ally Martin Stowell, and my associate brigadier, Samuel F. Tappan, afterwards lieutenant-colonel of the First Colorado Cavalry. Some of these wrote and received letters under feigned names, because many of the post-offices in the Territory were in the hands of pro-slavery men who were suspected of tampering with

correspondence. I also spoke on Kansas matters, by request, before the legislatures of Massachusetts and Vermont, and was nominated by the Worcester Republicans for the state legislature on the issue of Kansas sympathy; but declined, feeling that I had tested to the last degree the claim of the Free Church on my attention. I was brought much in contact with that noble and self-devoted man, George Luther Stearns, of Medford, who gave, first and last, ten thousand dollars to maintain liberty in the new Territory; and also with Dr. Howe and Frank Sanborn, then the leading men in the Massachusetts Kansas Committee. In looking back on the inevitable confusion of that period, and the strange way in which men who had been heroic in danger grew demoralized in politics, I have often recalled as true the remark made by Sanborn, that it was difficult for a man to have much to do with the affairs of Kansas, even at long range, without developing a crack in his brain.

It will doubtless seem to some readers a very natural transition to pass from this assertion to the later events which brought some of the above-named men into intimate relations with Captain John Brown. It has never been quite clear to me whether I saw him in Kansas or not; he was then in hiding, and I remember to have been taken somewhat covertly to a house in Lawrence, for an interview with a fugitive slave who was being sheltered by a white man; and though this man's name, which I have forgotten, was certainly not Brown, it may have been one of Brown's aliases. My first conscious acquaintance with that leader was nearly a year and a half later, when I received from him this communication, implying, as will be seen, that we had met before: —

ROCHESTER, N. Y. 2d Feb'y, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am here *concealing my whereabouts* for good reasons

(as I think) not however from any anxiety about my personal safety. I have been told that you are both a true *man*: and a true *abolitionist*; "and I partly believe," the whole story. Last fall I undertook to raise from \$500 to \$1000, for *secret service*, and succeeded in getting \$500. I now want to get for the *perfecting* of BY FAR the most *important* undertaking of my whole life; from \$500 to \$800 within the next sixty days. I have written Rev. Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn Esqrs. on the subject; but do not know as either Mr. Stearns or Mr. Sanborn are abolitionists. I suppose they are. Can you be induced to operate at Worcester and elsewhere during that time to raise from *anti-slavery men and women* (or any other parties) some part of that amount? I wish to keep it entirely still about where I am; and will be *greatly obliged* if you will consider this communication *strictly confidential*: unless it may be with such as you are *sure* will *feel and act and keep very still*. Please be so kind as to write N. Hawkins on the subject, Care of Wm. I. Watkins, Esqr. Rochester, N. Y. Should be most happy to meet you again; and talk matters more freely. Hope this is my last effort in the begging line.

Very Respectfully your Friend,
JOHN BROWN.

This name, "N. Hawkins," was Brown's favorite alias. The phrase "partly believe" was a bit of newspaper slang of that period. I wrote in return, wishing for farther information, and asking if the "underground railroad" business was what he had in view. In a few days came this reply:—

ROCHESTER, N. Y. 12th Feb'y, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just read your kind letter of the 8th inst., and will now say that Rail Road business on a *somewhat extended* scale is the *identical* object for which I am trying to get means.

I have been connected with that business as *commonly conducted* from my boyhood and *never* let an opportunity slip. I have been operating to some purpose *the past season*; but I now have a measure on *foot* that I feel *sure* would awaken in you something more than a *common interest* if you could understand it. I have just written my friends G. L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn asking them to meet me for consultation at Gerrit Smith's, Peterboro' [N. Y.]. I am very anxious to have *you come along*; *certain as I feel*, that you will never regret having been one of the council. I would most gladly pay your expenses had I the means to spare. *Will you come on?* Please write as before.

Your Friend JOHN BROWN.

As I could not go to Peterboro', he made an appointment in Boston, and I met him in his room at the American House in March, 1858. I saw before me a man whose mere appearance and bearing refuted in advance some of the strange perversions which have found their way into many books, and which have often wholly missed the type to which he belonged. In his thin, worn, resolute face there were the signs of a fire which might wear him out, and practically did so, but nothing of pettiness or baseness; and his talk was calm, persuasive, and coherent. He was simply a high-minded, unselfish, belated Covenanter; a man whom Sir Walter Scott might have drawn, but whom such writers as Nicolay and Hay, for instance, have utterly failed to delineate. To describe him in their words as "clean but coarse" is curiously wide of the mark; he had no more of coarseness than was to be found in Habakkuk Mucklewrath or in George Eliot's Adam Bede; he had, on the contrary, that religious elevation which is itself a kind of refinement,—the quality one may see expressed in many a venerable Quaker face at yearly meeting. Coarseness absolutely repelled

him; he was so strict as to the demeanor of his men that his band was always kept small, while that of Lane was large; he had little humor, and none of the humorist's temptation towards questionable conversation. Again, to call him "ambitious to irritation," in the words of the same authors, is equally wide of the mark. I saw him afterwards deeply disappointed and thwarted, and this long before his final failure, but never could find in him a trace of mere ambition; he lived, as he finally died, absolutely absorbed in one idea; and it is as a pure enthusiast — fanatic, if you please — that he is to be judged. His belief was that an all-seeing God had created the Alleghany Mountains from all eternity as the predestined refuge for a body of fugitive slaves. He had traversed those mountains in his youth, as a surveyor, and knew points which could be held by a hundred men against a thousand; he showed me rough charts of some of those localities and plans of connected mountain fortresses which he had devised.

Of grand tactics and strategy Brown knew as little as Garibaldi; but he had studied guerrilla warfare for himself in books, as well as in Europe, and had for a preceptor Hugh Forbes, an Englishman who had been a Garibaldian soldier. Brown's plan was simply to penetrate Virginia with a few comrades, to keep utterly clear of all attempt to create slave insurrection, but to get together bands and families of fugitive slaves, and then be guided by events. If he could establish them permanently in those fastnesses, like the Maroons of Jamaica and Surinam, so much the better; if not, he would make a break from time to time, and take parties to Canada, by paths already familiar to him. All this he explained to me and others, plainly and calmly, and there was nothing in it that we considered either objectionable or impracticable; so that his friends in Boston — Theodore Parker, Howe, Stearns, Sanborn, and myself —

were ready to coöperate in his plan as thus limited. Of the wider organization and membership afterwards formed by him in Canada we of course knew nothing, nor could we foresee the imprudence which finally perverted the attack into a defeat. We helped him in raising the money, and he seemed drawing toward the consummation of his plans, when letters began to come to his Massachusetts supporters from Hugh Forbes, already mentioned, threatening to make the whole matter public unless we could satisfy certain very unreasonable demands for money. On this point our committee was at once divided, not as to refusing the preposterous demands, but because the majority thought that this threat of disclosure made necessary an indefinite postponement of the whole affair; while Howe and myself, and Brown also, as it proved, thought otherwise.

He came again to Boston (May 31, 1858), when I talked with him alone, and he held, as I had done, that Forbes could do him no real harm; that if people believed Forbes they would underrate his (Brown's) strength, which was just the thing he wished; or if they overrated it, "the increased terror would perhaps counterbalance this. If he had the means, he would not lose a day." But as I could not, unaided, provide the means, I was obliged to yield, as he did. He consented to postpone the enterprise and return to Kansas, carrying with him \$500 in gold, and an order for certain arms at Tabor, which had belonged originally to the State Kansas Committee, but had since been transferred, in consideration of a debt, to our friend Stearns, who gave them to Brown on his own responsibility. Nearly a year now passed, during which I rarely heard from Brown, and thought that perhaps his whole project had been abandoned. A new effort was made at Boston in the spring of 1859, but I took little part in it. It had all begun to seem to me rather chimerical. The amount of \$2000 was,

nevertheless, raised for him at Boston, in June, 1859, and I find that Sanborn wrote to me (June 4), "Brown has set out on his expedition;" and then on October 6, "The \$300 desired has been made up and received. Four or five men will be on the ground next week from these regions and elsewhere." Brown's address was at this time at West Andover, Ohio, and the impression was that the foray would begin in that region, if at all. Nobody mentioned Harper's Ferry.

Ten days later the blow came. I went into a newspaper shop in Worcester one morning, and heard some one remark casually, "Old Osawatomie Brown has got himself into a tight place at last." I grasped eagerly at the morning paper, and read the whole story. Naturally, my first feeling was one of remorse, that the men who had given him money and arms should not actually have been by his side. In my own case, however, the justification was perfectly clear. Repeated postponements had taken the edge off from expectation, and the whole enterprise had grown rather vague and dubious in my mind. I certainly had not that degree of faith in it which would have led me to abandon all else, and wait nearly a year and a half for the opportunity of fulfillment; and indeed it became obvious at last that this longer postponement had somewhat disturbed the delicate balance of the zealot's mind, and had made him, at the very outset, defy the whole power of the United States government, and that within easy reach of Washington. Nothing of this kind was included in his original plans.

At any rate, since we were not with him, the first question was what part we were now to take. It will be remembered that the explosion of the Brown affair caused at once a vast amount of inquiry at Washington, and many were the threats of prosecuting Brown's previous friends and supporters. There was some talk of flight to Canada, and one or

two of these persons actually went thither or to Europe. It always seemed to me undesirable to do this; it rather looked as if, having befriended Brown's plans so far as we understood them, it was our duty to stand our ground and give him our moral support, at least on the witness-stand. This view was perhaps easier for me to take, as my name was only incidentally mentioned in the newspapers; and it is only within a few months that I have discovered that it had been early brought, with that of Sanborn, to the express attention of Governor Wise, of Virginia. Among his papers captured at Richmond by Major James Savage, of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, was this anonymous letter, received by the Virginia governor, and indorsed by him for transmission to some one else, probably in Congress, — but perhaps never forwarded. It read as follows: "There are two persons in Massachusetts, and I think only two, who, if summoned as witnesses, can explain the whole of Brown's plot. Their names are Francis B. Sanborn, of Concord, and T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass. No time should be lost, as they may abscond, but I do not think they will, as they think you would not think it best to send for them. A Friend of Order." This was indorsed "A Friend to Gov. Wise, Oct., 1859. Call attention to this." And just below, "Sent to me, now sent to you for what it is worth. Richmond, Oct. 29, H. A. W. [Henry A. Wise]. A. Huntin [presumably the name of a secretary]."

This communication was written during the trial of Captain Brown, and a few days before his sentence, which was pronounced on November 2. It is hard to say whether it had any direct bearing on the arrest of Sanborn at Concord in the following April. It is very probable that it had, and if so, his arrest, had it been sustained by the court, might have been followed by mine; but it would have been quite superfluous, for I should at any time have been ready to go if summoned, and

should, in fact, have thought it rather due to the memory of Brown. I could at least have made it plain that anything like slave insurrection, in the ordinary sense of the word, was remote from his thoughts, and that his plan was wholly different. He would have limited himself to advising a fugitive slave, if intercepted, to shoot down any one who attempted to arrest him; and this advice would have been given by every Abolitionist, unless a non-resistant.

There was, of course, an immediate impulse to rescue Brown from prison. I do not know how far this extended, and can only vouch for myself. The primary obstacle to it was that one of Brown's first acts, on meeting a Northern friend in his prison, had been positively to prohibit any such attempt; the message being sent North by Judge Thomas Russell, from whom I received it at the railway station on his arrival. This barred the way effectually, for after Brown had taken that position he would have adhered to it. It occurred to me, however, that his wife's presence would move him, if anything could, and that she might also be a valuable medium of communication, should he finally yield to the wishes of his friends. For this purpose I went to North Elba, New York, the mountain home of the Browns, to fetch her, and wrote, after that memorable trip, a full account of it, which was prefixed to *Redpath's Life of Brown*. Upon entering for the first time the superb scenery of the Adirondacks, I saw myself in a region which was a fit setting for the heroic family to be visited. I found them poor, abstemious, patient, unflinching. They felt that the men of their household had given their lives for freedom, and there was no weak regret, no wish to hold them back. In the family was Annie Brown, who had been with the conspirators in Virginia, and had kept house and cooked for them. There were also the widows of the two slain sons, young girls of sixteen and twenty, one

of them having also lost two brothers at Harper's Ferry. It illustrates the frugal way in which the Browns had lived that the younger of these two widows was not regarded by the household as being absolutely destitute, because her husband had left her five sheep, valued at two dollars apiece. On my return, Mrs. Brown the elder rode with me for a whole day on a buckboard to Keeseville, and I had much talk with her. I have never in my life been in contact with a nature more dignified and noble; a Roman matron touched with the finer element of Christianity. She told me that this plan had occupied her husband's thoughts and prayers for twenty years; that he always believed himself an instrument in the hands of Providence, and she believed it, too. She had always prayed that he might be killed in fight rather than fall into the hands of slaveholders, but she "could not regret it now, in view of the noble words of freedom which it had been his privilege to utter." She also said, "I have had thirteen children, and only four are left; but if I am to see the ruin of my house, I cannot but hope that Providence may bring out of it some benefit for the poor slaves." She little foresaw how, within two years, her dead husband's name would ring through the defiles of the Virginia mountains in the songs of the Union soldiers. When, the next day, I had to put into her hands, in the railway-car, the newspaper containing his death-warrant, she bent her head for a few moments on the back of the seat before us, and then lifted it again unchanged. Her errand was absolutely in vain, Brown refusing even to see her, possibly distrusting his own firmness, or wishing to put it above all possibility of peril; and she returned to her mountain home.

Meanwhile, one of the few of his band who had escaped — Francis J. Merriam — had come to my door one day in Worcester. He was the only one among

the band who was of rather feeble intellect, and he would probably have had no place there but that he alone had money and furnished it liberally. When he reached my house, he appeared utterly demented after the danger and privations of his flight through the mountains. He could not speak two coherent sentences, and I was grateful when, after twenty-four hours, I could send him to his friends in Boston. Another and far abler refugee from Harper's Ferry was Charles Plummer Tidd, one of our Worcester emigrants, — afterwards well known as Sergeant Charles Plummer of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, — who told me, in an interview on February 10, 1860, of which I have the written record, "All the boys opposed Harper's Ferry, the younger Browns most of all. In September it nearly broke up the camp. He himself [Tidd] left, almost quarreling with Brown. Finally, when they consented, it was with the agreement that men should be sent in each direction to burn bridges," — which was not done, however. Tidd pronounced the Harper's Ferry attack "the only mistake Brown ever made," and attributed it, as it is now generally assigned, to a final loss of mental balance from overbrooding on one idea. Brown's general project he still heartily indorsed; saying that the Virginia mountains were "the best guerrilla country in the world," — all crags and dense laurel thickets; that "twenty-five men there could paralyze the whole business of the South," and that "nobody could take them." The negroes, he said, had proved ready enough to follow Brown, but naturally slipped back to their masters when they saw that the enterprise was to fail.

The same question of a rescue presented itself, after Captain Brown's execution, in regard to the two members of his party whose trial and conviction took place two months later, — Stevens and Hazlett, the former of whom I had met with Lane's party in Kansas. In

February, 1860, after urgent appeals from Mrs. Rebecca Spring, of New York, who had visited these men, I made up my mind to use for their relief a portion of certain funds placed in my hands for the benefit of the Brown family; first, of course, consulting Mrs. Brown, who fully approved. Thayer and Eldridge, two young publishers in Boston, also took an interest in raising funds for this purpose; and the fact is fixed in my memory by the circumstance that, on visiting their shop one day, during the negotiations, I met for the first and only time Walt Whitman. He was there to consult them about the publication of his poems, and I saw before me, sitting on the counter, a handsome, burly man, heavily built, and not looking, to my gymnasium-trained eye, in really good condition for athletic work. I perhaps felt a little prejudiced against him from having read his *Leaves of Grass* on a voyage, in the early stages of seasickness, — a fact which doubtless increased for me the intrinsic unsavoriness of certain passages. But the personal impression made on me by the poet was not so much of manliness as of Boweriness, if I may coin the phrase; indeed, rather suggesting Sidney Lanier's subsequent vigorous phrase, "a dandy roustabout." This passing impression did not hinder me from thinking of Whitman with hope and satisfaction at a later day when regiments were to be raised for the war, when the Bowery seemed the very place to enlist them, and even "Billy Wilson's Zouaves" were hailed with delight. When, however, after waiting a year or more, Whitman decided that the proper post for him was hospital service, I confess to feeling a reaction, which was rather increased than diminished by his profuse celebration of his own labors in that direction. Hospital attendance is a fine thing, no doubt, yet if all men, South and North, had taken the same view of their duty that Whitman held, there would have been no occasion for hospitals on either side.

The only persons beside myself who were intimately acquainted with the project formed for rescuing Stevens and Hazlett were Richard H. Hinton, already mentioned, and John W. LeBarnes, afterwards lieutenant of a German company in the Second Massachusetts Infantry during the Civil War. It was decided that an attempt at rescue could best be made from a rendezvous at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and that Hinton should go to Kansas, supplied with money by LeBarnes and myself, to get the coöperation of Captain James Montgomery and eight or ten tried and trusty men. I was to meet these men at Harrisburg, while LeBarnes was to secure a reinforcement of German-Americans, among whom he had much influence, from New York. Only one man in Harrisburg, an active Abolitionist, knew of our purpose, and I met Montgomery at this man's house, after taking up my own residence, on February 17, 1860, at the United States Hotel, under the name of Charles P. Carter. I had met the guerrilla leader once before in Kansas, and we now consulted about the expedition, which presented no ordinary obstacles. The enterprise would involve traversing fifty miles of mountain country by night, at the rate of about ten miles each night, carrying arms, ammunition, blankets, and a week's rations, with the frequent necessity of camping without fire in February, and with the certainty of detection in case of snow. It would include crossing the Potomac, possibly at a point where there was neither a bridge nor a ford. It would culminate in an attack on a building with a wall fourteen feet high, with two sentinels outside and twenty-five inside; with a certainty of raising the town in the process, and then, if successful, with the need of retreating, perhaps with wounded men and probably by daylight. These were the difficulties that Montgomery, as our leader, had to face; and although, in Kansas, he had taken Fort Scott with twenty-two men against sixty-

eight, yet this was quite a different affair. For myself, I had at that time such confidence in his guidance that the words of the Scotch ballad often rang in my ears:—

"I could ha'e ridden the border through
Had Christie Graeme been at my back."

Lithe, quick, low-voiced, reticent, keen, he seemed the ideal of a partisan leader, and was, indeed, a curious compound of the moss-trooper and the detective. Among his men were Carpenter, Pike, Seamans, Rice, Gardner, Willis, and Silas Soule, all well known in Kansas. The last three of these men had lately been among the rescuers of Dr. Doy from jail at St. Joseph, Missouri,—a town of eleven thousand inhabitants,—under circumstances of peculiar daring; one of them personating a horse-thief and two others the officers who had arrested him, and thus getting admission to the jail.

The first need was to make exploration of the localities, and, taking with him one of his companions,—a man, as it proved, of great resources,—Montgomery set out by night and was gone several days. While he examined the whole region,—his native Kentucky accent saving him from all suspicion,—his comrade penetrated into the very jail, in the guise of a jovial, half-drunken Irishman, and got speech with the prisoners, who were thus notified of the proposed rescue. They expressed great distrust of it, and this partly because, even if successful, it would endanger the life of the jailer, Avis, who had won their gratitude, as well as Brown's, by his great kindness. I have never known whether this opposition had any covert influence on the mind of Montgomery, but I know that he came back at last, and quenched all our hopes by deciding that a severe snowstorm which had just occurred rendered the enterprise absolutely hopeless. I was not at the time quite satisfied with this opinion, but it was impossible to overrule our leader; and on visiting that region and the jail

itself, many years later, I was forced to believe him wholly right. At any rate, it was decided by vote of the party to abandon the expedition, and the men were sent back to Kansas, their arms being forwarded to Worcester, while I went to Antioch, Ohio, to give a promised lecture to the college students, and

then returned home. I now recognize how almost hopeless the whole enterprise had appeared in my own mind: the first entry in my notebook, after returning (March 1, 1860), is headed with the words of that celebrated message in the First Book of Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*, — "Recalled to Life."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO IZUMO.

I.

MATSUË, June 28.

I FELT curious in advance as to the nature of the impressions I was going to receive on revisiting, after years of absence, a place known only in the time when I imagined that all Japan was like Izumo. For, as a general rule, impressions of the novel belong as much to illusion as to actuality: and this not only because the receptivity of the senses is seldom perfect (as shown by the fact that it is never quite the same in any two human beings), but much more because the quality of any fresh impression is apt to depend upon the individual mood of the moment. Inexperience — except when guided by pure instinct — is usually dull. A landscape, a street, a house, even a face, when once familiar, takes aspects totally invisible at the time when it was first seen. So I kept asking myself: "What will the old town now look like? Will it still seem to me beautiful? Will the queer, queer charm of other days return?"

Well, some of the charm returned, and keenly, as if reinforced by absence. As a tiny steamer bore me back to the quaint town, — up the long glassy waterways between leagues of rice-lands, and

under just such alternations of sunshine and sudden shower as used to mark the gusty summer of Izumo, — sensations of my first sojourn thronged out to meet me at the sight of well-known peaks, in the scent of blue wood-smoke from the hamlets, in the familiar clayey odors of the fields. Above me, as of yore, circled the kites with their melancholy *pi-yorō-yorō*; voices of wild doves and of *uguisu* purled from wooded hills; and brown fishermen, in boats shaped like new moons, were singing the same song to which I had so often listened at night, in my chamber over the lake, the *Izumo-Bushi*: —

"Yasugi sengen, na no deta tokoro;
Tokamiyama kara Oki mireba,
Doko no funé yara tetsu tsundé,
Yasa-ho!
Yasa-ho! — to
Kami noboru!"¹

Then as we glided up to the well-remembered bridge, the long *Ōhashi*, — past temple gate and *torii* and white-walled *kura* and balconied houses of many stories rising straight from the flood, and between ranks of high-pooped junks and shoals of boats of all shapes and sizes, — nothing seemed to have been changed. All the junks I thought

Yasa-ho! yasa-ho! — and up it goes!" *Yasa-ho* is a sailors' cry; also used by men at heavy labor, such as lifting cargo.

¹ "Yasugi has a thousand houses; the name of the place goes abroad. From Tokami mountain the Islands of the Offing can be seen. Wherever the vessel be from, iron-laden, —

I knew by sight: they were moored in the same old places, every one of them, — as if they had been waiting for me to come back. The white bridge had turned, I fancied, somewhat gray: that was the only difference I could find to assure me that I had really been years away, that I had not been dreaming.

Entering the streets, however, I was almost startled to find them very much narrower and smaller than they had seemed in memory. Their pleasing queerness was the same; but why did they appear to have shrunk? Probably because I had become accustomed to the larger vistas of larger cities, Ōsaka, Kyōto, Kobé.

But this impression of smallness proved only temporary. It passed; and every thing began to look as in former days, yet with a new character toning the familiar aspect. The peculiarly Western style of the buildings, the singular forms of objects in the shops, though clearly remembered, began to interest me in a novel way. All I saw seemed more odd, more extraordinary, than ever before: and this seeming was not fanciful, for Izumo still not only makes things in her own old way, but obliges the manufacturers of Ōsaka and other centres of supply to consult provincial tastes. Even the fans displayed were unlike those seen elsewhere in Japan: they were made beautiful with old-time designs, — such, for example, as a blue-and-white mackerel sky, *semi* on a plum branch, silkworms feeding and spinning, waves and crabs on a beach. Presently I found myself also able to distinguish the purely local character of costumes, coiffures, songs of the street, *samisen* rhythms, etc. Izumo having been the first part of Japan in which I made a long sojourn, I had not before perceived that nearly all things there — the bronzes, the porcelains, the domestic utensils, the woodwork, the agricultural and fishing implements, the amusements, the holidays, the rites and

ceremonies — were as special to the province as was its own antique dialect.

II.

MATSUE, June 30.

I wandered yesterday morning about the town.

Everywhere I found the sunlight and the colors of seven years before; the same-seeming shadows trembling to the same lake wind, the same flower-odors wafted from yellow-walled gardens of old samurai *yashiki*, — magical gardens that no Western eye will see before brute commerce buys them up to destroy them. I went to my former home, tenanted now by its owner, where I was welcomed as a friend, and allowed to look at the lotus-pond, the chrysanthemums, and the little shrine of Inari under the dove-haunted hill. Then I crossed the moat bridge to the old castle, and found that the citizens had liberally subscribed to repair the tower: all the tiling was new and blue; all the worm-eaten beams had been replaced or reinforced. But I regretted that certain fish-shaped gable-ornaments had disappeared; and the raw tints of clean roof and renovated wall-surface were not beautiful, as had been the colors of decay. The lookout chamber of the turret had been decorated with photographs and drawings of scenes of the war in China, and part of a lower room had been converted into a military museum. It contained Chinese cannon, rifles, swords, flags, accoutrements of all sorts captured by Izumo troops. Above this curious display was hung a terrestrial globe, on which perched a prodigious dragon-fly, — the symbol of Japan,¹ — a dragon-fly perhaps five feet long, with wings of tinted gauze. From the castle I went to Gesshōji, to revisit the wonderful cemetery of the Izumo daimyō, — still, in my humble opinion, the most romantic family cemetery in Japan, — and I grieved that the people to have been suggested by the shape of the main island.

¹ *Akitsusu*, the "Land of the Dragon-Fly," is one of the many names of Japan. It is said

had not been more zealous to preserve it. It had been sadly neglected, — probably because of want of means to cover the expense of keeping it in good order, — and a silk-factory, built too near the weirdly carven gate, was pouring volumes of coal-smoke from an ugly brick chimney, and blackening the green neighborhood with cinder-heaps. But this was almost the only sad thing I saw. I went to the middle school; and a new director took me to the rooms in which I used to teach, and new classes of students stood up to salute me after the manner of other times. Presently I was introduced to another visitor, a Japanese naval lieutenant in full uniform. He had been one of the earliest pupils of the school, and was now one of the heroes of the battle of the Yalu. During the war he had served on the Naniwa Kan, the cruiser which struck the first blow at China by sinking the transport Kow-shing. The students assembled in the big lecture-hall to greet him. He made them an address; first speaking of his own student days in the school, then telling the story of the destruction of the Chinese fleet in a simple, direct, soldierly way that delighted everybody.

By invitation I went in the evening to a charming little banquet, at which I met some dear old friends. There were recitations of poems by guests, and there were dances by dancing-girls. One of the latter, whom I remembered having seen when a very small child-*maiko*, during an official dinner given at the governor's house in the twenty-third year of Meiji, had grown up into a tall and graceful woman. She attired herself like a young warrior of old time, — a two-sworded *bushi*, with white cloth tied round her head, sleeves bound back, and skirts tucked up, — to sing a national song of the war, now all the rage. This was for me one of the most interesting incidents of the entertainment. The song is not one of loud triumph, like our West-

ern war-songs; but the melody expresses a peculiar something in Japanese national character that the Occident knows yet very little about. The air is excessively simple, and must be sung in a low, slow way; but every tone in it is a tone of penetrating irony, — the tone of one expressing amused contempt for an enemy, yet careful not to seem boastful. Now, it is just this vocal irony which takes a Japanese audience by storm, — provoking wild shouts, old samurai battle-cries, as it did on this occasion even before the girl had finished the first four lines: —

"Nisshin dampan haraisushitē
Waga Teikoku no Kantai wa
Daidōkō wo nori idasu
'Hiei,' 'Matsushima,' 'Yoshino Kan.'"

Her performance was indeed like a new interpretation. But I think that any man perfectly understanding the inner spirit of the Japanese — their contempt of brag, their measure of strength by modesty, their ideas of decorous reserve in the relating of success — could scarcely hear that song well sung anywhere without feeling stirred to the marrow of his bones. The words are nothing! The stir in the blood is made only by the singer's art in suggesting the suppression by will of the true and natural feeling, — the soldier's scornful pride, his exultation, his sense of glory.

Then, at my request, the girl danced the dance of Urashima. I asked her because I had seen her dance it when she was a child. This time she danced it using a mask, — the mask of old age, — deftly slipped on at the moment when Urashima looks into the box which he was told never to open. Afterwards she brought me the mask to look at. I thought that its pasteboard features had a faint mocking resemblance to my own; and I suppose that I must have fallen into a little reverie, for a friend laughingly handed me a wine-cup, with the wise remark, "To-night we must think only of happy things." As a matter of fact I ought to have been very happy.

But, after all, nobody can revisit with absolute impunity a place once loved and deserted. Something had vanished, something immaterial, of which the absence made a vague sadness within me. I tried to think what it could be. Old friends had entertained me. The city had remained beautiful for me in the light of fairest summer days. The queer street vistas, the familiar shops, the quaint temples, the silent yashiki with their fairy gardens, were unchanged. The landscape looked as it used to look; the songs of birds from the holy groves, the shrilling of the cicadæ, the blossom-scents of the lanes, the many-tinted beauty of wood and vale, were just the same. Was not the lost charm something that had evaporated out of my own life, — something belonging to the first irrevocable illusion of Japan?

I was not sure. But presently I found myself wondering whether most human happiness does not depend upon not seeing things as they are, upon not penetrating surfaces, upon psychological myopia, — or, in other words, upon ignorance of the sharply real; and there recurred to me with fresh meaning a singular Japanese proverb, “*Shiranu ga Hotoké*” (Not to know is to become a Buddha).

III.

MATSUE, July 3.

It is the Japanese custom to take an afternoon nap during the heated term; and yesterday, not being inclined either to sleep or to remain within doors, I decided, while my human friends were reposing, to visit certain of my superhuman friends who are not supposed to sleep at all. So I went out alone to the Street of the Temples. I entered all the remembered courts, and saw the children playing there as they used to play, and

visited some graves, and observed the offerings laid before the statues of Jizō. I was glad to find no change. Both the Hotoké and the Kami appeared to enjoy the same love and reverence as of yore, and their gardens and dwelling-places remained beautiful and well kept. Here and there, before the Shintō shrines, were relics of the recent war, brought from China by victorious soldiers and seamen, — *spolia opima*.

Indeed, the influences of the nineteenth century have little affected the real spirit of Shintō, if they can be said to have done so at all, in any part of Japan. The faith remains not less earnest, though its manifestations often assume a character peculiar to the Meiji era. The offerings to the gods are as numerous as ever, but many of them are strictly modern, and some quite Occidental. At the great shrine of Kōmpira, for instance, you will find a curiously modern *ex-voto*, — a life-preserver, bearing in English letters the name of the ship, *Tosa*, to which it belonged; and you may notice there, also, among old-fashioned *ex-voto* pictures of junks saved from wreck by divine power, new pictures of steamers and modern schooners similarly rescued by the god. At nearly all of the greater temples, and at many of the smaller ones, you can see spoils of the war with China. Among these are Gatling and Armstrong guns, canister-shot and 32-centimetre shells, Mannlicher and Martini rifles, Colt revolvers and Winchester repeaters, not to speak of Chinese banners, uniforms, and lances, — a vast part of the captured armament having been thus disposed of.¹ The soldier of Meiji indeed salutes the gods as he salutes his commanders, and the officer, unsheathing his sword, presents

¹ Many cannon, however, were melted down and converted into memorial medals for the soldiery. In a few cases the offerings made to great shrines by the returning armies were interesting in quite another way. For exam-

ple, the fine pair of stone lions (*karashishi*) brought from China, and now placed before the great Shintō temple called Yasukuni-Jinja in Kudan, Tōkyō, well deserve the attention of the art student.

arms before the Shintō shrine in Western military fashion; but the reverence expressed is the reverence unchanged of a thousand years ago. The festival for the military dead is celebrated now with horse-races and with modern gymnastic games; but the old belief in the real presence of hero-souls makes the same appeal as in other days to the heart of camps. How little, also, the influence of Buddhism has been weakened even in the military world may be divined from the fact of the great festival held in 1896 on behalf of the spirits of the cavalry horses that perished in the war.

Then I found my way beyond the streets, and took a familiar road that winds along the base of a range of hills overlooking a rice-plain. The rice-fields, extending to another line of hills several miles away, presented one unbroken warm green surface, rippling under a west wind almost like a lake. Over those green ripples fishing-boats were sailing, or at least appeared to be sailing, — some of them so near that I could see the faces of men and boys on board. From the level of the road one could see nothing of the canals along which they really were moving, the water being hidden by the rice-grass: one saw only the hulls and the sails — white in the sun like snow — gliding over those bright green undulations. Many times in other years I had watched the same odd spectacle: it still makes one of the particular charms of an Izumo landscape.

From the other side of the road, at long intervals, narrow steep flights of stone steps lead up under trees to the places of old shrines upon the heights. But for the torii prefacing them, one might easily pass without noticing their existence; so disjointed and worn and mossed they have become as to seem to the careless eye no more than a suggestion of steps, — a mere succession of irregularities, uniform in tone with the green and gray of the hillside. Should

you climb one of these flights of steps, you would find at the top another torii flanked by stone lamps and lions, and see a shrine beyond, shadowed by great trees having ropes of straw tied round them in token of their sacredness.

Ascending to one of these holy places to look for a certain stone bearing a curious inscription, I saw a young man, in the common dress of a farmer, praying earnestly before the shrine, and clapping his hands at regular intervals, in the Western Shintō manner. There was no other person in the court. I wandered about, but could not find the stone. It occurred to me to ask the young man at prayer. He answered kindly: "I have been away with the army, and have only now returned, so I am not quite sure. But I think you will find that stone at the east end of the grove, behind the two *ichō*-trees." I thanked him, and left him to his prayers. The stone I found in the spot to which he had directed me. I wondered how often to the memory of that young peasant soldier — in reveries of sentry solitude in the snows of Manchuria, or in dreams of the night before a battle — the vision of his own parish temple had returned, vividly as I saw it then. Doubtless he had played as a child before the same gray shrine. Descending the hill, I took the path to the shrine of O-Kyaku-San; but all the way I kept thinking of that solitary praying figure in the gold-flecked twilight of the holy grove.

The little temple of O-Kyaku-San stands outside the village called Sugatamura, on the slope of a ridge overlooking leagues of rice-fields. It is a very simple Shintō *miya*, with a thatched roof, but there is a handsome granite torii at the entrance to its court. To this torii are fastened tresses of human hair as votive offerings, — long hair of women and children. There are stone lamps and stone lions in the court, and a dancing-platform protected by a straw roof. Children

sometimes dance sacred dances there to please the divinity. The shrine itself is nearly black with age. To its gratings, also, are tied offerings of hair, together with strands of hemp dyed so as to look like real hair. And on its walls, especially under the broad eaves and on either side of the gratings, are pasted cheap colored prints of the kind called Edo-yé, or Yedo-pictures, — views of Tōkyō, landscapes, heads of pretty singing-girls, and, curiously enough, scenes of the late war with China. The shrine is elevated about two feet above the ground, and the vacant space under its floor is almost filled with smooth, round stones, apparently gathered from some river-course.

There is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the shrine or in the general character of its ex-votos; offerings of hair and pictures and heapings of little stones may be seen at hundreds of other *yashiro*. But the story of the temple and the character of the worship paid to its divinity are both peculiar and interesting.

Prayers for handsome hair are made to O-Kyaku-San. Perhaps the visitor will notice that some of the offerings of real hair are not black, but brown. Girls who have brown or wavy hair pray O-Kyaku-San to make it black and straight. Mothers visit the temple to pray that the hair of their children may be beautiful. Each petitioner selects a stone from the pile under the shrine and takes it home, and every day strokes with it her own hair or the hair of her child, with a prayer to O-Kyaku-San. After the prayer has been granted, the stone must be returned to its place under the shrine. (Such prayers would seem often to have been heard, for although many Japanese children are born with brown hair, the hair darkens as they grow up.) Nearly all the stones which I saw at the shrine had

become quite polished on one side; very probably they had been pressed upon many generations of young heads.

Who is, or rather, who was O-Kyaku-San? The appellation is a singular one; it means "the honorable Lady-Guest." I can only answer by repeating the story told at Sugata-mura.

The term "honorable Lady-Guest" was once a respectful designation for the favorite — not the wife — of a prince or grandee. Tradition says that the O-Kyaku-San of Sugata-mura occupied such a place hundreds of years ago in the court of a daimyō. She had great beauty, and the prince loved her, but she had many jealous enemies who intrigued against her. These discovered that her hair was not perfectly black, and they reproached her so persistently and so maliciously with this defect that she became tired of living, and killed herself. But her fate evoked much sympathy and sorrow, and a temple was built for her spirit by way of atonement. And the peasant women pray to her for beautiful hair, and they buy Yedo-pictures for her, because it is still remembered that she used to be very fond of such pictures.¹

On the way back I stopped at the bridge called Baba-bashi to look for the curious divinity who had given her own name to the bridge, — Seki-Baba, the Old Woman of Coughs and Colds. Formerly, her little stone image, sheltered by a wooden shrine, used to occupy a corner on one of the abutments of the bridge, and daily incense was burned in front of it, and special offerings of sprigs of *nanten* (*Nandina domestica*) were set before it in bamboo cups. Judging from the statue only, one would have supposed Seki-Baba to be a popular form of some Buddhist personage, but she had nothing to do with Buddhism. She belonged to the same curious human family of gods

¹ Offerings of tobacco are also made to O-Kyaku-San, — the only instance I know (though there are others, no doubt, to be found) of tobacco being used as an offering at any shrine.

Ordinarily, the peasant simply takes a pinch of tobacco out of his pouch and throws it into the shrine-box.

as O-Kyaku-San. Tradition says that Seki-Baba was a woman who suffered so much from a cough that she ended her pain by throwing herself from the bridge subsequently called Baba-bashi. After her death the people set up on the stonework of the bridge a little shrine for her spirit, and placed in it a statue to represent her, and all who suffered from bad coughs would go to the bridge to pray to her to cure them, so that she became a kind of special deity of coughs and colds.¹ Nearly every pious person who had to pass over that bridge would say a prayer to Seki-Baba, and set a rod of incense smouldering before the statue.

I was sorry to find that Seki-Baba had disappeared. Upon inquiry, I learned that a few years previously the bridge had been repaired, and that during the work of reconstruction the little shrine and statue had been removed and lost. No effort had been made to replace them.

Gods in the agricultural districts survive all disasters and social changes. But when, in this tumultuous era of Meiji and in the heart of a city, any very small local god is displaced and forgotten even for one year, the chances are that such a god will never again be seen or heard of in this world. Seki-Baba was gone, probably to the cemetery of dead mythologies; but I found another not less curious old acquaintance, Shiroko Jizō, in the grounds of a mouldering Buddhist temple on the outskirts of the city. This figure of Shiroko Jizō, or White-Faced Jizō, is cut in relief upon a granite block, and the head is whitened with toilet powder such as women use for their necks and faces. Girls who believe themselves too swarthy touch the powdered surface of the image, and then their own faces, so as to transfer some of the powder on the statue to their skin; pray-

ing the while for a fairer complexion. For generations this has been done, with the result that the original features of Jizō have been completely worn away merely by the touch of women's fingers. There is no face, — nothing but a round, smooth boss of stone representing the head.

IV.

KABANA, August 22.

Gardens excepted, there are no outward manifestations of the old poetry of Japanese life so remarkable as those summer-houses occupying all the picturesque sites of the country. Wherever there is a view worth going to see, you will almost certainly find a summer-house built to command it, no matter how wild or poor the district. You will find summer-houses clinging to sea-cliffs over the thunder of breakers; nestling in shadows of gorges over the roaring of rapids; strutted out from precipice-fronts under the rainbows of cascades; perched, like eagles' nests, at the verge of dead craters. For in Japan there will always be summer guests wherever there is summer beauty, — travelers happy to please their eyes and to rest their feet, and to leave some coppers in payment for the privilege of the vision and the repose.

The summer-house at which I am now staying is typical of the class: a skeleton structure of two stories, simply and strongly built after the manner of peasants' dwellings, and at a cost of perhaps sixty dollars. Timber is cheap here; on the other side of Japan such a building could not be put up for three hundred dollars. It stands on the edge of a lofty cliff, and overlooks a little bay near ancient Mionoseki. From ground-floor to roof it is open on three sides;

¹ There are hundreds of queer old beliefs connected with bridges, a number of which relate to the prevention or the getting rid of sickness. One Izumo belief was that a bad cold might be cured by passing over seven

bridges, and repeating a special prayer at each bridge. It was necessary, however, that the petitioner should not recross any one of the seven bridges on his or her way back, but should return by another road.

and on the seaward side shelter from sun and wind is given by trees rooted in the cliff below, but towering far above the eaves, — enormous pines, with branches many feet in girth. Between the zig-zags of those mighty limbs there are glimpses of sea, and fishing-sails (canvas or straw) flitting like white or yellow butterflies, and the far pale thread-line of the Hōki coast, and Daisen's cone thrusting into the clear sky like some prodigious blue crystal. Or, looking directly down over the needle foliage of younger pines, you see the wimpling of the bay, and bathers laughing among the rocks, and children playing with seaweed and shells. You view the world as a fish-hawk views it, — though I presume with vastly different sensations. After a swim, it is delightful to sleep here, with a wooden pillow under your neck, and the sharp sweet sea wind in your hair. You are furnished with a bathing-dress, sandals, a big straw hat of curious shape to keep off the sun, barley tea and cakes, a smoking-box, and a pillow; and the price per day of this entertainment is — three cents! Of course the guest is expected to bring his own food with him, and to provide himself with towels.

These summer-houses are manifestations of something higher than the mere sense of beauty: they teach us also how fully Old Japan understood that the secret of happiness was to be found in content, — content with the sober necessities of life, content with the simple pleasures that nature offers equally to all, content with what every-day humanity can give of unselfish companionship. Something of the old idyllic condition still lingers in Japan, despite the changes of the years of Meiji; and to one who has dwelt in it even but a little while, our trained Western notions about the "battle for existence," the "duty of struggle," the "obligation" of triumphing over our weaker brethren in the mis-

erable striving for wealth and position, seem the doctrines of a monstrous social condition. Ages and ages ago the Japanese discovered that the sole requirements for unselfish happiness were health, ability to earn a bare livelihood, and the natural cultivation of those moral and æsthetic sentiments possessed by every well-balanced mind. All else that made life worth living nature alone could furnish, — joy, beauty, love, rest.

Very little indeed would be needed for happiness, according to the old Japanese ideal; and sometimes I am inclined to think that ideal the best imaginable. For what does a man really want beyond the common necessities of life? Clothing? — enough only for warmth and neatness. Furniture? — in Japan not more than three dollars can buy. Books? — well, for one who knows how to read (I did not learn how to read until I began to get old) twenty volumes might be sufficient. By preference I should live in the old Japanese fashion, did I not lack the indispensable requisite of a Japanese constitution.

There are certain small conventions which the visitor to these places should be able to observe in order to enjoy the whole Japanese quality of the experience. The general signification of these is only that you take your part in contributing to the general happiness, — not a difficult matter among the politest people in the world. What you can do will of course depend somewhat upon the character of the resort. At summering-places near the great cities of the east coast, where life is becoming unamiably modernized, the rule, for reasons obvious, is caution. It is in the far-away country districts, where the old manners still prevail, that the social charm is greatest and the customs are free from reserve. There you can safely afford to be as good-natured as you can. You have only to accept and to return little courtesies, and never to take offense at any curious interest shown

in your own foreign personality ; for the apparent inquisitiveness is nearly always kindly. The simpler the people, the more fraternal you should be with them. If the place be frequented chiefly by the more refined classes, there will be some preliminary exclusiveness, and friendships will be formed more slowly. But once formed, they are likely to prove as lasting as they are delicious ; for there are beautiful surprises of human nature to be found in Old Japan, true realizations of Buddhist ideals. Yet how speak of them? How describe a character-charm unfamiliar as the scent of some exotic blossom still unknown to the West?

Some of the friendships to which I refer are brought about by children. I have noted the story of such an evolution, exemplifying many. Two little boys, strangers to each other, begin to play together. The elder, seven years old, is from Tōkyō ; the younger is the son of an Izumo school-teacher. The Tōkyō boy's parents are rich : he has many pretty things, — toys of the latest fashion, nice clothes, a naval uniform, and a marvelous cap of white and red cloth, so made that the flat top of it represents the national flag, — a blood-red sun sending out broadening rays like spokes. This he permits the Izumo boy to wear. Day by day, as the friendship grows, the Tōkyō boy gives presents to his new play-fellow : gives him toy after toy, gives him picture-books, gives him at last even the wonderful white and red cap, — the *Manzai-boshi*,¹ as he calls it. When he has nothing more to give away, his sister, a sweet girl of eleven, comes to the rescue with a supply of pretty trifles from her own belongings. The Izumo boy, however, cannot give much in return ; and his parents protest in vain, for the Tōkyō people are too wise to restrain in their children those affectionate impulses which the world will wither

up all too soon. But the respective fathers and mothers have to talk over the matter, and so become loving friends, and pass a good deal of time together. The parting day comes ; the Tōkyō folk must begin their long journey home. Early after sunrise the *kuruma* come. The farewells are antequely graceful, antequely formal : everything nice is done or said according to rule ; but there is no rule for the tears in everybody's eyes. The Izumo boy has to be forcibly taken out of sight and hearing by his nurse ; his grief is a little too passionate. But he is only four years old ! The Tōkyō children turn away their faces and look brave : they have already been trained to self-control. Although the difference in the social position of the two families is great, the bond of love now made between them will probably never be broken. Very happy things may come of it at some far-off day.

V.

HIROSHIMA, August 29.

At Kabé, while waiting with my *kurumaya* to cross the river by the ferry, I was joined by a number of other travelers, chiefly peasant women. The ferry-boat was a large, solid construction, built to bear loaded wains, and made only a fixed number of trips per hour. Just as we were pushing off, a belated little pilgrim came running, and leaped in lightly, — a boy of perhaps thirteen. He was all in white from head to foot, after the fashion of summer pilgrims, — broad shadowing white hat, white upper dress (*oidzura*), white leggings, white *tabi*, — and looked fresh as one who had never trodden the path of hardship. Everybody's gaze was at once turned upon him, and there remained ; for a more attractive boy it would have been hard to find, comely and graceful. He seemed accustomed to being looked at, and returned our silent interest with a smile, showing teeth like porcelain. Then I observed those hard-working peasant

¹ Perhaps the only possible translation would be "hurrah cap."

women, one after the other, pull out their wretched little purses to give him alms. And they gave generously. He had not asked them; he had not even made a gesture: I could only surmise that his smile had touched their Buddhist hearts, or had made them think, perhaps, about boys of their own. One asked him whither he was going; and he answered, in a musical contralto, that he was on the great pilgrimage to the Eighty-eight Temples of Kōbōdaishi (a pilgrimage requiring years to complete). He said no more about himself, and no other questions were asked of him. As we touched the further shore I put into his hand a small coin: he did not look at it, but looked into my face to smile his thanks; and I wondered at the beauty of his eyes. Meeting their laughing liquid gaze under the shadow of the pilgrim hat, I was aware of a thrill of sudden love and pity and admiration in my innermost self, and I understood better why those poor women had so freely opened their purses. As we prepared to go our several ways the lad saluted us, and then resumed his journey, — following the river toward a blue mystery of peaks that thronged into the horizon, range beyond range. Still for a while I watched the slender figure, butterfly-white against the green of the river-shore; then, as my kurumaya made a quick turn that ended the vision, I felt sad, — because the sunshine of those eyes had entered my heart and

stayed there. (They are smiling at me now.)

And my heart followed the pilgrim's feet through the golden day, northwest, till the blue of the peaks turned green; and up winding paths where shadows shake to the torrent roar of gorges; and higher than heights of pine to luminous breezy sites of temples above the clouds; and down again to moist, dim, quaggy valleys, full of creeping water and bubbling of frogs; and upward again to vaster altitudes of azure and wind and sun; while shapes of Arhat and Rishi and Bodhisattva, and the heroes of old, and the gods of the ancient days, ever kept us good ghostly company, and entered with us to rest at pilgrim-inns, and made wonderful the thoughts of our sleep.

Probably on my way to Tōkyō comes the very last apparition of Old Japan, — the charming Old Japan that must remain eternally young in the story of human faith and art, like our own Hellas of the West; Old Japan joying in the daily beauty of the world, satisfied with nature's perpetual poem, and filled with perfect trust in the Buddhist gospel of love! For me the New Japan is waiting; the great capital, so long dreaded, draws me to her vortex at last. And the question I now keep asking myself is whether in that New Japan I can be fortunate enough at happy moments to meet with something of the Old.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XIX.

March 10. For the remainder of my visit, it seemed as if your prophecy of friendship were to be fulfilled. From the moment of my confidence to you,

all the reserves that had been raised by my slighting of your invitations disappeared, perhaps because the secret I had shared with you served to make my past conduct less unreasonable; still more, I believe, because of the faith in you it

evidenced in me. Certain I am that in the following week I felt able to be my true self when with you, for the first time since we were boy and girl together. The difference was so marked that you commented on the change.

"Do you remember," you asked me, "our conversation in Mr. Whitely's study, when I spoke of how little people really knew one another? Here we have been meeting for over three years, and yet I find that I have n't in the least known you."

It is a pleasure to me to recall that whole conversation, for it was by far the most intimate that we ever had, — so personal that I think I should but have had to question to learn what I have longed to know. In response to my slight assistance, to the sympathy I had shown, you opened for the moment your heart; willing, apparently, that I should fathom your true nature.

We had gone to dinner at the Grangers' merely to please Mrs. Blodgett, for we mutually agreed that in the country formal dinners were a weariness of the flesh; and I presume that with you, as with me, this general objection of ours was greatly strengthened when we found Mrs. Polhemus among the guests. It is always painful to me to be near her, and her dislike of you is obvious enough to make me sure that her presence is equally disagreeable to you. It is a strange warp and woof life weaves, that I owe to one for whom we both feel such repulsion the most sympathetic, the tenderest conversation I have ever had with you.

I was talking with Miss Granger, and thus did not hear the beginning of my mother's girds at you; but Agnes, who sat on my left, told me later that, as usual, Mrs. Polhemus set out to bait you by remarks superficially inoffensive, but covertly planned to embarrass or sting. The first thing which attracted my notice was her voice distinctly raised, as if she wished the whole table to listen,

and in fact loud enough to make Miss Granger stop in the middle of a sentence and draw our attention to the speaker.

"— sound very well," Mrs. Polhemus was saying, "and are to be expected from any one who strives to be thought romantically sentimental."

"I did not know," you replied in a low voice, "that a 'romantically sentimental' nature was needed to produce belief in honesty."

"It is easy enough to talk the high morals of honesty," retorted your assailant, "and I suppose, Miss Walton, that for you it is not difficult to live up to your conversational ideals. But we unfortunate earthly creatures, who cannot achieve so rarefied a life, dare not make a parade of our ethical natures. The saintly woman is an enormously difficult rôle to play since miracles went out of style."

"Oh, leave us an occasional ideal, Mrs. Polhemus," laughed a guest. "I for one wish that fairy rings and genii were still the vogue."

"But we have some kinds of miracles," asserted Mrs. Granger. "Remember the distich:—

'God still works wonders now and then:
Behold! two lawyers, honest men!'

"With all due deference to Miss Walton's championing of absolute perfection," continued my mother, with a cleverly detached manner, to veil what lay back of the sneer, "I find it much easier to accept the miracle of an honest lawyer than that of an absolutely uncattish woman," — a speech which, like most of those of Mrs. Polhemus, drew a laugh from the men.

"That's because you don't know Miss Walton!" exclaimed Agnes warmly, evidently fretted by such conduct towards you.

"On the contrary," answered my mother, speaking coolly and evenly, "I presume I have known Miss Walton longer and better than any one else in this room;

and I remember when her views of honesty were such that her ideal was personified by a pair of embezzlers."

You had been meeting her gaze across the table as she spoke, but now you dropped your lids, hiding your eyes behind their long lashes, and nothing but the color receding from your cheeks, leaving them as white as your throat and brow, told of what you felt.

"Oh, say something," appealed Agnes to me in a whisper. "Anything to divert the" —

"And I really think," went on Mrs. Polhemus, smiling sweetly, with her eyes on you, "that if you were as thoroughly honest with us as, a moment ago, you were insistent on the world's being, you would confess to a *tendresse* still felt for that particular form of obliquity."

I shall recall the moment which followed that speech if it shall ever fall to me to sit in the jury-box and pass judgment on a murderer, for I know that had I been armed, and my mother a man, I should have killed her; and it taught me that murder is in every man's heart. Yet I was not out of my head, but was curiously clear-minded. Though allusion to my shame had hitherto always made me dumb, I was able to speak now without the slightest difficulty; I imagine because the thought of your pain made me forget my own.

"Which is better, Mrs. Polhemus," I asked, with a calmness that I marveled at afterwards, "to love dishonesty or to dishonestly love?"

"Is this a riddle?" she said, though not removing her eyes from you.

"I suppose, since right and wrong are evolutionary," I rejoined, "that every ethical question is more or less of a conundrum. But the thought in my mind was that there is something noble in a love so great that it can outlast even wrong-doing." Then, in my controlled passion, I stabbed her as deeply as I could make words stab. "Compare such

a love, for instance, with another of which I have heard, — that of a woman who so valued the world's opinion that she would not get a divorce from an embezzling husband, because of the social stigma it involved, yet who remarried within a week of hearing of her first husband's death, because she thought that fact could not be known. Which love is the higher?"

The color blazed up in my mother's cheeks, and she turned from you to look at me, with eyes that would have killed if they could; and it was her manner, far more than even the implication of my words, which told the rest of the table that my nominally impersonal case was truly a thrust of the knife. A moment's appalling pause followed, and then, though the fruit was being passed, the hostess broke the terrible spell by rising, as if the time had come for the ladies to withdraw.

When, later, the men followed them, Agnes intercepted me at the door, and whispered, "Oh, doctor, it was magnificent! I was so afraid Maizie would break down if — I never dreamed you could do it so splendidly. You're almost as much of a love as papa! Now, do you want to be extra good?"

"So long as you don't want any more vitriol-throwing," I assented, smiling. "Remember that a hostess deserves some consideration."

"I told Mrs. Granger that you did it at my request, and there was n't a woman in the room who did n't want to cheer. We all love Maizie, and hate Mrs. Polhemus; and it is n't a bit because you geese of men think she's handsome and clever, either. Poor Maizie wanted to be by herself, and went out on the veranda. I think she's had time enough, and that it's best for some one to go to her. Won't you slip out quietly?"

I nodded, and instantly she spoke aloud of the moon, and we went to the French window on the pretense of look-

ing at it, where, after a moment, I left her. At first I could not discover you, the vines so shadowed your retreat; and when I did, it was to find you with bowed head buried in your arms as they rested on the veranda rail. The whole attitude was so suggestive of grief that I did not dare to speak, and moved to go away. Just as I turned, however, you looked up, as if suddenly conscious of some presence.

"I did not intend to intrude, Miss Walton, and don't let me disturb you. I will rejoin" —

"If you came out for the moonlight and quiet, sit down here," you said, making room for me.

I seated myself beside you, but made no reply, thinking your allusion to quiet perhaps voiced your own preference.

"It seems needless," you began, after a slight pause, "to ignore your kindness, even though it was veiled. I never felt so completely in another's power, and though I tried to — to say something — to strike back — I could n't. Did my face so betray me to you all that you knew I needed help?"

"Your face told us nothing, so it seemed to me."

"But that makes it positively uncanny. Over and over again you appear to divine my thoughts or moods. Do you?"

"Little more than any one can of a person in whom one is interested enough to notice keenly."

"Yet no one else does it with me. And several times, when we have caught each other's eyes, we have — at least I have felt sure that you were laughing with me, though your face was grave."

"Who was uncannily mind-reading then?"

"An adequate *tu quoque*," you said, laughing; then you went on seriously: "Still, to be frank, as now I think we can be, I have never made any pretense that I was n't very much interested in you — while you — well — till very lately, I have n't been able to make up my mind

that you did not actually — no, not dislike — for I knew that you — I could not be unconscious of the genuine esteem you have made so evident — yet there has always been, until the last two weeks, an indefinable barrier, of your making, as it appeared to me, and from that I could only infer some — I can give it no name."

"Were there no natural barriers to a friendship between a struggling writer and Miss Walton?"

"Surely you are above that!" you exclaimed. "You have not let such a distinction — Oh no, for it has not stood in the way of friendship with the Blodgetts."

A moment's silence ensued, and then you spoke again: "Perhaps there was a motive that explains it. Please don't reply, if it is a question I ought not to put, but after your confidence of last week I feel as if you had given me the privilege to ask it. I have always thought — or rather hoped — that you cared for Agnes. If" —

"And so you married me to her in the novel," I interrupted, in an effort to change the subject, dreading to what it might lead.

You laughed merrily as you said, "Oh, I'm so glad you spoke of that. I have always wondered if you recognized the attempted portrait, — which now I know is not a bit of a likeness, — and have longed to ask you. I never should have dared to sketch it, but I thought my pen name would conceal my criminality; and then what a fatality for you to read it! What have you thought of me?"

"That you drew a very pleasant picture of my supposed mental and moral attainments, at the expense of my ambition and will. My true sympathy, however, went out to the girl whom you offered up as a heart-restorer for my earlier attachment."

"I'm thankful we are in the shadow," you laughed, "so that my red cheeks

don't show. You are taking a most thorough-going revenge."

"That was the last thought in my mind."

"Then, my woman's curiosity having been appeased, be doubly generous and spare my absurd blushes. I don't know when I have been made to feel so young and foolish."

"Clearly you are no hardened match-maker, Miss Walton. Usually match-makers glory in their shame."

"Perhaps I should if I had not been detected, or if I had succeeded better."

"You took, I fear, a difficult subject for what may truly be called your maiden experiment."

"Did I not? And yet — You see I recognized potentialities for loving in you. You can — Ah, you have suggested to me a revenge for your jokes. Did you — were you the man who coined the phrase that my eyes were too dressy for the daytime?"

"Yes," I confessed guiltily, "but" —

"No, don't dare to try to explain it away," you ordered. "How could you say it? We can never be friends, after all."

Though you spoke in evident gayety, I answered gravely: "You will forgive me when I tell you that it was to parry a thrust of Mrs. Polhemus's at you, and I made a joke of it only because I did not choose to treat her gibe seriously. I hoped it would not come back to you."

"Every friend I have has quoted it, not once, but a dozen times, in my presence. If you knew how I have been persecuted and teased with that remark! You are twice the criminal that I have been, for at least my libel was never published. Yet you are unblushing."

We both sat silent for a little while, and then you began: "You interrupted a question of mine just now. Was it a chance or a purposed diversion? You see," you added hastily, "I am presuming that henceforth we are to be candid."

"I confess to an intention in the dodging, not because I feared the question, for a simple negative was all it needed, but I was afraid of what might follow."

"I hoped, after the trust of the other day — You do not want to tell me your story?"

"Are there not some things that cannot be put into words, Miss Walton? Could you tell me your story?"

"But mine is no mystery," you replied. "It has been the world's property for years. Why, your very help to-night proves that it is known to you, — that you know, indeed, facts that were unknown to me."

"Facts, yes; feelings, no."

"Do you appreciate the subtlety of the compliment? You really care for such valueless and indefinable things as feelings?"

"Yes."

"A bargain, then, while you are in this mood of giving something for nothing. Question for question, if you choose."

"You can tell your secrets?"

"To you, yes, for you have told me your greatest."

"Then, with the privilege of silence for both, begin."

"Ah, you begin already to fear the gimlet. Yes. Nothing is to be told that — There again we lack a definition, do we not? Never mind. We shall understand. You knew her in Germany?"

"Yes."

"And she — You wear a mask, at moments even merry-faced, but now and again I have surprised a look of such sadness in your eyes that — Is that why you came to America? She" —

"No. She was, and is, in so different a class, that I never" —

"You should not allow that to be a bar! Any woman" —

"But even more, there are other claims upon me, which make marriage out of the question."

"And this is why you have resigned

reputation for money-making? Is there no escape? Oh, it seems too cruel to be!"

"You draw it worse than it is, Miss Walton, forgetting that I told you of my happiness in loving."

"You make me proud to feel that we are friends, Dr. Hartzmann," you said gently. "I hope she is worthy of such a love?"

I merely nodded; and after a slight pause you remarked, "Now it is only fair to give you a turn."

I had been pondering, after my first impulsive assent, over my right to win your confidence, with the one inevitable conclusion that was so clear, and I answered, "I have no questions to ask, Miss Walton."

"Then I can ask no more, of course," you replied quietly, and at once turned the conversation into less personal subjects, until the time came for our return to My Fancy.

When we parted in the upper hall, that evening, you said to me, "I always value your opinion, and it always influences me. Do you, as your speech to-night implied, think it right to go on loving baseness?"

"It is not a question of right and wrong, but only whether the love remains."

"Then you don't think it a duty to crush it out?"

"No. All love is noble that is distinct from self."

You held out your hand. "I am so glad you think so, and that you spoke your thought. You have done me a great kindness,—greater far than you can ever know. Thank you, and good-night."

Good-night, Maizie.

XX.

March 11. When I left My Fancy, after my visit, Agnes had nothing but praise for me. "I was certain that

you and Maizie would be friends if you ever really knew each other," she said triumphantly. Unfortunately, our first meeting in the city served only to prove the reverse. In one of my daily walks up town, I met you both outside a shop where you had been buying Christmas gifts for the boys of your neighborhood guild. You were looking for the carriage, about which there had been some mistake, and I helped you search. When our hunt was unsuccessful, you both said you would rather walk than let me get a cab, having been deterred only by the growing darkness, and not by the snow. So away we went, chatting merrily, through the elfin flakes which seemed so eager to kiss your cheeks, till your home was reached.

"If we come in, will you give us some tea?" asked Agnes.

"Tea, cake, chocolates, and conversation," you promised.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I cannot spare the time."

I thought you and Agnes exchanged glances. "Please, Doc—" she began; but you interrupted her by saying proudly, "We must not take any more of Dr. Hartzmann's time, Agnes. Will you come in?"

"No," replied Agnes. "I'll go home before it's any darker. Good-night."

I started to walk with her the short distance; but the moment we were out of hearing she turned towards me and cried, "I hate you!" As I made no reply, she demanded impatiently, "What makes you behave so abominably?" When I was still silent she continued: "I told you how Maizie felt, and I thought it was all right, and now you do it again. It's too bad! Well, can't you say something? Why do you do it?"

"There is nothing for me to say, Miss Blodgett," I responded sadly.

"You might at least do it to please me," she went on, "even if you don't like Maizie."

I made no answer, and we walked the rest of the distance in silence. At the stoop, however, Agnes asked, "Will you go with me to call on Maizie, some afternoon?"

I shook my head.

"Not even to please mamma and me?" she questioned.

Again I gave the same answer, and without a word of parting she left me and passed through the doorway. From that time she has treated me coldly.

Another complication only tended to increase the coldness as well as to involve me with Mrs. Blodgett. In December, Mr. Blodgett came into Mr. Whitely's office and announced, "I've been taking a liberty with your name, doctor."

"What kindness am I indebted for now?" I inquired.

"I'm a member of the Philomathean," he said, — "not because I'm an author, or artist, or engineer, or scientist, but because I'm a big frog in my own puddle, and they want samples of us, just to see what we're like. I was talking with Professor Eaton in September, and we agreed you ought to be one of us; so we stuck your name up, and Saturday evening the club elected you."

"I can't afford it" — I began; but he interrupted with: —

"I knew you'd say that, and so did n't tell you beforehand. I'll bet you your initiation fee and a year's dues against a share of R. T. common that you'll make enough out of your membership to pay you five times over."

"How can I do that?"

"All the editors and publishers are members," he replied, "and to meet them over the rum punch we serve on meeting nights is worth money to the most celebrated author living. Then you'll have the best club library in this country at your elbow for working purposes."

"I don't think I ought, Mr. Blodgett."

He was about to protest, when Mr. Whitely broke in upon us, saying, "Accept your membership, Dr. Hartzmann, and the paper shall pay your initiation and dues."

I do not know whether Mr. Blodgett or myself was the more surprised at this unexpected and liberal offer. Our amazement was so obvious that Mr. Whitely continued: "I think it'll be an excellent idea for the paper to have a member of its staff in the Philomathean, and so the office shall pay for it."

"Whitely," observed Mr. Blodgett admiringly, "you're a good business man, whatever else you are!"

"I wish, Blodgett," inquired Mr. Whitely, "you would tell me why I have been kept waiting so long?"

"Many a name's been up longer than yours," replied Mr. Blodgett in a comforting voice. "You don't seem to realize that the Philomathean's a pretty stiff club to get into."

"But here Dr. Hartzmann is elected within four months of his posting?"

"Well, the doctor has the great advantage of being a sort of natural Philomath, you see," Mr. Blodgett explained genially. "He was born that way, and so is ripe for membership without any closet mellowing."

"But my reputation as a writer is greater than Dr." — began Mr. Whitely; but a laugh from Mr. Blodgett made him halt.

"Oh come, now, Whitely!"

"What's the matter?" asked my employer.

"Once St. Peter and St. Paul stopped at a tavern to quench their thirst," said Mr. Blodgett, "and when the time came to pay, they tossed dice for it. Paul threw double sixes, and smiled. Peter smiled back, and threw double sevens. What do you suppose Paul said, Whitely?"

"What?"

"Oh, Peter, Peter! No miracles between friends."

"I don't follow you," rejoined Mr. Whitely.

Mr. Blodgett turned and said to me, "I'm going West for two months, and while I'm gone the Twelfth-night revel at the Philomathean is to come off. Will you see that the boss and Agnes get cards?" Then he faced about and remarked, "Whitely, I'd give a big gold certificate to know what nerve food you use!" and went out, laughing.

When I took the invitations to Mrs. Blodgett, I found you all with your heads full of a benefit for the guild, to be given at your home, — a musical evening, with several well-known stars as magnets, and admission by invitation as an additional attraction. Mrs. Blodgett said to me in her decisive way, "Dr. Hartzmann, the invitations are five dollars each, and you are to take one."

I half suspected that it was only a desire to get me within your doors, though every society woman feels at liberty to whitemail her social circle to an unlimited degree. But the fact that the entertainment was to be in your home, even more than my poverty, compelled me to refuse to be a victim of her charitable kindness or her charitable greed. I merely shook my head.

"Oh, but you must," she urged. "It will be a delightful evening, and then it's such a fine object."

"Do not ask it of Dr. Hartzmann," you protested, coming to my aid. "No one" —

"I'm sure it's very little to ask," remarked Mrs. Blodgett, in a disappointed way.

"Mrs. Blodgett," I said, in desperation, "for years I have denied myself every luxury and almost every comfort. I have lived at the cheapest of boarding-houses; I have walked down town, rain or shine, to save ten cents a day; I have" — I stopped there, ashamed of my outbreak.

"I suppose, Dr. Hartzmann," retorted Agnes, with no attempt to conceal the

irritation she felt towards me, "that the Philomathean is one of your ten-cent economies?"

Before I could speak you changed the subject, and the matter was dropped, — I hoped for all time. It was, however, to reappear, and to make my position more difficult and painful than ever.

At Mrs. Blodgett's request, made that very day, I sent you an invitation to the Philomathean ladies' day. It was with no hope of being there myself, since my editorial duties covered the hours of the exhibition; but good or bad fortune aided me, for Mr. Whitely asked me for a ticket, and his absence from the office set me free. The crowd was great, but, like most people who try for one thing only, I attained my desire by quickly finding you, and we spent an enjoyable hour together, studying the delicious jokes and pranks of the artist members. The truly marvelous admixture of absurdity and cleverness called out the real mirth of your nature, and our happiness and gayety over the pictures strangely recalled to me our similarly spent days in Paris and elsewhere. You too, I think, remembered the same experience, for when we had finished, and were ascending the stairs to the dining-room, you remarked to me, "I never dreamed that one could be so merry after one had ceased to be a child. For the last hour I have felt as if teens were yet unventured lands."

I confess I sought a secluded spot in an alcove, hoping still to keep you to myself; but the project failed, for when I returned from getting you an ice, I found that Mr. Whitely had joined you. The pictures, of course, were the subject of discussion, and you asked him, "Are all the other members as clever in their own professions as your artists have shown themselves to be?"

"The Philomathean is made up of an able body of men," replied Mr. Whitely in a delightfully patronizing tone. "Some few of the very ablest, perhaps, do not care to be members; but of the

second rank, you may say, broadly speaking, that it includes all men of prominence in this city."

"But why should the abler men not belong?"

"They are too occupied with more vital matters," explained my employer.

"Yet surely they must need a club, and what one so appropriate as this?"

"It is natural to reason so," assented the would-be member. "But as an actual fact, some of the most prominent men in this city are not members," and he mentioned three well-known names.

The inference was so unjust that I observed, "Should you not add, Mr. Whitely, that they are not members, either because they know it is useless to apply, or because they have applied in vain; and that their exclusion, though superficially a small affair, probably means to them, by the implication it carries, one of the keenest mortifications of their lives?"

"You mean that the Philomathean refuses to admit such men as Mr. Whitely named?" you asked incredulously.

I smiled. "The worldly reputation and the professional reputation of men occasionally differ very greatly, Miss Walton. We do not accept a man here because his name appears often in the newspapers, but because of what the men of his own calling know and think of him."

"And of course they are always jealous of a man who has surpassed them," contended Mr. Whitely.

"There must be something more against a man than envy of his confrères to exclude him," I answered. "My loyalty to the Philomathean, Miss Walton, is due to the influence it exerts in this very matter. Errors are possible, but the intention is that no man shall be of our brotherhood who is not honestly doing something worth the doing, for other reasons than mere money-making. And for that very reason, we are supposed, within these walls, to be friends, whether or not there is acquaintance out-

side of them. We are the one club in New York which dares to trust its membership list implicitly to that extent. Charlatanry and dishonesty may succeed with the world, but here they fail."

"You make me envious of you both," you sighed, just as Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes joined us.

"What are you envying them?" asked Agnes, as she shook hands with you.

"They were monopolizing you. How selfish men are!"

"In monopolizing this club?"

"Was that what you envied them?" ejaculated Mrs. Blodgett. "I for one am glad there's a place to which I can't go, where I can send my husband when I want to be rid of him." Then she turned to Mr. Whitely, and with her usual directness remarked, "So they've let you in? Mr. Blodgett told me you would surely be rejected."

Mr. Whitely reddened and bit his lip, for which he is hardly to be blamed. But he only bowed slightly in reply, leaving the inference in your minds that he was a Philomath. How the man dares so often to —

The striking clock tells me it is later than I thought, and I must stop.

Good-night, dear heart.

XXI.

March 12. Our talk at the Philomathean and Mr. Whitely's tacit assumption of membership had their penalty for me, — a penalty which, to reverse the old adage, I first thought an undisguised blessing. When we separated, he asked me to dinner the following evening, to fill in a place unexpectedly left vacant; and as I knew, from a chance allusion, that you were to be there, I accepted a courtesy at his hands.

Although there were several celebrities at the meal, it fell to my lot to sit on your right; my host, who took you down, evidently preferring to have no

dangerous rival in your attention. But Mrs. Blodgett, who sat on his other side, engaged him as much as she chose, and thus gave me more of your time than I should otherwise have had. If you knew how happy it made me that, whenever she interrupted his monopoly of you, instead of making a trialogue with them, you never failed to turn to me!

"I have just re-read Mr. Whitely's book," you remarked, in one of these interruptions, "and I have been trying to express to him my genuine admiration for it. I thought of it highly when first I read it, last autumn, but now I am really an enthusiast."

I suppose my face must have shown some of the joy your words gave me, for you continued, "Clearly, you like it too, and are pleased to hear it praised. But then it's notorious that writers are jealous of one another! Tell me what you think of it."

I tried to keep all bitterness out of my voice as I laughed. "Think how unprofessional it would be in me to discuss my employer's book: if I praised it, how necessary; if I disparaged it, how disloyal!"

"You are as unsatisfactory as Mr. Whitely," you complained. "I can't get him to speak about it, either. He smiles and bows his head to my praise, but not a word can he be made to say. Evidently he has a form of modesty — not stage fright, but book fright — that I never before encountered. Every other author I have met was fatiguingly anxious to talk about his own writings."

"Remember in our behalf that a book stands very much in the same relation to a writer that a baby does to its mother. We are tolerant of her admiration; be equally lenient to the author's harmless prattle."

"I suppose, too," you went on, "that the historian is less liable to the disease, because his work is so much less his own flesh and blood; so much less emotional than that of the poet or novelist."

"No book worth reading ever fails to be steeped with the spirit of the person who wrote it. The man on the stage is instinct with emotion and feeling, but does he express more of his true individuality than the man in real life? The historian puts fewer of his own feelings into his work, but he plays far less to the gallery, and so is more truthful in what he reveals of himself."

"Your simile reminds me of a thought of my own, after my first reading of this book: that the novelist is the demagogue of letters, striving to please, and suing for public favor by catering to all its whims and weaknesses; but the historian is the aristocrat of literature, knowing the right, and proudly above taking heed of popular prejudice or moods." I liked Mr. Whitely's book for many things, but most of all for its fearless attitude towards whatever it touched upon. I felt that it was the truth, because the whole atmosphere told me that a man was writing, too brave to tell what was untrue. That evidently pleases you, again," you laughed. "Oh, it is horrible to see this consuming jealousy!"

When the ladies withdrew, the men, as usual, clustered at one end of the table; but my host beckoned me to join him, and sat down apart from his guests.

"Dr. Hartzmann, what is the matter at the Philomathean?" he demanded in a low voice.

"Matter?" I questioned.

"Yes. What is the reason they don't elect me?"

"I am not on the membership committee, Mr. Whitely," I replied.

"Are you popular up there? Mr. Blodgett said that you were."

"I have some good friends," I answered.

"Then electioneer and get me put in," he explained, revealing to me in a flash why he had volunteered that the paper should pay the expenses of my membership.

"I am hardly in a position to do that."

"Why not?"

"I am a new member, and my position under you is so well known that it would be very indelicate in me to appear in the matter."

"For what do you suppose I helped you, then?" he asked severely.

"I did not understand till now."

"Well, then, drop your talk about delicacy, and get your friends to elect me."

"I do not think I can do that," I answered mildly.

"Then you won't earn your pay?"

"Mr. Whitely, when you made the offer, you put it on an entirely different ground, and it is unfair to claim that it involved any condition that was not then expressed."

"But you ought to be willing to do it. Have n't you any gratitude about you?"

"I understood that you wanted one of your staff a member of that club. Had you mentioned your present motive, I should certainly have refused to accept the offer; and under these circumstances I decline to recognize any cause for gratitude."

"What is your objection to doing it, though?" he persisted.

"Indeed, Mr. Whitely, I do not think I am called upon to say more than I have said."

"Do you want me in the club or not?" he demanded.

"I shall certainly never oppose your election in any way whatsoever."

"But you will not work for me?"

"No."

"Are you waiting to see how much I'll give?"

My hand trembled at the insult, but I made no reply.

"Come," he continued, "are you standing out in hopes I will offer you something?"

"No."

"How much?" he asked.

"I have been elected to the Philomathean, Mr. Whitely," I said, concluding that an explanation might be the easiest escape, after all, "and to it I owe a distinct duty. If you were not my employer, I should work against you."

"Why?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Is it necessary to say?" I answered.

"Yes. What is your objection to me?"

"Did you never read *Æsop's* fable of the jackdaw?" I asked.

"That's it, is it? And you are opposing my election?"

"By not the slightest act."

"Then why did Blodgett predict that I would surely be rejected? I've a reputation as a writer, as a philanthropist, and as a successful business man. What more do they want?"

"As I told Miss Walton yesterday," I explained, "a man's true and eventual reputation depends, not on what the world thinks of him, but on what his fellow-craft decide."

"Well?"

"There is scarcely an author or editor at the Philomathean who is not opposed to your election, Mr. Whitely."

"You have been telling tales," he muttered angrily.

"You should know better."

"Then what have they against me?"

"Any man who works with his pen learns that no one can write either editorials or books, of the kind credited to you, without years of training. The most embarrassing ordeal I have to undergo is the joking and questioning with which the fraternity tease me. But you need never fear my not keeping faith."

"Yet you won't help me into the Philomathean?"

"No."

"So you'll make money out of me, but think your club too good?"

"I owe my club a duty."

"I know," he went on smoothly, "that you're an awful screw, when

there's a dollar in sight. How much do you want?"

My silence should have warned him, but he was too self-absorbed to feel anything but his own mood.

"How much do you want?" he repeated; and I still sat without speaking, though the room blurred, and I felt as if I were stifling. "The day I'm elected to the Philomathean, I'll give you" —

I rose and interrupted him, saying, "Mr. Whitely, if you wish me to leave your house and employment, you can obtain my absence in an easier way than by insulting me."

For a moment we faced each other in silence, and then he rose. "Hereafter, Dr. Hartzmann, you will pay those dues yourself," he said in a low voice, as he moved towards the door.

I only bowed, glad that the matter was so easily ended; and for nearly two months our relations have been of the most formal kind that can exist between employer and employed.

Far more bitter was another break. When the moment of farewell came, that evening, I waited to put you and Mrs. Blodgett into your carriages, and while we were delayed in the vestibule you thanked me again for the pleasure of the previous afternoon, and then continued: "I understood why you did not feel able to please Mrs. Blodgett about the concert. But won't you let me acknowledge the pleasure of yesterday by sending you a ticket? I have taken a number, and as all my circle have done the same, I am finding it hard to get rid of them."

"That's all right, Maizie," interjected Mrs. Blodgett, who had caught, or inferred from an occasional word that she heard, what you were saying. "We took an extra ticket, and I am going to use the doctor for an escort that evening."

"I thank you both," I answered, "but I shall not be able to attend the concert."

"Nonsense!" sniffed Mrs. Blodgett, as I helped her into her carriage. "You're going to do as I tell you."

You did not speak in the moment we waited for your coupé to take its place, but as the tiger opened the door you looked in my face for the first time since my words, showing me eyes that told of the pain I had inflicted.

"I am so sorry," you said quietly. "I had thought — hoped — that we were to be friends."

There was nothing for me to say, and we parted thus. From that time I have seen little of you, for when I meet you in society you no longer make it possible for me to have much of your society. And my persistent refusal to go to the concert with Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes completed their irritation against me, so that I am no longer asked to their home, and thus have lost my most frequent opportunity of meeting you. But harder even than this deprivation is the thought that I have given you pain; made all the greater, perhaps, because so ill deserved and apparently unreasonable. I find myself longing for the hour when we shall meet at that far-away tribunal, where all our lives, and not alone that which is seen, will stand revealed. For two months I have not had a single moment of happiness or even hope. I am lonely and weary, while my strength and courage seem to lessen day by day. Oh, my darling, I pray God that thought of you will make me stronger and braver, so that I may go on with my fight. Good-night.

XXII.

March 13. Last night, at the Philomathean, Mr. Blodgett joined me, and asked me why I had not dined with them lately. He returned only a few days ago, and was thus ignorant that I have not been inside his door for weeks. I hesitated for an instant, and then replied, "I have been working very hard."

"What are you usually doing?" he asked, smiling. "Come in to Sunday dinner to-morrow."

"I shall be too busy with a lot of manuscripts I have on hand, that must be read," I told him.

"Stop killing yourself," he ordered. "As it is, you look as if you were on the brink of a bad illness. You won't get on a bit faster by dying young."

There the matter rested, and I did not go to dinner to-day, being indeed glad to stay indoors; for I very foolishly walked up town yesterday through the slush, and caught a bad cold. While I was trying to keep warm, this evening, a note was brought me from Mr. Blodgett, asking me to come to him at once; and fearing something important, I braved the cold without delay, ill though I felt. I was shown at once into his den, which was so cheerful with its open fire that I felt it was a good exchange for my cold room, where I had sat coughing and shivering all the afternoon.

"Twice in my life I've really lost my temper with the boss," he began, before I had even sat down, though he closed the door while speaking. "Never mind about the first time, but to-day I got mad enough to last me for the rest of my life."

"May I sit down?" I interrupted.

He nodded his head, and took a position in front of me, with his back to the fire, as he continued: "Women are enough to make a man frantic when they get a fixed idea! Now, to-day, at dinner, I said I'd invited you, and I saw in a moment something was in the wind; so when we had finished I told them to come in here, and it did n't take me long to find out the trouble."

"I did n't like to" — I began; but he went on: —

"And that was the beginning of their trouble. I tell you, there was Cain here for about ten minutes, and there were n't two worse scared women this side of the grave, while I was ranting; for the boss

remembered the other time, and Agnes had never seen me break loose. I told them they'd done their best to drive you crazy with grief; that if they'd searched for ten years they could n't have found a meaner or crueller thing, or one that would have hurt you more; that nine men out of ten, in your shoes, would have acted dishonestly or cut their throat, but that you had toed the chalk-line right along, and never once winced. And I let them know that for five dollars they'd added the last straw of pain to a fellow who deserved only kindness and help from them."

"Really, Mr. Blodgett" — I protested.

"Hold on. Don't attempt to stop me, for the fit's on me still," he growled. "They tried to come the surprised, and then the offended, but they did n't fool me. I never let up on them till I had said all I wanted to say, and they won't forget it for a day or two. When I sent Agnes upstairs, she was sobbing her eyes out, and the boss would have given her pin money for ten years to have escaped with her."

"It's too bad to" —

"That's just what it was!" he cried. "To think of those screws trying to blackmail you, and then telling me you were a skinflint because you would n't do what they wanted! Well, after Agnes had gone, I gave the boss a supplementary and special dose of her own. I told her she could double discount you on meanness, and then give you forty-nine points; and to make sure of good measurement, I added in the whole female sex along with her. I told her that if she knew the facts of your life, she'd get down on her knees and crawl round to your place to ask your pardon, and then she would n't be fit to have it. I told her that when the day of judgment came, she'd just go the other way in preference to hearing what the recording angel had written of her."

"I am afraid my welcome will be scantier than ever."

"Not a bit of it. I'm the master of this house, as they found out this afternoon, and I say who'll come into it, and who'll not. I shan't need to interfere in your case, for you'll get a warm welcome from both."

"You did n't tell them?" I exclaimed, starting forward in my seat.

"Not a word, though the boss nearly went crazy with curiosity. But I did say that you were making a splendid uphill fight, and if they knew the facts of the case they'd be proud to black your boots. My word goes in this family about as well as it does on the street, and you'll get all the welcome you can stand from now on."

"You make me very proud and happy."

"You have reason to be proud," he asserted. "I'm not a man who slobbers much, but I'm going to tell you what I think of you. When you first came here, I sized you up as rather a softy, your manner was so quiet and gentle. I got over that delusion precious quick, and I want to say that for pluck and grit you're a trump, and there's my hand on it."

He went to the table, poured out a couple of glasses of whiskey and seltzer, and brought them to the fire. "You need something for that graveyard cough of yours," he said, handing one to me. "Well," he went on, "I did n't bring you out such a night as this to tell you of my scrap; but after the row, the boss was so ashamed of herself that she trumped up an A 1 excuse (as she thought) for having treated you as she had, and that led to a talk, and that's why I sent round for you. What do you suppose she has got into her head?"

"I can't imagine."

"I need n't tell you," he remarked, "that women always know an awful lot that is n't so. But just because they do, they every now and then discover a truth that can't be come at in any other way. Now the boss thinks she's done

this, and I'm not sure that she has n't. She says you are in love."

"I never knew a man that was n't," I replied, trying to smile. "If it is n't with a woman, then it's always with himself."

"But the boss thinks she knows the girl, and has a down on you because you — because you don't try for her."

I laughed bitterly, and said, "You needed no explanation for that."

"That's what made the boss's idea reasonable to me," he explained. "She could n't conceive why you should keep silent, and so was ready to pitch into you on the slightest pretense. Women have n't much use for a man who falls in love and does n't say so. But of course I knew that your debt put marriage out of the question."

I merely nodded my head, for even to him I could not speak of my love for you, it was so sacred to me.

He drew up a chair to the fire, and continued: "There is n't another man to whom I'd care to say what I'm going to say to you, but you've got a heart and a head both, and won't misunderstand me." He finished his glass, and set it on the mantel. "Now I don't have to tell you that the boss is fond of you, and when I told her that I knew of a reason why you could n't marry, she forgave you on the spot. What's more, she first wished to learn what it was; and failing in that, she then wanted to know if it could be remedied, so that you might have a chance to win the girl."

"She of course knows nothing of my position?"

"No," he said, "but she knows something of your character, and she's ordered me that, if it's possible, I'm to help you get the girl you care for."

"But my debt!" I exclaimed.

"How much is it now?" he queried.

"One hundred and eighteen thousand."

"Well, I'll lend Agnes's husband one

hundred and eighteen thousand dollars at three per cent, and leave her the note when I die. From what I know of marriage, I can only say that if she squeezes him for payment it will be his own fault."

I sat speechless for a moment, too bewildered by the unexpected turn to even think.

"I was as surprised as you look," he went on, "for although I had seen that you and Agnes" —

"Indeed, Mr. Blodgett," I exclaimed hastily, "I am no more to Miss Agnes than a dozen of her friends! I" —

"So the boss says," he interrupted. "But that does n't mean that you can't be. Though to speak the truth, my boy," he continued, resting his hand on my knee, "this was n't my plan. I had hoped that you and Maizie would take a shine to each other, and so kiss the chalk-marks off that old score. But when I spoke of the scheme to the boss, this evening, she told me there had never been a chance of it; that you did n't like Mai, and that she is practically engaged to Whitely, and is only — Better have some more whiskey, or that cough will shake you to pieces."

I could only shake my head in my misery, but after a moment I was able to say, "Mr. Blodgett, I did not understand — I" —

"I want to tell you," he broke in, "before you say anything more, that I never believe in putting one's fingers into love affairs, and I should n't in this case if the boss did n't feel so keen about it, but I don't choose to be the one to stand in her way. And now I'm not offering my daughter's hand. You know as well as I that Agnes is n't the kind of girl who needs a prospectus or a gold clause to work her off. If she dropped her handkerchief to-morrow, fifty men would be scrambling for it, eh?"

"Yes." Then I added, "And, Mr. Blodgett, I can't find the words to tell

how I thank you both for such a compliment. If" —

"I knew you would n't misunderstand me," he went on. "It's a good deal of a start in life to be born a gentleman."

"But, Mr. Blodgett," I said, "there has been a mistake. I — it is hard to say, but" — then I faltered.

He looked at me keenly for a moment. "So the boss was wrong? It's only friendship, not love?"

"Just what she has given to me," I answered.

"Very well. Then if you want to please the boss — and me — let that friendship grow into something better. But don't misunderstand me. You must win Agnes, if she is won. We do nothing."

"Mr. Blodgett, should you be willing to let me try to win Miss Agnes, if I tell you that I do not love her as a man should love the woman he seeks for his wife?"

"Marriage is a funny business," he responded. "Now there's the boss. When I married her I thought she was so and so; little by little I found she was n't; but by the time I had found it out, I would n't have swapped her for ten of the women I had thought she was. Some men have no business to marry unless they're pretty strongly attached, for they don't run steady; but you're a fellow that would keep in the traces no matter what happened, and before long you'd find yourself mighty fond of Agnes. A sense of duty is about as good a basis to marry on, if there's natural sympathy and liking, as all this ideal make-believe. I don't think you dislike Agnes, do you?"

"Indeed, no!" I exclaimed. "Nobody could. She is too charming and sweet for any one to do that. Miss Agnes deserves far more than I can bring her. What have I to give in return for all this?"

"You can settle that with Agnes,"

he laughed; and then, as if to lessen my poverty in my own eyes, he kindly added, "In the first place, I'll get a son-in-law chock-full of heart and grit and brains; and I've had pretty good evidence that he is n't fortune-hunting, which is Agnes's great danger. But that is n't all, and I want you to know I'm not a fool. I'm a big fellow down in Wall Street, and even on the Royal Exchange, but do you think I don't know my position? They kept me up over two years at the Philomathean, and you four months. After you've worked ten years over books with your own name on them, you'll be received and kotowed to by people who would n't crook a finger to know me. You won't be famous as I am, for the number of naughts I can write after a figure, but your name will be known everywhere, and will be familiar long after mine has been forgotten. Who were the bankers and rich men fifty years ago? There is n't one person in a thousand can tell you. But who has n't heard of Thackeray and Hawthorne, Macaulay and Motley? Don't you see I'm doing my level best for Agnes, and making a regular Jew bargain?"

"Perhaps Miss Agnes will not agree."

"We've got to take that chance; but she likes you, and good women think a heap more of brains than they do of money. If you'll let me tell her your story, it won't be long before she'll take notice. I should n't have had to ask the boss twice if I'd had any such trump card as you've got, and she was a sight less tender-hearted than Agnes!"

"Mr. Blodgett," I said, "I can't tell you the gratitude I feel, but I must be frank."

"Hold on!" he cried. "I don't want you to say anything now. You are to take a week on it, and not give me your answer till the end. If you have half the gratitude in you that you pretend, you'll do as the boss wants."

I had manned myself to tell him of my love for you, but I bowed assent, for indeed I was too bewildered to think clearly, and was glad to have a respite. We shook hands without further parley, and I came back here, to cough and shiver while trying to think it all out. An hour ago I went to bed, but I was wakeful, and so sit here trying to write myself into sleepiness.

I have thought out what my course must be. If it is true, as indeed I know it to be, that Mr. Whitely has won you, Mr. Blodgett shall have the truth. I shall tell him that I will put you out of my heart, as perforce I must, and that if he is still willing I will go to Agnes, tell her too the whole truth, and promise her such love and devotion as I can give. So sweet a girl deserves far more, and I cannot believe that she will accept the little I can offer; but if she does, it shall be the labor of my life to be to her a true and tender husband. And even if she were not what she is, the thought that through her I have made reparation for the wrong done you will make easy both tenderness and love for her.

For the last time, perhaps, I have the right to say, "Good-night, my love."

Paul Leicester Ford.

THE ENEMY LISTENS.

*How long it has lain drowsing in my heart,
The torpid fear, half witless of its sting,
Who knows? . . . Yet haply He has smiled apart,
All-knowing and all-silent: ay, at this,
How it uncoils slow length, awakening,
And wakes to hiss!*

Here may I lean and glory in my wings
While all the stars go singing, sphere on sphere
Bound to an orbit; and with echoings
They set the darkness throbbing. Oh, I hear
How they all sing, to bind
Me, — where I poise and laugh at them like wind,
But none too near.

If He be All in All, why stays He yet
To burn moth-wings that fly athwart His will?
If He be master, why has He not set
A hand upon my mouth, to say, *Be still*,
As snowfall dumbs the Earth,
And with the leaves all laughterless, her mirth
Falls brown and chill!

Why is He silent? For the seasons shift,
A rainbow change of summer and of cold,
And light and dark, like flickering clouds that drift
Across a bubble, rose and green and gold
All in a bright dismay,
Before it vanish in a little spray:
The Earth grows old.

Yet all the while unshadowed, I take care
To lie in wait for eager ships that be
So brave to follow, — hunt them to my lair
And drag them down, a-quiver to be free,
With broken wings, until,
Struck through with fangs of lightning, they lie still
To feed the Sea.

Is He not vexed? Myself, I like them well:
They coax me like the foolish nest, unsought,
Loath to be taken, that must ever tell
Where music is. So have I often caught
The winds to pluck their sting
And send them weaponless and wandering
And good for naught.

The Enemy Listens.

Have I not stirred the swarms that work men ill?
 Raveled time's work? Have I not laughed to see
 How they cursed Him, unwitting of my will,
 For all the bickering hate, when straight as bee
 Homeward at evening,
 With ruin laden every pest took wing
 Homeward to me!

What have I spared save those mad stars of His
 Because I would not come too near their song,
 Urging to madness everything that is,
 Luring to follow, drawing me along
 To follow on the height,
 A foolish pathway trodden into light
 By all the throng!

Look how they all go timely, one and one,
 To do His bidding; they that might go free,
 And do His bidding, — moon and star and sun,
 Singing the spell that reaches after me!
 They know not they are mad:
 Even the Earth, wan drudge, goes ever sad
 And bright to see.

I would not listen, — nay, I will not hear.
 So the sea-tides at ebb and flow may plead
 With sea-drift. So it is, if you come near,
 A world would whirl you whither it may lead.
 So may the wind — who knows? —
 Urge all the petals of a doubtful rose:
 My rose, take heed!

I will not listen. Like a flock of birds
 Circled about the tamer, set to sing
 With hearts abeat to his unspoken words, —
 Wild joys, all bright and unremembering, —
 So it may be that each
 Has faltered, trembled, felt the tamer reach
 To bind his wing.

Is it His spell that measures what they sing?
 Some rhythm within His silence that they hear,
 Whence all the echoes widen, ring on ring,
 With all the irised light from sphere to sphere?
 Surely the currents start
 Pulsing high tide from some immortal heart:
 There wakes the fear.

Why does He tarry? Say I fear Him not,
 Reach up and blow the stars out one by one,

Unleash, to exultations long forgot,
 The planets He hath charmed: were it well done?
 Bind all the winds that be,
 Shake meteors from their husks, drink of the sea,
 Outstare the sun!

Would it avail? So I make shift to break
 The enringing song and scatter it through space
 Like rainfall fair to see, — and if I take
 The lordship on me in that desert place:
 To be alone with Him
 There in the void, among dead worlds left dim,
 And face to face?

What if His silence waits me, like a net
 Hid in the midst of them that lure and call,
 Till I — I falter, tremble, and forget
 Glory and joyance to be tamed His thrall?
 Even now on tardy wing, —
 Even now too long I listen, wondering
 If He be All!
Josephine Preston Peabody.

COMMENT ON RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.

THE notion of "complete works" used to bring up the vision of a solemn row of learned treatises; now we have our fiction on dress parade, and so eager are we to have uniform and complete sets that hardly has a writer made a few successful ventures than he is set forth in purple and fine linen, and given all the outward show of a classic. Not only this, but his 'prentice work is diligently searched out, and if he is very complacent he addresses his readers from behind historical prefaces. One is easily persuaded, however, that the initiative in such matters is taken by the publisher rather than by the author. Here is Mr. Barrie, for example, whose *Sentimental Tommy* is still a very new book, and whose *Auld Licht Idylls* is not an old one, gathering his *Novels, Tales, and Sketches* into eight volumes almost to be called stately. (Scribners.)

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He has prefixed brief introductions which have a somewhat reluctant air, as if he found it rather difficult to treat his performances as matters of history; but in them he does, in a half-covert way, take the reader a little into his confidence. These introductions, brief as they are, may yet be read to advantage as a group, since they make one somewhat acquainted, before he begins the tales, with the humor and point of view of the author. One discovers that one has to do with a personality which hides behind an open window. In one of his books, *Margaret Ogilvy*, Mr. Barrie makes a confession which throws a flood of light not only on his own writing, but on that of Scots generally.

"It seems to be a law of nature," he says, "that we must show our true selves at some time; and as the Scot must do it at home, and squeeze a day

into an hour, what follows is that he is self-revealing in the superlative degree, the feelings so long dammed up overflow, and thus a Scotch family are probably better acquainted with each other, and more ignorant of the life outside their circle, than any other family in the world. And as knowledge is sympathy, the affection existing between them is almost painful in its intensity; they have not more to give than their neighbors, but it is bestowed upon a few instead of being distributed among many; they are reputed niggardly, but for family affection, at least, they pay in gold. In this, I believe, we shall find the true explanation why Scotch literature, since long before the days of Burns, has been so often inspired by the domestic hearth, and has treated it with a passionate understanding."

The book from which this passage is taken may be regarded as the most significant illustration of Mr. Barrie's statement to be found in Scottish literature. It is a sketch of his mother by a son who never forgets that he is a novelist, — a novelist who is conscious in an intense sort of his sonship. It affects different temperaments differently, but when one comes back to it, after reading all the other writings of Mr. Barrie, one finds it less difficult to understand how the author could write it in the innocence of his heart and the ripe intelligence of his literary consciousness. For all the creations of his higher art are true to a single principle: the concentration of attention upon the details of a single community, and the interpretation, through the most concrete expression, of the deepest and the shallowest moments of the life there to be discovered.

It is nothing new for a novelist to be interested in persons, but it is rare for one to be so absolutely concerned with them as Mr. Barrie shows himself to be. In his portraiture of acknowledged men, as in his group *An Edinburgh Eleven*, he shows how cleverly he can hit off pecu-

liarities, and how careless he is of any attempt at exact and rounded character-sketching. The novelist is always getting in his way and teasing him, not to make caricatures, but to draw pictures, like a schoolboy with his slate before him and sums to do. With the freedom of a story-teller when his figures are not already public characters, he makes the field which he has chosen for his own, the imaginary village of Thrums, instinct with actual life. Here are several tales and groups of sketches, — *A Window in Thrums*, *The Little Minister*, *Auld Licht Idylls*, and *Sentimental Tommy*; and as Tommy, with his imagination, succeeds in persuading himself and his sister and their friends that London is but the penumbra of Thrums, so Mr. Barrie, by his genius, finds this little village all the world he needs for displaying the whole range of human nature. It is enough for him, because it is not the incidents of the village life, but the persons enacting the scenes, that he is engaged with.

Indeed, the note that jars makes more evident the source of Mr. Barrie's real power. In *The Little Minister* he has introduced as a principal figure the half-gypsy creature, Babbie, and has married her to Mr. Dishart. The introduction and treatment are a *tour de force*, and we observe that he lets the girl discreetly alone, once she is married; in the other books, although Mr. Dishart comes and goes, Mrs. Dishart is the merest shadow. She is more distinctly an invention, as we suspect the Painted Lady of being; the other characters are true imaginative portraits, derived from sympathetic study of life. The sureness of the touch is discoverable in multitudinous passages, phrases, words, in the wit and humor, and above all in the freedom with which hard, unlovely qualities are drawn without a particle of sentimentality or cynicism. We should place the element of truthfulness as the very highest trait in Mr. Barrie's work.

The value of these Scottish stories is all the more noticeable because of the experimental and amateurish character of other of his writings which he has thought best to include in this series. It is the sketch which shows Mr. Barrie at his best; his latest long story, *Sentimental Tommy*, is a prolonged, delightful sketch, full of ingenuity and broken lines, genuinely analytic without having the corrosiveness of much modern analysis. The explanation lies in the fact that the author delights in what Tommy does, and that his analysis of a character dominated by the imaginative force is nothing more or less than a curious tracing of the embryonic activity of a nature which shows itself in fuller life capable of possessing and dramatizing the men, women, and children of Thrums. It is indeed a singularly comprehensive and simple personality which is reflected by this series of writings, deriving its quickening power from a mother, and shadowing forth its fullness of art in the varied play of a boy's mind.

Though Mr. Barrie dubs his latest hero "sentimental," the name is a little misleading unless to Scotch ears. "Imaginative" comes nearer the mark, and Mr. Barrie's work is strongly characterized by the healthy absence of sentimentalism. Mr. Watson, Ian Maclaren, comes perilously near wearing the title. His sketches, with all their humor, have been rather close to the rainy weather region. His first novel, *Kate Carnegie* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not, properly speaking, a novel at all, but is a series of sketches of life in Drumtochty, especially of its ministers and their clerical brethren in the neighborhood, connected by a slight thread of story, telling of the loves of the heroine and John Carmichael, of which the interest is correspondingly weak. Indeed, the young Free Church minister and the General's daughter would have been more convincing if their love had never got beyond the region of fancy, and they had each mar-

ried in their own world, as the least sophisticated reader knows they would have done except for the author's will. But setting this aside, the book is very pleasant reading, and in certain of its chapters shows Mr. Watson at his best. It abounds in admirable bits of character-drawing, and is illumined everywhere by the writer's very real gift of humor, — a humor unforced, quickly perceptive, and as far removed from cynicism as from any tinge of vulgarity. Nowhere has the Kirk, its ministers, its forms and customs, — those enormously important factors in Scottish life, — been more sympathetically dealt with. The book is a study of the humors of a rural parish; its rare touches of pathos are poignant rather than tearful. Its strongest and also its finest character-sketch is that of the Rev. Jeremiah Saunderson, minister of the Free Church of Kilbogie, the profundity of whose learning is equaled only by his inability to put it to any practical use, and whose tenderness and guilelessness in no way modify an unwavering belief in the extremest tenets of Calvinism, which compels him to denounce to the Presbytery (quite harmlessly) the heresy of the young man he loves as a son. In contrast is Dr. Davidson, parish minister of Drumtochty, — a Moderate, suave, courtly, ruling his little domain with a wise, gentle, but very firm hand, and keeping peace in his time. These studies, with the delightfully humorous yet unexaggerated sketch of John, the beadle, who advised or encouraged trembling probationers, and "carried the books" before the Doctor in a stately procession of two, and was in himself an embodiment of the dignity of the Auld Kirk, would alone give the book an abundant reason for being, the more because in Drumtochty, as elsewhere, the old order changeth.

The Scots are having it much their own way. It was tolerably certain that Mr. Crockett would sooner or later take the Ayrshire Tragedy for the subject of

one of his historical, or, as they might be called, chronicle tales; for these loosely woven narratives, with their crowd of characters, small and great, in form resemble more closely old family or county histories than compactly constructed novels. The Gray Man (Harpers), dealing with what the law — uniformly set at naught by the *dramatis personæ* — accurately termed “the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Feud,” is of course a tale of continuous fighting, inglorious neighborhood or family brawls marked by much reckless bravery, a good deal of bloodshed, and the natural accompaniments of brutality and treachery. The author describes these conflicts with an immense deal of spirit and fervor, and a rather unusually good reproduction of the temper of the time in more points than one, and he imparts some of his excitement even to unimpressible readers. Launcelot Kennedy, the narrator, has a fair measure of vitality, but the youth’s conceit might have been more subtly indicated, while his hoidenish sweetheart is of a type that is already familiar to Mr. Crockett’s readers. The events which lead to the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean (which Sir Walter phonetically spelled “Cullayne,” to the advantage of the non-Scottish public) by John Mure of Auchendrayne, and thereafter to the apprehension and execution of that consummate villain and his son, are set forth with reasonable fidelity to facts, often forcibly, and occasionally with a genuine dramatic touch. The mystery, however, which in the beginning is supposed to attend the appearances of John Mure as the Gray Man, really comes to little, the narrative growing notably more direct and graphic as it goes on. It is quite strong enough, after its kind, to have spared Sawney Bean’s cave and its unhuman inmates; the tale has sufficient barbarism without that final horror. The author seems at times deliberately to have sought merely sensational effects, always

to the weakening of his work artistically as well as realistically.

The popular favor which has been bestowed on Mrs. Steel’s latest book will prove grateful to those who have followed her work with ever growing interest, — an interest first roused by certain unsigned magazine sketches, differing as widely as might be from the earlier stories of Kipling that had preceded them, but to be placed second to no lesser studies than his. On the Face of the Waters (Macmillan) is emphatically the best tale of the Mutiny yet written, though its readers may recall others, from the pens of men who lived through that time of terror, that in their treatment of one or another aspect of the great tragedy might rival it; but which of them has the comprehensiveness, the insight, and the strength of this? In regard to the truth of the picture, the author says: “I have not allowed fiction to interfere with fact in the slightest degree. . . . Every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather.” When it is remembered how large a license the great historical novelists have taken in these things, Mrs. Steel’s fear lest her book, in attempting to be at once a story and a history, should fail in either aim, is not uncalled for, nor, it must be owned, without justification, in so far as the occasional and quite natural refusal of the two elements to intermingle is concerned.

The interest of the story is centred upon the fortunes of two men and two women, but they are in the foreground of a very crowded scene, every part of which is full of vivid life, — Anglo-Indians, civilian and military of all degrees, the sham court at Delhi with its doting representative of the Great Moguls and his evil wife, Sepoys, devotees, jugglers, women of the bazaar; vigorously realistic portraits many of these, the color

surrounding them, the atmosphere they breathe, becoming evident to the reader, and this without too visible effort on the writer's part. She has assimilated India, so to speak, and does not dwell on things new or strange as one to whom the scene is foreign. The four characters we have spoken of — Jim Douglas, keen, alert, capable, his career ruined because of an act of generous boyish folly; Major Erlton, slow-witted, sensual, without even the conventional honor of a gentleman, and who yet dies bravely, as does the light woman, Alice Gissing; and last, Mrs. Erlton, in saving whom Douglas loses the chance which comes to him of retrieving the past, and yet works out his own salvation thereby — are all sketched with admirable skill, but it must be said with most notable success in the case of the undeserving pair. The author's greatest shortcoming, her occasional want of lucidity, — the more trying because she shows so often that she can write with as much clearness as force, — is to be found in this book as well as in its predecessors. Perhaps the West can never really understand the East, but Mrs. Steel is one of the few writers who can give it some measure of comprehension; so it is the greater pity when the results of her wealth of knowledge, her delicate and sympathetic insight, are obscured by a mist of her own creating.

The historical novel subtends a wide arc when it takes in the English conquest of India and the Christian conquest of Rome. In *Quo Vadis*, a Narrative of Rome at the Time of Nero (Little, Brown & Co.), the Polish giant, Henryk Sienkiewicz, takes his turn at wrestling, for a fall, with the most difficult as well as the most importunate of historical problems: how it was, practically, that the empire of Christ came to replace, in its own seat, the empire of the Roman Cæsars. He brings to the adventure some great qualifications, — a thorough acquaintance with the records of the time,

a virile and prolific imagination, the elemental force and unspent passion of the Slav, along with his natural proclivity to mysticism, — and all these fused by the ardor of an apparently recent conversion to the ideas of what the French call *Néo-Christianisme*.

Happily, there is no question of bringing upon the stage in person the Author of the most radical of all revolutions. But the plain testimony of the Apostles Peter and Paul to the facts of their own experience with regard to the Christ is represented as finding ready credence with open-minded Romans, who attach no supernatural significance whatever to the circumstances; and one of these Romans makes a statement, in a private letter, of the questions at issue between the old world and the new, which is even startling in its clearness: —

"I know not how the Christians order their own lives, but I know that where their religion begins Roman rule ends; our mode of life ends; the distinction between conquered and conqueror, rich and poor, master and slave, ends; government ends; Cæsar ends; law and all the order of the world ends: and in place of these appears Christ, with a certain mercy not existent hitherto, and a kindness opposed to human and our Roman instincts."

The Neo-Christian, or the Christian socialist, — for they are essentially one, whatever shade of doctrinal difference may lie between them, — would say much the same concerning the powers in present possession of the world. For him, the day, more than three hundred years later than Nero's time, when Christianity became the state religion, and fashionable among the great, was a day of arrested development rather than of victory achieved. The true revivals of that faith he discerns there only where its beginnings had been, in deserts and in dungeons. The foremost apostle of the new Christianity, the Slavic Tolstoi, has embraced poverty as ardently and un-

reservedly as did the saint of Assisi, or those "men of the Spirit" who fled in his wake from the tyranny of a ruthless ecclesiasticism to the snowy solitudes of the winter Apennines. From this point of view, so powerful a writer as Sienkiewicz could hardly fail to present an impressive picture of the first great Christian persecution, and the truth is that he has succeeded in restoring that dreadful period after a somewhat new and altogether masterly fashion. He lays hold of its horrors with a simple and unshrinking directness which reminds one most of all of the Russian painter, Vasil Verestchagin. He designs with the same strange mixture of poetic breadth and precise realism. Surely the might of these men is to some extent a matter of unworn race! No writer, whether of history or of fiction, whom we remember, has drawn so living and speaking a likeness of the Emperor Nero as has this Polish novelist. No one else has made that curious moral monster so consistent in his inconsistencies, so inevitable both in his fatuities and in his enormities, so clear to the mind's eye in the uncanny and repulsive peculiarities of his person. There is a description in chapter vii. of an imperial banquet, at which the Christian maiden Lygia was forced to appear, which illumines one of the most hackneyed of subjects, and seizes the imagination with irresistible power. The midnight services of the proscribed, the incidents of the great fire, and the scenes in the amphitheatre, for those who have the nerve to dwell on their details, are made equally vivid and convincing. Yet there is no display of erudition. All the preliminary labor is hidden, subdued, absorbed, as it ought to be; telling only in the astonishing solidity of the representation. The English of the translation is very bad, in parts; obscure and evidently inadequate to the author's meaning, and very little assisted by what would appear to have been the incessant references of the translator to

a French version which he understood hardly better than the original Polish. Certain puerile mistakes — like rendering *sang-froid* by *cool blood*, and confusing the Campagna of modern Rome with the territory of Campania — occur over and over again. Yet all these minor imperfections are overborne by the rush of the narrative and the energy of the author's purpose. Occasionally, indeed, the very uncouthness of the diction seems to give a peculiar and touching force to the utterances of unlettered confessor and stammering slave. Sometimes, on the other hand, the translator stumbles, as it were, on an expression of singular beauty; as where he says that, to the watchers in the early dawn outside the Mamertine prison, the whole structure began to "sound like a harp" with the matin hymn of the prisoners; or where he tells yet once again, in bald and broken but most poignant phrases, the always overpowering story of the martyrs' constancy under torture.

The reason why, with all its power, *Quo Vadis* fails as a Christian or even a Neo-Christian tract — for as such, after all, it does fail — is that, in spite of his own evident intention to the contrary, Sienkiewicz makes his pagans, man for man, so much more real and individual than his Christians. We simply do not believe in the conversion of Vinicius. We wonder how he could ever have imposed upon the Apostles, and especially upon Paul. It was the mere might of his very human passion for Lygia which carried the young patrician through all that he endured. No doubt that passion is magnificently portrayed. But it finds its fitting consummation and reward, — exactly where the just instinct of the author has placed them; not in victorious martyrdom and the trance of a blessed immortality, but in the melodramatic deliverance from the arena, and the conventional "happy ever after" of the safe retreat in Sicily. It is that gracious and polished heathen, Petronius Arbitrator, who

is the true hero of the book. There is an exquisite point of irony in his amiable letter to the married and settled lovers, wherein he declines their earnest invitation to join them in Sicily, on the plea of his own implicit engagement to die at Rome; and then reminds them, with a suave apology, that he does not need to learn of them — or of any Christian — how to do that. And the scene of the suicide of Petronius and Eunice, in its chastened splendor and grave decorum, is, upon the whole, the greatest and most memorable in the book.

We naturally compare *Quo Vadis* not only with the *Fabiolas* and *Calistas* of the Catholic revival in England, but with that later work which so far surpasses them all, even Cardinal Newman's *Tale of the Catacombs*, in delicate research and literary distinction, the *Marius* of the late Walter Pater. To go back to *Marius* after *Quo Vadis* is to assuage the fierce thirst of fever with a cooling and healing draught. It is not a little singular that the Neo-pagan should leave upon the mind of his reader so much more winning and persuasive an impression than does the Neo-Christian of the balm, the brightness, the divine serenity and refreshment, brought into the diseased and moribund society of Rome by the coming of Christ in Judæa. It is the Good Shepherd of the earliest Ravennese mosaics, youthful, gentle, and debonair, who looks wistfully at us out of the concluding pages of *Marius the Epicurean*. It is true that *Marius* lived a century later than *Vinicius*; not under Nero, but under the all but saintly *Marcus Aurelius*, during that "minor peace of the Church" of which the early knell was to ring at Lyons, before the blameless though still benighted Emperor died without hope. The epoch of Mr. Pater's beautiful study is admirably chosen; that was a part of Mr. Pater's art. No modern writer of them all has shed so mild and full a light as he on the evolution of Christian ritual. None has depicted more tenderly the

noiseless widening of the new dawn; the natural flowering of Christian precept in civic obedience and domestic order, stainless love and happy hope; the penetrative and transforming power of Christian example over many who never bore the Christian name. The childlike simplicity with which the young Epicurean lays down his life for his friend; the uncalculated, unappreciated, almost unconscious sacrifice of the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, speaks to the heart, or at all events to certain hearts, almost more intimately and irresistibly than the hecatombs of the amphitheatre.

If Mr. Pater's unfinished romance, *Gaston de Latour* (Macmillan), had ever been completed, it would have been a parallel study of character to *Marius*, "the scene shifted to another age of transition, when the old fabric of belief was breaking up, and when the problem of man's destiny and his relations to the unseen was undergoing a new solution. The interest would have centred round the spiritual development of a refined and cultivated mind, capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of the senses and of the intellect, but destined to find its complete satisfaction in that which transcends both." So Mr. Charles L. Shadwell describes the author's purpose in beginning a work destined to remain a fragment, but a fragment so exquisite that its readers will feel grateful to the editor who has, we suspect with some reluctance, reproduced it in its present form.

Mr. Pater's style is here at its very best, the perfect art concealing the careful elaboration, and from the outset he casts his spell upon the reader, who gladly follows wheresoever he leads. What a series of pictures are to be found in the opening chapters: the Château of Deux-manoirs in the pleasant plain of La Beauce; the parish church where the young Gaston kneels to be "made a clerk;" the chamber where Gabrielle de Latour had died of joy; above all, the

glowing presentment of Notre Dame de Chartres, of whose life the boy is a part. And here it may be well to say that the reader in search of a historical romance of any accepted fashion will hardly find it in these studies of certain moods of the spirit in the men of the French Renaissance. To be sure, the terrible reality of the St. Bartholomew comes into the history, and Gaston's wife is one of its victims, but the husband is far away, and his connection therewith has none of the vividness of his visit to Ronsard, the young clerk full of the "modern" spirit, intoxicated with the wine of the new verse, pitying the men of the classic past for not being aboveground to read it; or that memorable sojourn with Montaigne when in discourse with the youthful disciple the quintessence of the essays is given us. As for the Huguenots, they are rather outside the writer's consciousness, having a shadowy and, it must be added, exceedingly conventional existence in his pages. At the last, if we may use that word, the book seems to be resolving into a series of essays, Gaston's relation to the study of Bruno being of the slightest. The editor may be right in thinking it not impossible that the author was dissatisfied with the work which he had begun, and so deliberately abandoned it. However that may be, we are thankful for the visionary beauty of these glimpses of the young Gaston and of his world, without and within; and while we must regret that no later volume can come to us from a writer whose style, in its fascination and subtle grace, was a thing apart, full acquiescence must be accorded to the decision of those in charge of his papers that no work of his shall appear in a form less complete than he would himself have approved. In our haste we might say that they also stand apart among literary executors.

It is a pleasure to see a second book show a distinct gain over the first, and

this pleasure Mrs. Helen Choate Prince has given us in *A Transatlantic Chate-laine*. (Houghton.) The gain is in the direction of concentration and of singleness of purpose. Christine Rochefort had qualities of cleverness and seriousness; but there was a suspicion that the author helped herself to current movements in the industrial world without making any contribution to their solution by penetrative interpretation, and with the effect of weakening the emphasis upon the characters involved in the disturbances. In this second book historic scenes serve as backgrounds; but Mrs. Prince's real business, and the business of the reader, is with the heroine and her foils. Not for a moment is the interest withdrawn from the young American girl who has to fight her way through life; the struggle is made more dramatic from the fact that she has wealth and beauty on her side. The other characters fall admirably into place, and each is succinctly, clearly projected: the devoted maid, Justine; the well-bred, selfish, and affectionate adventuress, Mrs. Lee Blair; the noble and pathetic figure, Madame de la Roche. The men who enter the heroine's life are more sketchily drawn, but again the art of the novel is true in the fullness with which the character of Philippe is studied, and the comparatively fainter lines given to the sketch of the two Regniers. The unfolding of Sylvia's character from its self-contained intellectualism to a generous womanhood is clearly disclosed through the succession of shocks which she receives. We shall look with interest for further work from a writer who has shown herself thus capable of imagining characters. We suspect, as she gets a firmer hold on the instrument of her art, there may be a less strenuous tone, a greater freedom in the play of life, possibly even a warmer humor. With this mellowness of a ripener power, there ought to be a product well worth waiting for.

MEN AND LETTERS.

ON A DICTUM OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S.

I HAVE never yet been quite able to make up my mind to accept Matthew Arnold's dictum that literary criticism is an effort to see the object as in itself it really is, because our impression of the object is the only reality to us; or that other version of the same idea, that "the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way, and to let humanity decide." This dictum seems to undervalue the personal element which gives the flavor to all purely literary productions, and to imply that there may be something like a scientific method in literary criticism. Get one's prejudices and prepossessions and special aversions of one kind and another out of the way, certainly, but not the real self, not that which stamps him as a particular person, differentiating him from all other men, and giving him a point of view of his own. In all subjective matters we see through a glass, if not darkly, then chromatically, as through the colored medium of one's temperament and predisposition. It is this that gives the life to literature. In the objective world of science we see through the colorless medium of the understanding, and the personal element must be kept in abeyance. It is here that we make the effort to see the object as it really is in itself and in its relation to other objects. But when we survey a poem, or a story, or our neighbor's creed, political or religious, we see it much more as it stands related to us, to our point of view, to our mental and spiritual wants and experiences. What does it signify to you and to me? — that is the question.

The scientific method seeks to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is true, that which is verifiable. The critical method, so far as there is one, seeks

to try all things, and to hold fast that which is good, — good when brought to the test of our personal wants, tastes, affinities, etc. In literary criticism, one readily flatters one's self that he is making an effort to see the thing as in itself it really is; he may not be conscious of any other effort, but what he actually does is to restate his subject in the terms of his own thinking and experience, to bring it to the test of his own character and knowledge or turn it into his own ideal values.

It is always profitable and interesting to see how any given thing strikes another mind, but that the impression it makes upon any mind is the real one, in the sense of being final and complete and the end of discussion in that direction, can be affirmed, I think, in but very few cases. When, for instance, we attempt a criticism of Goethe or of Arnold himself, the conscious effort is to get at the real Goethe or the real Arnold, to explore him, to find his real boundaries, etc.; but in effect we only develop the subject as it stands related to our point of view, as it is convertible into our knowledge. We see the real Goethe or the real Arnold only so far as we have that within us that answers to what there is in him. If there is a vein of mysticism in the subject, and none in the critic, the result will be unsatisfactory; or if there is in the subject a keen sense of humor, or of the pathos or the solemnity of life, and none, or a much less measure of it, in the critic, the result will be unsatisfactory. Like responds to like. We find what we bring. Criticism is appreciation. It seems that Johnson did not appreciate the poet Gray. Arnold says that he was not naturally in sympathy with Gray, and therefore his judgment is inadequate. Sympathy is a great matter. Can there be any true or helpful criticism without it?

If an author's thinking and experience be adequate, the reader will be edified by criticism of any given subject; if they be inadequate, as is so often the case, he will be the reverse of edified. Hence no author can be satisfactorily criticised but by his equal; we must bring equal values — moral, æsthetic, intellectual — into which those of our subject are to be converted. The pleasure and profit of criticism are in this convertibility or exchangeability of ideas and literary values. We are no nearer to seeing the thing as in itself it really is; we see it as it is when viewed through another medium or when measured by other standards. Truth, in the subjective world, is not a definite something that may be surely run to cover and captured: it is relative and circumstantial; it is a tone, a quality, a harmony, that hovers lightly, that comes and goes, that is obvious from this point of view, but disappears from that. The angle of vision is everything: what I see you may not see, what you see I may miss; the drop of dew or of rain on the spray, which the sun turns to a jewel for me, may appear only a colorless drop of water to you. The poem that thrills one man leaves another cold and unmoved. Only such truth or beauty as the critic sees can he give the equivalent of in his criticism.

The Protestant criticises the religion of the Catholic, and *vice versa*; each thinks he sees the creed of the other as in itself it really is, but he sees it only as it is related to *him*, as it is measured by his standards. In itself it is nothing; it is what it awakens in another mind. Huxley impresses me in a way vastly different from that in which he impresses my orthodox neighbor. If we were each to write a criticism of his works, how wide apart would be our conclusions! I should draw out and express in the terms of my thinking and experience the value of Huxley to me, or from my point of view; my neighbor would treat of him as he stands related to his thinking and

experience, or to his point of view: and probably our differences would be much more numerous than our agreements.

What I mean to insist upon is that Arnold's dictum that "the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way, and to let humanity decide," is an impossible one. The one's self, the personal equation, colors all, and the value of the result is exactly measured by the value of this same one's self, — the depth, width, and vitality of its relation to the mass of mankind.

When Arnold criticises Byron, Shelley, Burns, Wordsworth, or Emerson, does he get himself out of the way and let humanity speak? What speaks is of course more or less our common humanity, but it speaks through a particular Oxford-bred, Greek-nursed, pedagogical-born Englishman, — a man of marvelously quick and clear intelligence and judicious temper, but who, like the rest of us, turned everything into his own values, and pronounced of little worth what he did not find in himself the equivalents of. Arnold was a great critic because he was a great mind, but his criticism is no more final than that of a lesser man. He could no more escape the bias of his training, his inheritance, his environment, than he could change his form and stature.

I think one might infer from Arnold that poetic truth is some fixed and definite thing, like scientific truth, and that the old Greek poets had a monopoly of it. Arnold would bring, as a touchstone to modern poems, a few lines or phrases culled from the Greek classics: if the newcomers have not the accent and quality of these, they are spurious. How would Kipling fare under such a test? Yet Kipling's poetic truth is probably as genuine as that of Pindar. A fresh feeling for life and nature, a style that really lays hold of things and incorporates itself with them, — that is the source of poetic truth in all literatures. The stamp of a new personality is indispen-

sable; general humanity is not enough, — it must take on new and particular features.

A critical method can only be a search for the vital, the real, as the scientific method is a search for the true. But there must of necessity be this other difference: the true can be demonstrated, but the vital and the real are matters of taste and opinion. As Lowell says, "there are born Popists and born Wordsworthians," and no method can lead both to the same results.

Arnold's own criticism is very valuable, but are there not times when one tires of its air of scientific definition and classification in matters that do not admit of such treatment, but only of approximate or literary definition and classification? He talks of what he calls the natural magic of certain poets as if it were something as fixed and definite as chemical affinity. He professes to judge the quality of a poet by a single line or half-line, as a mineralogist judges of a rock by a fragment broken off with his hammer. The chief value of any man's criticism lies in this: How large an arc of human life and experience does it subtend? with how large a portion of mankind's thinking and feeling does it agree? Then, to what extent does it have the freshness and piquancy that belong to a new, vigorous, unhackneyed personality?

The search after the truth in these things is always a search after one's self, after what is agreeable to one's constitutional bias or innate partialities. One tries to divest his mind of all veils and hindrances, and to see the thing as it really is; but the best he can do is to see it as it stands related to his individual fragment of existence, which indeed is seeing it as it is so far as he is concerned. There is no escaping from one's own demon; and this demon is not merely one's prejudices or crudenesses or narrownesses; it is the particular pattern and complexion of one's soul and mentality. We would fain view an author's

performance, not as it stands related to our own private likes and dislikes, but as it stands related to what is excellent and permanent in literature. Yet what is excellent and permanent in literature? Is it what you and I dislike and cannot tolerate? I am not arguing in favor of the personal estimate, against the fallacy of which Arnold warned us, except in the largest, freest sense. I only insist that the verdict is my verdict or your verdict, and not that of composite humanity, and may, or most likely will, be modified or even reversed by other competent observers; in other words, that behind all literary judgments, even those of Mr. Arnold, the personal estimate plays an important part. Temperament, disposition, bent of mind, one's outlook upon life, etc., are all involved. The elective affinities are at work in our reading as in our lives. One poet finds me, another finds you. There is generally either a natural antagonism between the critic and his author or a natural affinity. Mr. Saintsbury sees this inevitable antagonism between Scherer and Carlyle in the essay of the Frenchman upon the Scotchman. As a result of it, Scherer does not draw out and give his reader the best there is in Carlyle.

Whitman says truly, I think, "No man can understand any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indications of his own." Our serious reading of the poets is a search for our own. He is the greatest poet in whom most eminent minds, age after age, find their own. Emerson cared little for Shelley, but much more for Herbert and Donne. Scherer, as quoted by Mr. Saintsbury, finds Lamartine more sublime, more grand, more poetic, than Wordsworth, and Taine expresses his preference for Alfred de Musset over Tennyson, — both of which verdicts, I fancy, will puzzle English readers. Every reader is likely to feel, first, that the poets of his own country touch him more closely than do those of another; and second, that

the poets of his own temperament, of his own personal equation, his own turn of mind, poets who are going his own way, are apt to be more to him than those of other types and temperaments.

I conclude, therefore, that one need not be much afraid, in criticism, of what is called the personal estimate. Either the poet is of your class, or he is not; and conceal the fact as dexterously as you may, your criticism of him is at bottom an expression of your liking or disliking for the particular quality of mind and soul which he brings.

There is and can be no science of criticism. Criticism is the critic, as Mr. James happily says. We cannot say that science is the scientist, because science is accumulated knowledge; each man may begin where his predecessor left off, but the critic, like any artist, has always to begin at the beginning. He cannot stand on the shoulders of his predecessors, but must stand upon the ground, as they did.

Eminent critics often arrive at directly opposite results. Two such judges and lovers of poetry as Emerson and Lowell, for instance, held directly opposite views about Whitman. A little search would no doubt reveal the grounds of this difference. Whitman approximated to the Emersonian type more than to the Lowellian, — the type of the skald, the prophet. Lowell was a professional critic and scholar; he was of the order of the true men of letters; while Emerson suggests the *sacer vates* of a nation. Lowell's sense of literature as a craft, as the work of scholars, his academic pride and *esprit*, were offended by Whitman's rude open-air spirit and his scorn of the stock poetic. Shall we prefer poetry in its shirt-sleeves to poetry in a dress-suit? All the collegian in him revolted. Lowell would read Whitman through Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, and Harvard College, and would find that he did not square with any of these poets, or with a taste founded upon them. Em-

erson would read Whitman with much more individual eyes, through his appreciation of the great mystics, prophets, and seers, and his enormous appetite for the audacious, the independent, the heroic in life and character. Whitman appealed to his hunger for individuality and the absolutely self-reliant man. Here was egoism that was like heat, or cold, or gravitation, and could not be brushed aside.

Emerson's point of view was more fixed and limited than Lowell's. A writer in a late number of *The Atlantic* has well said that as a critic Emerson was like a search-light on a tower; he threw his beam far and near, but it was only to find his own. There was something searching in all his appreciation; he was looking for some particular thing. This fixed, concentrated, and darting quality of Emerson's mind makes him more warming and stimulating as a writer and poet than illuminating as a critic. With certain well-recognized orders of minds he has little affinity, and such orders — Shelley, Poe, Swinburne — will not fare well at his hands. He was a born eclectic in literature as in philosophy.

Lowell was a strict belle-lettrist: his ruling passion was for letters pure and simple. Emerson was a belle-lettrist plus the mystic and philosopher, a poet with a strong dash of the seer and prophet. It is easy to see that such a mind will find more in a writer like Whitman, who shocked the good dame Belles-Lettres beyond measure, than did or could Lowell.

The same thing is seen again in the attitude of two such critics as Mr. Gosse and Mr. Symonds toward the poet of Democracy; they arrive at like opposite conclusions, and for similar reasons.

I think one can demand of the critic only that he come to his subject with open mind; that his special aversions and prepossessions of one kind or another be kept as far in the background as possible; and that what candor and clear vision there be in him have free play,

—a "free play of mind" upon the subject. Arnold was right here, — *my* mind, *your* mind; only be sure that it is our real mind, and not some whim or prejudice or half-ripe opinion. The personal estimate is what we want, so that it be the genuine person, and not some made-up or make-believe person. This is the explanation of the keener interest we feel in signed articles and criticisms than in the unsigned: we associate them with a definite personality; a real man speaks, and not some impersonal method.

In the region of taste and opinion we demand sincerity and strength: these alone give validity. What a man really feels and expresses with clearness and vigor, — that, in the subjective world, is the truth, no matter how it diverges from my view or your view of the matter in hand. In the main, mankind will in time doubtless come to agree upon all essential matters in morals and aesthetics, but it will be because we are all made of one stuff, and not because we bring ourselves consciously to accept one another's conclusions.

John Burroughs.

MR. KENNAN'S APPRENTICESHIP IN
COURAGE.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN'S great work in Russian exploration and in the investigation of Russian institutions has been due to certain qualities of character which impress every one who knows him well. Of these qualities, bravery and strength of will are not the least conspicuous. In his conversations with me, he has often spoken of certain things in connection with his own development and training, which are of much interest. Once when I spoke to him of his bravery and coolness under danger, he said: —

"Many things which have been significant and controlling in what I may call my psychological life are wholly unknown to my friends, and yet they might be made public, if you wish. For instance,

as I look back to my boyhood, the cause of the only unhappiness that boyhood had for me was a secret but deeply rooted suspicion that I was physically a coward. This gave me intense suffering. I do not know precisely at what time I first became conscious of it, but when I peered, one day, through the window of a surgeon's office to see an amputation I had proof of my fear. One of my playmates had caught his hand between two cog-wheels in a mill, and his arm had been badly crushed. When he was taken to the surgeon's office, I followed to see what was going to be done with him. While I was watching the amputation, with my face pressed to the glass of the window, the surgeon accidentally let slip from his forceps the end of one of the severed arteries, and a jet of blood spurted against the inside of the window-pane. The result upon me was a sensation that I had never had before in all my life, — a sensation of nausea, faintness, and overwhelming fear. I was twenty-four hours in recovering from the shock, and from that time I began to think about the nature of my emotions and the unsuspected weakness of my character.

"I had a nervous, imaginative temperament, and not long after this incident I began to be tortured by a vague suspicion that I was lacking in what we now call 'nerve,' that I was afraid of things that involved suffering or peril. I brooded over this suggestion of physical cowardice until I became almost convinced of its reality, and at last I came to be afraid of things that I had never before thought about. In less than a year I had lost much of my self-respect, and was as miserable as a boy could be. It all seems now very absurd and childish, but at that time, with my boyish visions of travel and exploration, it was a spiritual tragedy. 'Of what use is it to think of exploration and wild life in wild countries,' I used to ask myself, 'if the first time my courage or forti-

tude is put to the test I become faint and sick?'

"I began at last to experiment upon myself,—to do things that were dangerous merely to see whether I dared do them; but the results were only partially reassuring. I could not get into much danger in a sleepy little village like Norwalk, Ohio, and although I found that I could force myself to walk around the six-inch stone coping of a bell-tower five stories from the ground (a most perilous and foolhardy exploit), and go and sit alone in a graveyard in the middle of dark, still nights, I failed to recover my own respect. My self-reproach continued for a year or two, during which I was as wretched as a boy can be who admires courage above all things and has a high ideal of intrepid manhood, but who secretly fears that he himself is hopelessly weak and nerveless. There was hardly a day that I did not say to myself, 'You'll never be able to do the things that you dream about; you have n't any self-reliance or nerve. Even as a little child you were afraid of the dark; you shrink now from fights and rows, and you turn faint at the mere sight of blood. You're nothing but a coward.'

"At last, when I was seventeen or eighteen years of age, I went to Cincinnati as a telegraph operator. I had become so morbid and miserable by that time that I said one day, 'I'm going to put an end to this state of affairs here and now. If I'm afraid of anything, I'll conquer my fear of it or die. If I'm a coward I might as well be dead, because I can never feel any self-respect or have any happiness in life; and I'd rather get killed trying to do something that I'm afraid to do than to live in this way.' I was at that time working at night, and had to go home from the office between midnight and four o'clock A. M. It was during the Civil War, and Cincinnati was a more lawless city than it has ever been since. Street robberies and murders were of daily occurrence,

and all of the 'night men' in our office carried weapons as a matter of course. I bought a revolver, and commenced a course of experiments upon myself. When I finished my night work at the office, instead of going directly home through well-lighted and police-patrolled streets, I directed my steps to the slums and explored the worst haunts of vice and crime in the city. If there was a dark, narrow, cut-throat alley down by the river that I felt afraid to go through at that hour of the night, I clenched my teeth, cocked my revolver, and went through it,—sometimes twice in succession. If I read in the morning papers that a man had been robbed or murdered on a certain street, I went to that street the next night. I explored the dark river-banks, hung around low drinking-dives and the resorts of thieves and other criminals, and made it an invariable rule to do at all hazards the thing that I thought I might be afraid to do. Of course I had all sorts of experiences and adventures. One night I saw a man attacked by highwaymen and knocked down with a slung-shot, just across the street. I ran to his assistance, frightened away the robbers, and picked him up from the gutter in a state of unconsciousness. Another night, after two o'clock, I saw a man's throat cut, down by the river,—and a ghastly sight it was; but although somewhat shaken, I did not become faint or sick. Every time I went through a street that I believed to be dangerous, or had any startling experience, I felt an accession of self-respect.

"In less than three months I had satisfied myself that while I did feel fear, I was not so much daunted by any undertaking but I could do it if I willed to do it, and then I began to feel better.

"Not long after this I went on my first expedition to Siberia, and there, in almost daily struggles with difficulties, dangers, and sufferings of all sorts, I finally lost the fear of being afraid which

had poisoned the happiness of my boyhood. It has never troubled me, I think, since the fall of 1867, when I was blown out to sea one cold and pitch-dark night in a dismayed and sinking sailboat, in a heavy offshore gale, without a swallow of water or a mouthful of food. I faced then for about four hours what seemed to be certain death, but I was steady, calm, and under perfect self-control."

Kenyon West.

MILLET AND WALT WHITMAN.

THE notion that this country should have a distinctive literature is both widely held and often condemned. I have scoffed at it in my time, as others have done; and yet, when one stops to think of it, it seems plain enough that democracy, being practically a new thing in the history of the world, should find a new expression in art and in literature. The mistake has been made of confusing form and substance. There is but one kind of form, of technique; it is the same in Europe as in America, and, what is more, we of the new country must go to Europe to learn it. Walt Whitman was unable or unwilling to master the art of writing, and consequently his works, though abounding in lines and phrases of the highest excellence in form as well as in substance, are so uneven and unfinished that he cannot be called a great writer, and can hardly be expected to endure. But he was a man of great democratic ideas. He is the only author yet produced, in this country or in any other, who has perceived what democracy really means, and who has appreciated the beauty and the heroism which are found in the daily lives of the common people.

Millet troubled himself not at all about political theories or forms of government, but his whole life was devoted to the representation upon canvas of those same qualities of every-day beauty and heroism which were the delight and the study

of Walt Whitman. An appropriate line from Whitman's prose or verse could easily be found to put beneath every one of Millet's pictures. Of Millet's peasants it might be said as Whitman wrote of his American farmers: —

"They are tanned in the face by shining suns and blowing winds."

Millet thought as Whitman said: —

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,

It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth."

"I had rather," wrote Millet to a friend in Paris, "see the peasants — men and women — at work on the plain, watching their sheep or cows, or the wood-cutters in the forest, than all the pomaded heads of your clerks and city folk."

Millet's interest was confined to the peasants, and Whitman's extended to inhabitants of the city as well as of the country; but it was always the people who toiled, — the ferry-boat hand or the bus driver, — not the gentlemen of leisure, not the commercial or the academic class. "Millet," writes one of his biographers, "was never tired of watching the peasants at work: the women pulling potatoes and carrying them home in sacks, the men ploughing and carting manure, or hoeing and digging the ground. The rise and fall of the hoe, the regular movement of the spade, had for him a curious fascination. He loved to watch the unconscious grace of the digger's action." Whitman had the same taste and habit.

"I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron teakettle and baking shortcake."

The two men were of similar origin. Millet was descended from stout yeomen who tilled the soil on the coast of Normandy, Whitman from stout yeomen who tilled the soil on the coast of Long Island. Both were of strong physique and large frame, and both grew up with an intense love of nature and

of solitude, of the sea, of country life, of all rural sights and sounds. There were, of course, great differences between them. Millet was by far the more chastened and complete character. He had none of the egotism and conceit of Whitman; he was more religious by nature, and he had an exquisite sense of form and proportion. But Whitman, although too uproarious and too ungoverned in his youth to submit to the technique of his trade, had a true eye for artistic effect; he had indeed the eye of a painter. A hundred passages from his books might be cited to illustrate this faculty; I will quote but one:

"Probably the reader has seen physiognomies (often old farmers, sea-captains, and such) that, behind their homeliness, or even ugliness, held superior points so subtle, yet so palpable, making the real life of their faces almost as impossible to depict as a wild perfume or fruit-taste, or a passionate tone of the living voice: and such was Lincoln's face, the peculiar color, the lines of it, the eyes, mouth, expression. Of technical beauty it had nothing, but to the eye of a great artist it furnished a rare study, a feast and fascination."

"The expression," said Millet, "the character of the face and action, are everything."

Only one person, so far as I know, was intimate with both men, and that was Mr. Wyatt Eaton, the artist; and Millet, he said, reminded him of Walt Whitman, especially in his "large and easy manner." The only artist, I believe, whose pictures are mentioned by

Whitman is Millet. He once saw a small collection of his paintings in the possession of Mr. Quincy Shaw; and of these he wrote in his diary: "Two rapt hours. Never before have I been so penetrated by this kind of expression. I stood long and long before the sower. . . . There is something in this that could hardly be caught again,—a sublime murkiness and original pent fury. . . . All his pictures are perfect as pictures, works of mere art, and then, it seemed to me, with that last impalpable ethic purpose from the artist (most likely unconscious to himself) which I am always looking for. . . . Will America ever have such an artist out of her own gestation, body, soul?"

Millet suffered much in his lifetime. One winter in Paris, he and his wife were for two days without food or fuel. These privations permanently affected his health, and he was naturally of a grave disposition. Whitman, on the other hand, never lacked food, though it was sometimes plain and scanty, and his health was perfect until he broke down with paralysis. Moreover, he was born under the optimistic sky of America. And yet even in Walt Whitman's writings there is an undertone of sadness,—the same tone that has been remarked in Greek literature, and which in Millet's painting is predominant. It is that pensive, unrebelling sadness which comes to those who live much with Nature and watch her operations,—so beautiful and yet so cruel; it is the sadness of those who love solitude and the wide, open spaces of land or sea.

Henry Childs Merwin.

